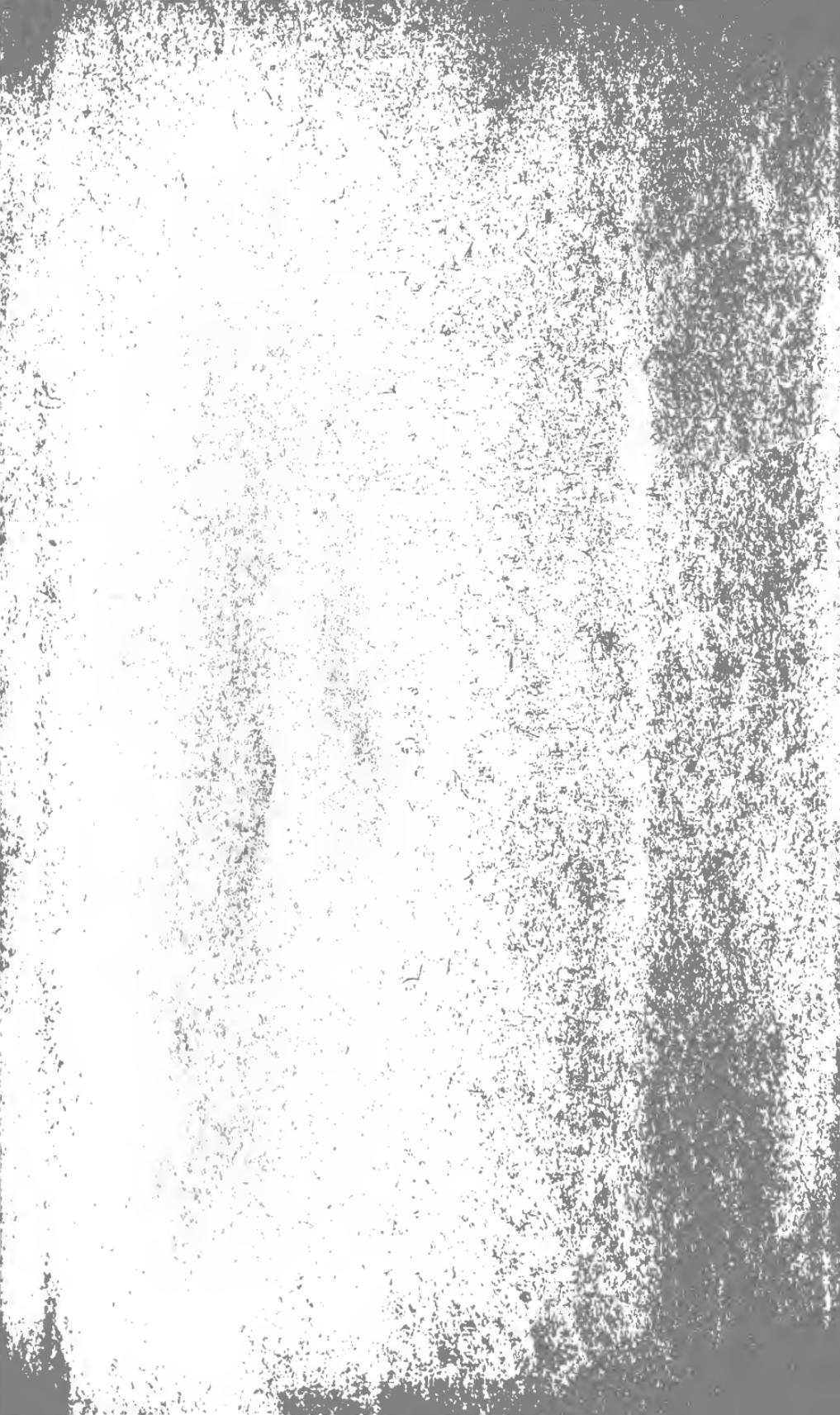
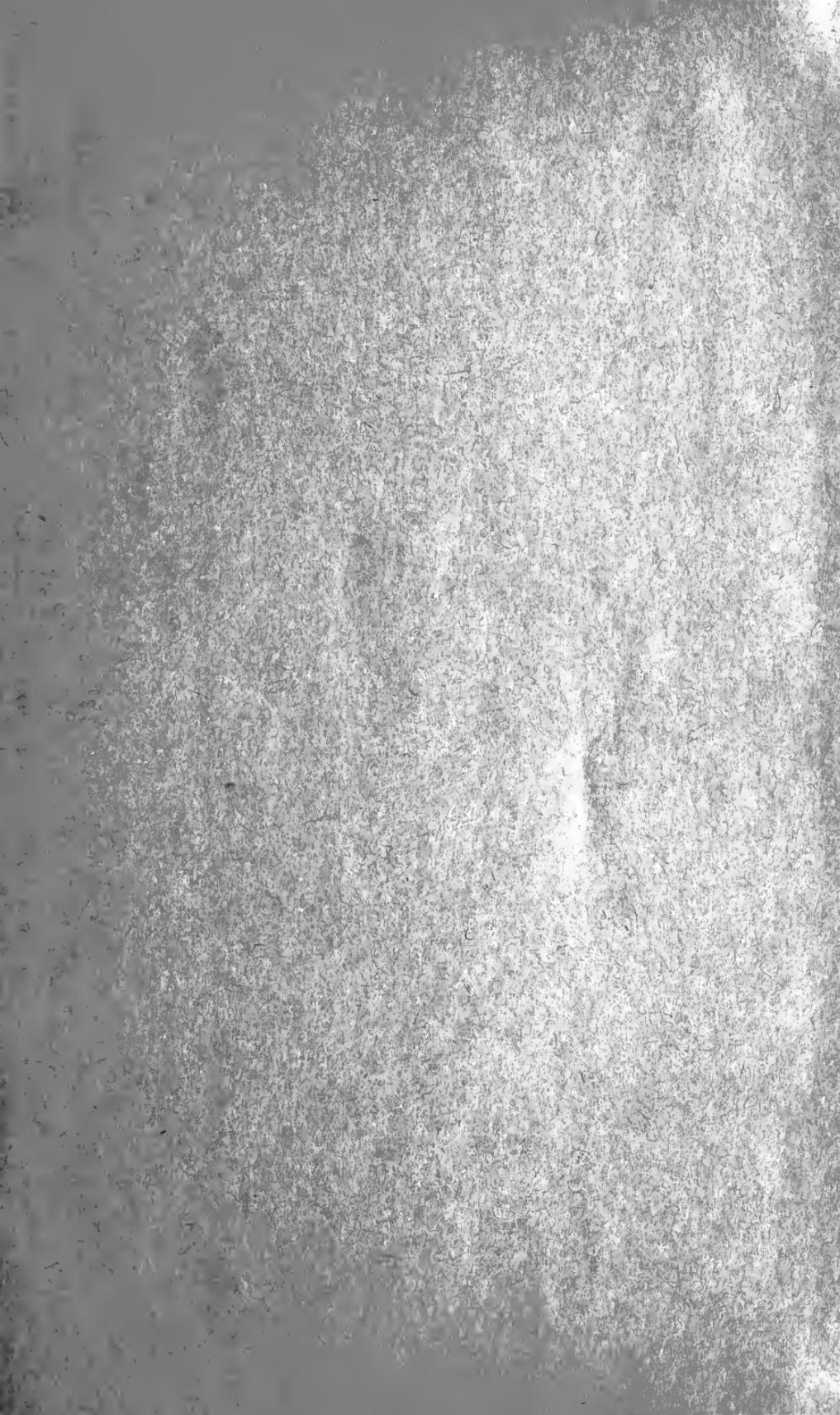
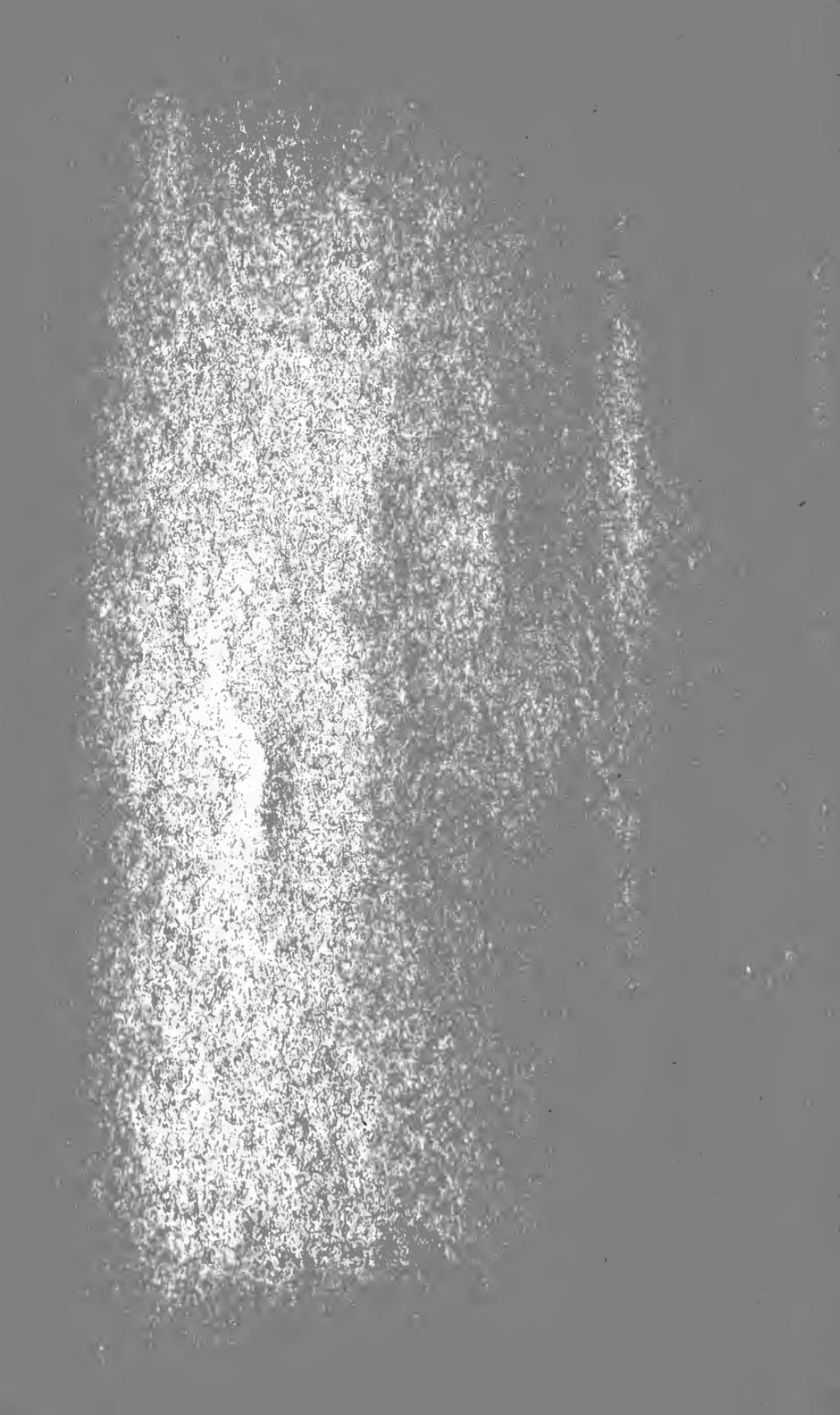


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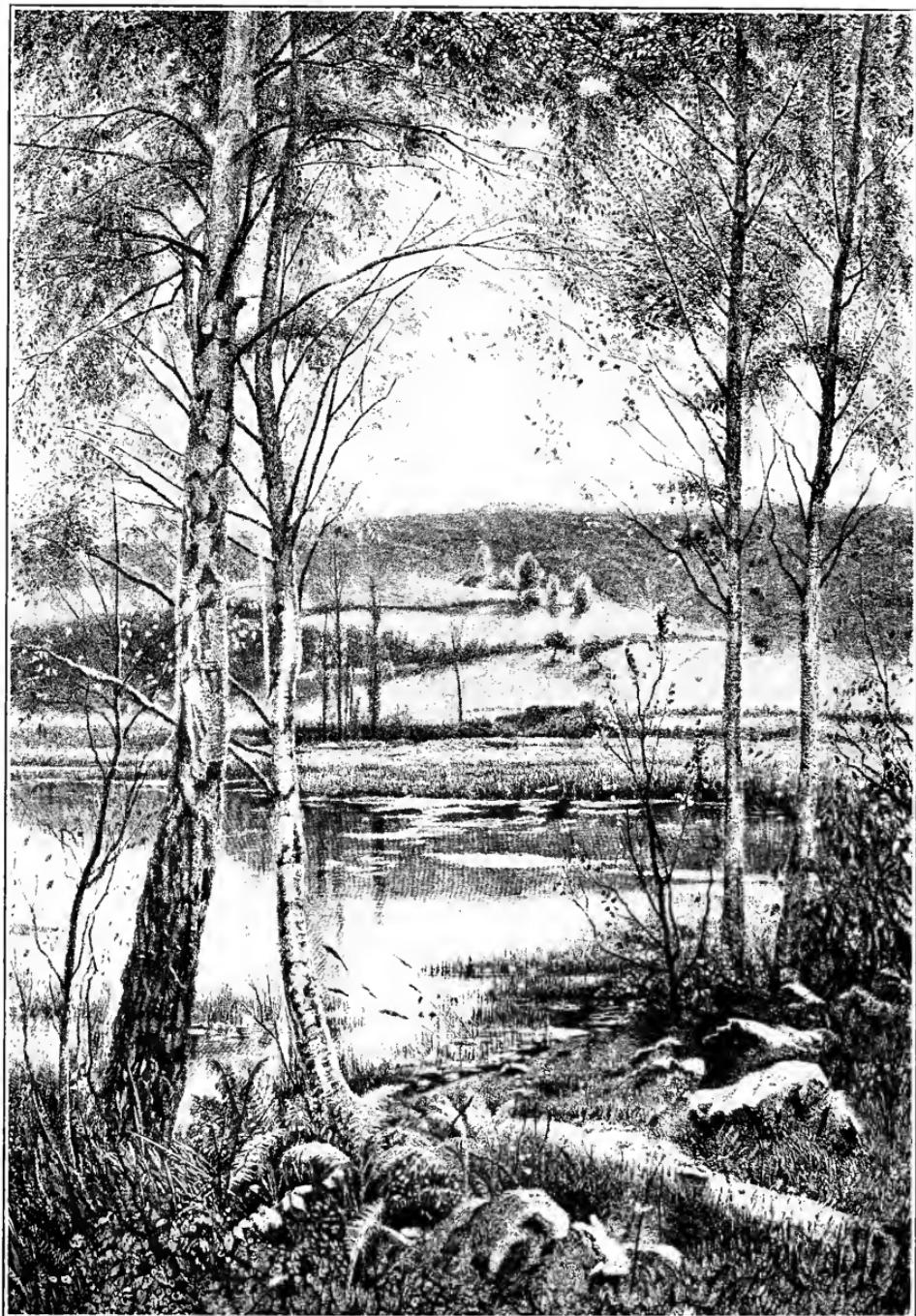
Volume VI.

Number 1.

Chicago, November, 1906.

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The Waning of the Year.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. VI.

Chicago, Ill., November 1906.

No. 1.

The Waning of the Year.

THE fair inheritance of mellow fruits,
The smiling fields that gladdened Summer's face,
These yellow meads and sombre leafless trees,
O'erhung by chill and leaden skies, replace.

Refreshing woods, where summer's fervid heat
Ne'er came, wave drear and naked boughs, and
And mirrored in the pool of placid mien [moan
Reflect forms gaunt they know not for their own.

The boisterous, blustering winds, the trees,
The sluggish Autumn day, the stubble sear,
Lament and sigh and with one voice acclaim
Fair Nature's death, the waning of the year.

Patrick J. Mulhern.

The Jesuits in Chicago.

A History of Holy Family Church and St. Ignatius College.

V.

(1872-1878.)

WHEN the great fire of October, 1871, had spent its force, thousands stood gazing across the smoking and ghastly ruins that stretched to the north and east. Under that smoldering and twisted wreckage lay their homes and the treasured possessions of a lifetime. To many there was nothing left to call their own but the strong arms and the unconquerable will that had once raised a city in the wilderness and turned again to repeat the task.

From this all but universal ruin, the Holy Family Parish was exempt. It would be unjust to say that they were insensible to the misery around them, or to deny that in hundreds of unrecorded acts they held out to the suffering and destitute thousands, hands that were not empty. But situated as they were on the very edge of the fire-swept region, their homes were unravaged, their schools and their churches were turned into temporary asylums for the homeless and the needy. But more than this, as time went on, thousands flocked to the western part of the city, and at the approach of winter filled its unoccupied sites, until its busy streets and crowded homes were all that stood before the world for the City of Chicago. Thus the misfortune of many was turned into the prosperity of a few, and from the fire-swept ruins of Chicago the West Side rose to a sudden and temporary ascendancy.

The Bishop of the diocese, whose cathedral and residence had been leveled in the general catastrophe, made St. Ignatius College his headquarters for the space of six months. At the end of his stay, desiring to leave some permanent token of his gratitude, he contributed the sum of one thousand dollars to the

College Museum of Science and Natural History, then in its infancy.

In this benefaction the reverend donor builded better than he knew. The work thus early encouraged by his generosity, grew and prospered under the long and able management of its curator, Reverend Francis X. Shulak. For many years this Museum has been one of the glories of St. Ignatius College, although it will appeal more perhaps to the student and the man of science than to the casual visitor. It is situated on the same floor as the exhibition hall and adjoining it, occupying the entire length and breadth of the east and west wings of the College building. The specimens are arranged in ornamented cases—the wood carving in the Natural History section is unusually rich and tasty. Here are gathered a great variety of rare and costly specimens from all quarters of the globe, corals from the Pacific, amethysts from Austria, and metal ores from the American mines. The geological and botanical specimens are varied, although incomplete. Of less scientific value, though perhaps of greater general interest, is the collection of curios, from the crude arrow head and calumet of aboriginal American workmanship to the delicate tracery that be-speaks the patient and perfect art of India and Japan.

The growth of the congregation already referred to as well as the unusual extent of the parish (then the largest in the city), made it imperative at this time to erect a new parish within the limits of the old. To this end, a piece of land about one mile southeast of the old property was purchased for four thousand dollars, and a wooden church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, erected thereon. At the same time, a small chapel on the western boundary of the parish, known as St. Pius', was turned over to the Bishop and by him entrusted to the care of the secular clergy.

Another improvement in the College which has remained with modifications to the present day was made in the following year. The entire upper floor of the College building was fitted up as a hall and provided with a gallery. A stage was likewise equipped with the scenery necessary for ordinary college dramatics. The hall and gallery had a combined seating capacity of sixteen hundred.

An observatory was also projected and the platform of the structure actually erected on the roof of the College building. The

purchase of the instruments and the construction of the dome were left to future time, but long before that time arrived the grime and smoke and dust which have made Chicago famous rendered the fulfillment of the project futile. But the beginning of the work remains to this day in the queer, stunted prism which stands above the College and has caused wonderment and curiosity to many.

In spite of the great setback given to the city by the fire, the attendance at the College gradually recovered, and was well over the hundred mark during the annual examinations of 1872. It passed the second century mark early in the succeeding year. Good conduct and diligence among the students was encouraged by a double system of awards, the bestowal of good conduct testimonials at stated times, and the conferring of a gold medal upon the student judged most worthy by the united vote of the faculty and student body. While the first system is still in vogue, the second seems to have been discontinued after three years. It is interesting to note that this medal was first awarded to Cornelius B. Sullivan, who subsequently entered the Society of Jesus and died in Detroit universally beloved as a holy and zealous priest.

At last, after sixteen years of unremitting labor, Father Damen passed from the government of St. Ignatius College and from the records of its subsequent achievements. It had for some time been evident that Father Damen must surrender either the work of the missions or the direction of the College, for the College was growing fast and demanded the undivided labors of one man. On the missions, Father Damen's place could not be filled by another, in this work his zeal and fervid eloquence made him preeminent, but there were many able and experienced college men who could readily take up his other duties. And so, on the 26th of August, 1872, the Reverend Ferdinand Coosemans arrived from St. Louis to assume the duties of President of St. Ignatius College.

For a time, it is true, Father Damen's headquarters were in Chicago, and here he returned during the brief intervals between his missionary journeys, and he still retained the title of head pastor of the church he had founded.

The students' sodality dates from the second day of November, 1872, when Mr. Charles M. Charropin, S. J., gathered together fifty students distinguished for their piety, and organized

them under the patronage of the Mother of God. At first, the meetings were held on Sunday afternoons three times in the month, and on the fourth Sunday the sodalists received communion at an early mass. As the city grew, and the residences of many students became farther removed from the College, the time of meeting was changed to the evening after class.

During the years 1872-73 little of moment occurred either in church or College. The semi-annual and annual examinations during these early days were conducted orally and by classes in the exhibition hall. The examining board consisted of the Rector, the Prefect of Studies and some other member of the Faculty. This must have been truly a formidable ordeal to the trembling student and, we may add, an equally trying ordeal to the examiners. The first annual retreat held at the College was conducted by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., from the 19th to the 21st of March. The College year closed with the third annual exhibition, held in the College Hall on the evening of Wednesday, June 25, 1873. After the exercises, the Right Reverend Bishop complimented the Faculty and students on the rapid advance made by St. Ignatius College in the City of Chicago.

On the 22nd of this month, the cornerstone of the Sacred Heart church was laid with appropriate ceremonies and sermons were delivered in both English and German. On the 27th day of September, Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., took up his headquarters at the new church.

In January, 1874, Father Coosemans' duties as Rector were terminated in a manner as distressing as it was unexpected. While preaching in the church at the evening devotions, he was suddenly stricken with apoplexy and fell helpless to the floor. The congregation was thrown into consternation and the Father was borne to his room. He recovered slowly from the shock, but his duties were thenceforward performed by others, until in the summer the appointment of Father John De Blieck as his successor was announced from Rome.

Father Coosemans, though much enfeebled in health, remained at the College for four years until, on the 7th of February 1878, he was stricken by a third and fatal attack of apoplexy and died at the age of 55.

A Belgian by birth he had come to America in his youth and was ordained at St. Louis in 1851. His prudence, business

ability and gentle firmness in dealing with others had early marked him for positions of command. He had filled the offices of Rector at Bardstown College and St. Louis University, had governed the Missouri Province of his Order for nine years and directed the destinies of St. Ignatius College until the first attack of the malady which ended his life. He died on the same day as the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of the clergy and people.

The practical piety of the students was strikingly shown by an occurrence in May, 1876. Before that time the students were not obliged to attend daily mass, in fact no mass was provided for them and the regular order of the day commenced at 9 o'clock. At the beginning of May, however, the students, *of their own accord*, asked to be given the opportunity of assisting at daily mass in honor of the Mother of God. The favor was promptly and willingly granted, and the pious custom has continued to the present day. Other indications of this spirit of piety were the great increase in the membership of the sodalities, the frequent and fervent visits to the Blessed Sacrament made during the time of recreation and, above all, the practice of weekly communion and the devotion of the First Fridays. Nor is there reason to believe that this spirit of earnest piety has ever declined and the success which has crowned the work of St. Ignatius College may be readily attributed to the graces merited by the devotion of her faithful sons.

(To be continued.)



Supposing.

Suppose that when you'd failed to do
Your lessons for the morning,
And knew that you were tardy, too,
Despite the Prefect's warning;
And when you'd worried on the cars
Excuses planning, scheming,
You'd find the school on fire—but stars!
Why bother with such dreaming?

Suppose you'd come to school one day
Disgusted, tired completely;
And in the hall a Prefect gay
Would smile upon you sweetly.
"The school's dismissed today," he'd cry;
"We know hard study's dreary;
You need the rest and then"—oh my!
This folly makes me weary!

Suppose you'd done your every task
(Of course, I'm just supposing),
And knew the things you would be asked
From starting to the closing.
And then he'd say: "That's splendid, now
Just let me make this ruling:
Henceforth do just what you know how"—
Oh, say, let's stop this fooling.

DANIEL A. LORD.

Celt and Saxon.

IT may perhaps be interesting to many of us to inquire into the habits, customs and character of the early Celts and Saxons.

This study should certainly claim the attention of the American people, for it is from these two ancient nations, that were in the fulness of their glory two thousand years ago, that the most of the people in this premier country of the world are descended. Let us first examine the religion, character and government of the early Celts.

The seed of Christianity fell, indeed, on fruitful soil in Ireland. With all the enthusiasm of their fiery, zealous nature the Celts of Ireland embraced the doctrine of Christ Crucified. Before St. Patrick had been dead a half-century, their zeal had become so great that the boundaries of Ireland could no longer contain their missionaries. In the remotest parts of Europe, in the heathen parts of England, everywhere, could be heard the voice of the earnest, untiring Celtic missionary. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if Ireland was about to Christianize the whole pagan world and to shape the destinies of the entire Church.

But the people's zeal was not confined to religion alone. Learning and literature received earnest attention. Before long Ireland became famous for its schools and colleges and the learning of its missionaries and monks. The whole ardent Celtic nature poured itself forth in poetical song. Their poetry shows an imagination more playful and lively than has since been found among the poets of any other nation. Their weird and fanciful poetry carries us into lands where all is sunshine, where mountain crests pierce the fleecy clouds, where warrior-hero stalks in all the splendors of full armor; again into forests, gloomy and enchanted, where nothing save the distant hermit's bell disturbs the midnight wanderings of unhappy spirits. Their poetry is one continuous dream of a fairyland where all is bright and happy.

We must not forget to mention here a national characteristic which is stamped in every line of their poetry: their great and all-embracing love of nature. To the quick sensibility of the Celtic temperament no beauty of nature could pass unnoticed. The bab-

bling brook falls with sweet cadence, like the notes of a song, upon the Celtic ear; the warbling of the birds fills their souls with musical pleasure; the tall, spreading trees are to the Celtic mind as giants of another world; the lofty mountains, as seen in the hazy twilight, are but stepping stones to the Everlasting Happiness of Heaven. Says one writer, in describing a certain warrior's prowess: His spear is "swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is heaviest." Another author writes: "I love the birds and their sweet voices in the lulling songs of the wood." But lively and playful as was their imagination, strong as was their love of nature, and unremitting as they were in their religious zeal, still the Celts had not found out the proper way of preserving the glories of Ireland. The Celts might gladly pour forth the last drop of their blood in defense of their country, but they had not that organization in their systems of government which makes a determined and telling resistance. Their petty kings, stationed in every quarter of the little emerald isle, had frequent occasions for disputes. Clan took up arms against clan, and thus were wasted energies which might be employed much more profitably in making firm the foundations of a strong national government. The Celtic nature was too lively and fond of roving to tie itself down by subjection to one common king.

Let us now turn our attention to the energetic Saxons. The Saxons came from the northern part of what is now Germany. The three tribes of which this people were composed, Angle, Saxon and Jute, all passed over to the invasion of England in the fifth century. The social and political organization of this people in the north of Germany is the foundation of the system, social and political, of the England of today. A stretch of forest separated village from village. Generally a number of villages or townships lying close together were subject to an aetheling or earl. The free men dwelling around the earl were called ceorls. There was another class of men, called laets, who in some respects had no more rights than slaves. They had a plot of ground which they could cultivate, but they had to pay rent for it to some free man; they had to fight for their earl or lord, and had no voice in the law-making. A code of justice was early introduced among this people. Public justice soon took the place of the right to self-revenge.

The religion of this people was the pagan worship of the war-god Woden, for Christianity had not as yet penetrated into these northern forests. But, as seen from Beowulf, their moral character was based, not on the hope of a hereafter, but on the proud consciousness of nobility. "To us," cries Boewulf, in his last fight, "to us it shall be as our Weird betides, that Weird that is every man's lord." "Death is better than life of shame," cries Beowulf's sword fellow.

All the energy of this people seemed to be concentrated in war and in the sea. They loved to fight and they loved to skim over the waves. And it is owing to this restless love of the sea and of war that they passed across the English Channel to indulge their warlike appetites. And every Englishman and every one in whose veins flows the blood of this Saxon people should be proud of the daring, ferocious energy which bade these, their ancestors, to tempt the dangers of the deep in their frail, flat-bottomed barks and land in a hostile country of whose strength or size they had no idea. "Foes are they," said a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes, and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war; the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that prey on the pillage of the world."

JOHN M. GUEST, '07.



Saved From The Waste.

[This department invites brief and clever sketches, grave and gay, from the students.

We propose to select as future editors the contributors who show the greatest earnestness and ability.

In addition, two cash prizes of one dollar will be awarded each issue to the most meritorious contributions.

The awards this month have been made to the second and third items.]

A story short, some bright retort,
A poet's passing dream,
A clever, skit or yet a bit
Of humor, just the cream.

We'll not prolong an idle song,
But give a passing taste;
What yesterday we threw away
We now let go to "waste."

D. A. L.

* * *

"Charity is a name," sneered the Cynic.
"Charity should be nameless," answered the Philanthropist.
"Charity is society's passport," quoth the Conversationalist.
"Charity is of God," said the Wise Man; and all were silent
in the presence of Truth.

J. P. R.

* * *

An ocean blue, with sea-gulls silver dotted;
A mossy carpet spread by elfin hand;
An oak, whose green the sun has softly spotted;
A maid—a man.

A softly spoken word of true devotion;
A curl-crowned head, bent low and tenderly;

A joy seen only by the smiling ocean;
Just she—and he.

And while the man with poet's tongue his love tells,
He lifts the hand that does not press a curl,
To draw the ivy o'er the carved initials
Of last year's girl.

J. E. R.

* * *

JEST 'ER NONSENSE VERSE OR Two.

Forty thousand freckled noses,
Sadly out of joint.

The man who sits upon the tack
Seldom sees the point.

If all the world were paper,
And all the seas were ink,
The bushes all geometries—
Brain-fag for me, I think.

J. P. R.

* * *

It was our busy day. The door opened slowly and an old man with tousled head and long gray beard looked in.

“Is this the editorial rinktum?”

“The what?”

“The editorial rinktum—sinktum—sanktum, or whatever you call it?”

“This is the sanctum, sir. What do you want?”

“Oh, nothin'; jest heerd tell of it, and thought I'd come araound and see what it looked like. Looks some like our garret, only wuss!”

The door slowly closed, and we turned with a sigh to the pile of work on the table.

J. E. R.

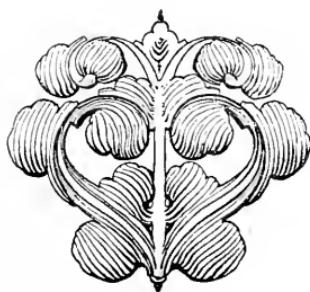
“All hail to the king!”
 A frown, a look of pain;
 “How dare you hail?” he cried,
 “I’ve just begun to reign.”

J. P. R.

* * *

Ah, distinctly I remember now, in dismal, drear November,
 What in sunny, sweet September so sacred did I say.
 I had sworn to study, study, tho’ my brain should straight turn
 muddy
 Over history fierce and bloody—Latin, Greek and English lore.
 Now with eyes o’erwelmed with sorrow do I wish that from to-
 morrow
 But a few hours I could borrow, just to add to yesterday;
 For my bulletin from college, with its tale of squandered knowl-
 edge,
 Will come home to me today.

J. E. R.





Reveries.

R

ED coals in the embers faint and fade,
Wild winds from the Northland moan,
As a spectre hand on my spirit is laid
And I follow its bidding forth alone

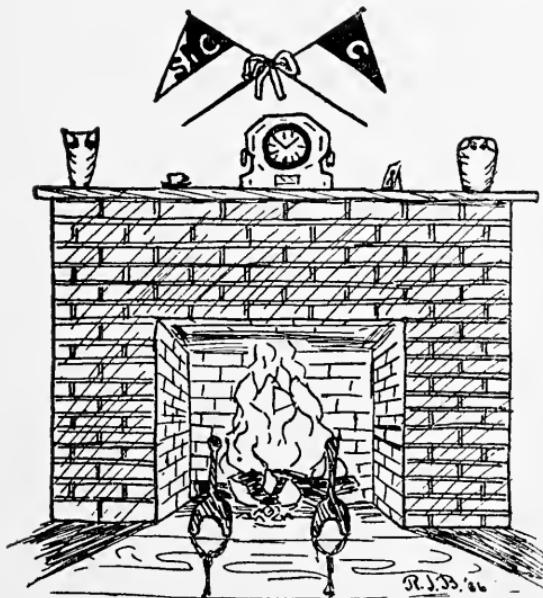
To a lake that shines in the dawning glow
'Mid its setting of woody green,
Where the quivering ripples come and go
As the light on an emerald's sheen.

And over it, breeze-ridden wavelets prance
To the song that the south wind plays
On the lazy leaves as they lightly dance
In the bower where the Whip-poor-will stays.

Then the crimson sunset glows in blood,
As the vision fades into night,
And the Whip-poor-will's mellow, musical flood
Swells out in a paean of pure delight.

But joys of the summer are past and done,
And the red leaves murmur of fall,
Yet deep in the spirit they lie every one
And come to fond Memory's call.

JOSEPH D. McNULTY.



The Halsted Street Stradivarius.

TONY sat on the scorching pavement, idly dabbling his grimy feet in the dirty, cooling gutter stream. Back of him the dingy tenements, blistered by the merciless rays of a July sun, their meager fire-escapes swarming with gaunt-eyed children in every description of squalid undress, rose in unending perspective. The rotting stoops sagged under the weight of slatternly women, striving to cajole their fretting babes into slumberland by crooning folk-songs of sunny Italy, wheré the sea stretches away from the purple hills into endless blue and the clouds hang motionless in the sky like great puffs of fleecy cotton.

But here—from the wheels of every passing truck the dust rolled up in clouds, cars clanged past with their burden of sweltering humanity, and from the giant chimneys of the nearby factories the smoke came in sooty waves. Everywhere squalid poverty stood out in bold relief, with want and starvation, a grinning, leering specter, in the background.

How hot it was! Tony tore impatiently at the collar band of his ragged shirt, and pushed back the sweaty mop of hair from his head, thankful that one hand clutched a piece of ice and that now and then a flat, beery breeze was wafted from the swinging doors of the saloon back of him.

Tony Angelo Tomaso, the name written in round Italian script in the family Bible, was a dark-skinned lad of fourteen years, with jet black hair as glossy as polished leather, and big, fine brown eyes, in whose depths could be seen the latent fire and emotion of the musician. And in a way Tony was a musician, for he was a street-player, like his father before him, and his grandsire, who had played at the carnivals at Novella, where, when the last olive had been ground in the press, dark-eyed, gayly-garbed lasses came with their swarthy swains to dance and dance, forgetting their troubles in the soft light of the summer moon.

So Tony dabbled on in sweet contentment, absorbed in the raptures of a delightful day-dream, until the serpent entered his Eden in the guise of a long-drawn “Ton-y,” emanating from the upper window of a nearby tenement. Reluctantly he withdrew his feet from the gutter stream, and making a half-hearted attempt

to brush his ragged attire, answered the summons, which sad experiences had warned him was the part of wisdom to obey.

Wearily he climbed the stairs—dark, broken and rankly odoriferous of garlic—until he reached the single room that sheltered the entire and numerous family of Tomaso.

A shrill indictment, followed by a well-delivered cuff upon the ear, and then Tony was again groping his way down the staircase, his beloved violin under his arm, followed by a raucous warning not to return until he had provided supper for all the little Tomasos.

Out on the street he walked, on and on, until finally he reached the residence portion of the city. Halting before a brown-stone front, he drew his bow across the strings in a deep caress, and then broke into a gay little air, a song of the fickle public fancy. But there was no response save the creaking applause of the brilliantly striped awnings, flapping idly in the humid breeze. Bravely he moved along the square, playing with fierce energy, and now singing the words of the refrain in a high-pitched soprano, but save for the occasional largess of a maid or care-taker, the effort was fruitless. The residents had all departed to inland lakes or smart country clubs, where the strains of an Hungarian orchestra rose and fell above the hum of conversation.

A quick shift of wind, and the rain came. It rained realistic bucketfuls, the steam arose from the slippery pavements, and Tony's day was at an end.

Carefully shielding his precious violin under his worn jacket, he walked hastily homewards, and great misgivings arose within him concerning his reception. Thoroughly drenched and chilled by the keen wind, he finally reached downtown.

Shoppers, bundle-laden and umbrella handicapped, pushed past in their rush for car or train. Cabs, their lights glimmering in the haze and the horses' shoes ringing on the asphalt, slipped by; the noise of trucks and teams and the whirr attendant on the closing hour of a pulsating business center rose all about him. He tried to effect a crossing; an auto, with its shimmering, blinding lights, bore down upon him, a woman screamed, and he was lying in the street, with his violin—the violin of his father and grandsire—lying crushed beneath him.

The hurrying pedestrians stopped, assisted him to his feet, and joined in his imprecations against the careless chauffeur.

Then a stout man lifted Tony's cap, and placing a two-dollar bill conspicuously in the center, passed it around the gathered throng. Coins, big and little, fell in a shower that rivaled the rain; then people remembered their trains and hurried on, and the crowd dispersed.

The stout man carefully extracted his former generous donation, substituted a quarter, and handing the surplus to Tony with a grunt, was off in a swinging stride. And Tony, weeping, stunned and heart-broken, clasped his ruined instrument to his heart, and sobbed. Then recovering, he passed a dirty handkerchief over his eyes, and with a portentous sniffle, placed more money than he had ever grasped before, securely in his pocket.

Perhaps in a way it was fortunate that Tony reached home when confusion was at its highest—supper time. His tale was listened to with scant sympathy and occasional scandalized interruptions; the money was taken under maternal watchfulness, and he was allowed to finish his supper in peace.

When the dismal meal was ended he ascended to the roof, where many a hot night he had sat in darkness and played in soft, tender chords, to avoid disturbing others. And tonight as he sat there on the damp roof, as the squalling of infants and the quarreling tones of the older children came up to him from below, a feeling of overpowering loneliness came over him, and soon the hot, scalding tears trickled down and fell upon his slim fingers.

A moment later he felt the gentle pressure of a soft, moist hand upon his, and then Maria, his one companionable sister of many, whispered:

"Oh, Tony! de violin, we love it so much, and now it is—broke! What will we do, you and me, now that de music is gone?"

Tony glanced up shamefacedly, and again resorted to a sniffle. "If I make de mon I can buy me a new one," he said determinedly.

Maria gasped at his daring; then hesitated. "But it won't be to us like de old one?" she queried.

"Maybe it be better," Tony said, as he pressed her hand reassuringly.

During the ensuing fortnight Tony worked all day long at everything and anything, and Maria executed many a charming *pas seul* to the accompanying rattle of the tambourine. Each

evening the conspirators met gravely, carefully counted their returns, and safely stowed them away. Then their tired mother was cajoled into yielding the harvest of that rainy night, and the object that they had had in mind for days, and dreamed of far into the night, was secured.

The next morning the poorly clad duo left their home and walked swiftly up Halsted until they reached the pawn-shop of Mr. I. Isaacs. Here they flattened their respective noses against the pane and glued their eyes on a wondrous fiddle, marked "A Bargain—It's yours for \$12.50." They entered the shop and listened with bated breath and saucer-like eyes while Mr. Isaacs breathed heavily through his nose and explained that it was a genuine "Stradivarius," and he would not sell it for a cent less than \$15 to any one else. In view of the price mark this seemed generous to a fault. And that name, "Stradivarius," it sounded so big, like the name of the alderman of the ward.

On the way home Maria tucked her arm confidently into Tony's and in exalted, bird-like tones, asked:

"Will you play the violin now, Tony?"

And he looked down from his height of fourteen years and replied:

"We will wait until the evenin'."

She nodded quickly. It was better thus.

That night they crept to the roof, to a far corner, and Tony, having lovingly removed the wrapper, commenced to play. He did not possess great talent, but he had that rare gift of imagination unhampered by rules of harmony and technique, and in this starlight concert he seemed to wring the very soul from his instrument in plaintive melody.

He must have played at least half an hour. He played everything he knew, then he ceased suddenly, abruptly. Maria looked up at him and gasped:

"Oh, Tony! It is so fine—de new violin!"

He laid a slim, loving hand on it.

"Remember, Maria, it is a Strad——" and he endeavored to repeat the name Mr. I. Isaacs had employed, that name that sounded so big like that of the alderman of the ward.

Tony went out on the morrow as usual, played all day to scant returns and crept home at nightfall, wearied and foot-sore. But soon there came a morning when he lay wild-eyed and fever-

stricken on his rickety cot, and Maria ran with tears in her eyes for the doctor.

He came, big, bluff, but withal gentle as a woman. He took Tony's temperature, felt his pulse, and turning, said to Mrs. Tomaso, who was prepared at any moment to yield to the gentle relaxation of hysteria:

"Bad water, bad food and bad air! The tenement's to blame. Will call around later with some things."

And so Tony lay there, getting thinner each day, his eyes more staring, and his cheeks sinking until it seemed that the very bones would cut the flesh. All he said was "water" and "de violin." It was on his mind always. It was his one desire to hear the violin he had grown to love so well.

Maria knew this, and had heard the doctor say it would do him a world of good, and still she was unable to help him—her Tony. Then one day a great thought came, and like a flash she threw a shawl over her head and sped toward the Italian mission. She entered, and dipping her fingers in the holy water font, crept swiftly up to the altar of the Blessed Virgin. Then by the dim light that filtered in through the stained window you could see her clasp her hands in childish appeal, and looking up at the pure, calm face, she prayed and prayed, finally concluding in an agonized appeal:

"Oh, Holy Mother: Tony, he's so sick, and he wants to hear de violin, and de doctor say less he hear it soon he die—and oh, dear Mother of God, let him hear it just once, just for a little while!" And then she ran back to Tony.

That night, when the other children were in bed and the mother had gone out, leaving her in charge, Maria took the violin down from the shelf, and with firm faith took the bow in her fingers, and whispering, "Oh, Blessed Virgin, help me! He's so sick. He loves it so!" started to draw the bow across the frayed strings as she had seen Tony do so often. At the first tremulous note Tony stirred uneasily, then his eyes cleared and became unnaturally bright—he was conscious for the moment. He started up from the pillows, looking weird and ghastly in the low lamp-light. He listened intently, alertly, and his staring pupils roved uneasily. He saw Maria, he heard the notes, and with his tongue thick and his breath coming in quick spasms, gasped:

"Oh, Lord, it is it! De violin—de Strad——" and he fell back dead on the fever-heated pillows as the violin crashed to the floor.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08

Editorial.

The Faculty.

On the morning of Tuesday, September the fourth, the doors of St. Ignatius College were thrown open and the thirty-sixth year of its memorable existence was begun. With but few exceptions the faculty remains the same as that of last year. The offices of President, Vice-President and Assistant Vice-President remain in the same able hands, and the faculty of the Collegiate Department is intact save for one important change. Rev. Richard D. Slevin, S. J., who for some years past has been professor in the Junior Class, was transferred to Detroit College, where he was appointed Vice-President. THE COLLEGIAN, together with Father Slevin's numerous Chicago friends, extends its heartiest congratulations, and best wishes for success in this important position. Father Slevin's chair is filled by Rev. Simon Ryan, S. J. In the Academic Department the changes are more numerous. Mr. Wm. A. Padberg, S. J., Mr. Joseph Fenoughty, S. J., and Mr. J. A. De Vilbiss, S. J., are now in St. Louis, completing their studies, and Mr. Arnold D. McMahon, A. M., has begun his active practice of law.

Mr. Patrick J. Mahon is teaching a section of 2nd Academic, Rev. Fitz George Dineen and Mr. Samuel Horine are teaching 3rd Academic, and Rev. Francis X. Breen, an alumnus of St. Ignatius College, is engaged with the class of 1st Grammar A. D. A. L.

Silver Jubilee of Marquette College—1881-1906.

FROM AN unimposing structure in a Milwaukee prairie to an institution of learning which holds a place among the first colleges of Wisconsin, is in brief the history of Marquette College.

Starting under adverse circumstances, without funds, with a few scholars and a poor building, this college, like the missionary from whom it takes its name, overcame obstacles discouraging and well-nigh insurmountable, and pushing onward, has in its brief existence acquired a reputation of which many an older institution might well be proud. If the future can be judged by the past, Marquette College may yet become as famous as its namesake. Some of the zealous men who founded this school and cradled it are now at rest, but they have left a lasting memorial.

It is the unselfish wish of a sister college that the banner of Marquette may be carried still to loftier heights, that it may in the future, as in the past, guide many in the safe way of a Catholic education, that the work may live and prosper, though the workers die and pass to the reward of those who have "led many unto justice."

P. J. M.

Our Staff.

WITH the return of September THE COLLEGIAN missed three of last year's editors and welcomed four new faces. Messrs. Byrne, O'Grady and Mielcarek have passed from our sanctum and are now engaged in wider fields.

Mr. Clarence Dargan, who entertained us all last year in his music and song corner, is assistant editor, and promises to do in his own way, mighty things on a grand scale. Francis Quinn, the musical prodigy, who possesses a highly cultivated ear for certain pieces, and comes all the way from Joliet to thump the piano, has the musical column under his sway.

J. P. Roche and J. E. O'Brien, who had the Passim column and College Societies at their mercy last year, will be found at the

old stand during the coming term, wielding facile pens and not sparing the ink.

J. E. Royce, who is known for his ability to fall all over himself, put the College Notes in order last year, and now has charge of the Exchanges. He is succeeded by D. A. Lord, who won his spurs at the massacre of the Academic Department last year.

The athletic editor is one of the new additions to the staff—James McNulty, the stalwart hero of many a gridiron contest—and we assure him at the outset that he will not find editing the athletic department a bed of roses without thorns.

To fill Mr. Lord's place in the academic field Thomas Beesley and John Alcock have been annexed to the list of "ye mighty editors." How well these knights of the quill, not altogether devoid of imagination and ingenuity, accomplish their task, their work shows.

George Hustling Anderson, who made a reputation getting advertising matter for THE COLLEGIAN last year, has, on account of his brilliant intellect, been retained among the elect as Advertising and Business Manager.

With this crowd hard at work, let us see what THE COLLEGIAN will be this year and how much fame the editors can acquire.

P. J. M.

The Need of a College Song.

WE have always wondered why St. Ignatius, a full-fledged college, possessing a choir, glee club and orchestra, should lack its own musical composition. Also, why, on the occasion of a collegiate commencement our musical societies should be obliged to either play or sing "Yale Boola" or "Maize and Blue" in place of a song incorporating our own individuality, expressive of our joys and pleasures, distinctive of St. Ignatius. The meetings of the Alumni Association are lacking in enthusiasm for the same reason. Without a college song it is difficult to impart, and more difficult to preserve, true college spirit. Picture for yourself the scene: A group of students standing under the linden tree, with the pleasant-faced moon shining down in its softened glory, singing in lusty, throaty tones "Dear Old S. I. C." *ad infinitum*. Just now that picturesque effect is impossible, not

because of a lack of poets or composers, but simply because there is an absence among the student body of a spirit of initiative, of "go." Both the words and music should be orginal if possible, or new words might be set to a reminiscent melody, a task which any number of upper classmen are able to accomplish successfully. Some one has said, "I care not what the verse of a song may be if I may make the refrain." Let our composers heed this, and supply such a lilting, stirring, swinging refrain that when the orchestra breaks into its strains every one of us will desire to rise up in our seat and give three long cheers and a "tiger" for our Alma Mater.

J. P. R.

Raising the College Entrance Requirements.

TIME is the great changer of all things. Even in colleges are his footprints traceable.

A change has been made in the entrance requirements for the class of Third Academic. Hitherto graduates of the eighth grade have been admitted to Second Special Class and finished the Academic and Collegiate courses in six years. Now, Third Academic, the first Latin class, is equal to the ninth grade, and students of the parochial schools who present their diplomas certifying that they have finished the eighth grade are admitted to this class, the first year of the high school course, without an examination. This makes the complete course one year longer, the student being graduated after seven years at college, spending four in the High School and three in the Collegiate departments. This change was made with a view of bringing St. Ignatius College into closer co-ordination with the parochial schools of the city.

Students of the last year's Preparatory Class are not eligible for Third Academic, and must complete the First Grammar Class before they will be allowed to take up Latin. In this new class Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic and United States History are finished, while special attention is given to Reading, Spelling, Composition and Penmanship.

P. J. M.

Jesuits as Weather Forecasters.

THE HAVANA cyclone has brought to light a curious fact which no doubt is unknown to the general public. The Jesuit

fathers own and operate a weather observatory in Havana. The storm signal service was placed in their hands in 1854, when the Spanish government determined to turn it over to them on account of the accuracy of their reports. Father Virils for many years had control of the Belen College Observatory, and is said by Mr. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, to have given a more intelligent study and investigation to tropical storms than any other scientist.

The papers, speaking of the storm, remarked that Father Lowe, the present observer, sent out a warning an hour before the disaster, and undoubtedly saved much damage and loss of life. At the present time the United States bureau receives the Havana reports from the Jesuits, and it is said that the recent tornado which devastated the Gulf States was reported some time before by the Cuban observers.

C. M. D.

Obligatory Athletics.

IN THIS age of hurry and bustle the student in the pursuit of knowledge, as is often the case, gives too little time to athletic exercise, with the result that either before he graduates he breaks down, or after entering active life becomes a failure. The aim of college sport should be to develop or to preserve health and interest in study. If the body remains inactive while the mind is engaged in study that requires close thought, both the physical and mental condition of the student become impaired.

Many students have an inborn antipathy for athletic games and to counteract the evils of a sedentary life, to expel the fatigue of mental pursuit and to promote the general health of the student, the faculty of every college should make some form of athletic exercise obligatory. Athletics should be made not an end but a means to an end. Great benefit can be derived from athletic exercise pursued in moderation and under the direction of a competent instructor.

Obligatory athletics does not mean that every student of the college should be on the football or baseball team, but that some form of calisthenics or gymnasium work should be taken up by the students. Some light exercise during free time would freshen the mind, make the student better able to study and think and follow a line of argument. The average student would then be

healthier, the work of the college better performed and the graduate entering upon a business career more successful. In view of the many advantages accruing from obligatory athletics they should be established in every college throughout the land.

P. J. M.

Hazing.

When the fall opening of College is at hand, the perennial question of hazing arises. A custom dating from time immemorial, few escape its clutches. Even the son of our President was mixed up in a little scrape at Harvard and with his example what may we not expect? Why is it that upper classmen cannot leave the freshmen in peace? Yet college faculties tolerate hazing and the public seldom condemns it, unless carried too far. Not long ago the president of a prominent suburban school felt compelled to have the students sign pledges promising to refrain from the practice. Eighteen of them who defiantly refused to sign were expelled when the time limit was up. Think of it! They actually preferred to be dismissed rather than quit abusing the freshmen.

A number of students at another school were arrested and fined after they had endeavored to improve on the color of freshmen faces with paint. Still others went around the neighborhood decorating fences, sidewalks and buildings with large, black class numerals. A little fun is pardonable, but when it comes to positive lawlessness and bodily injury, then it is time to draw the line. Many boys have been deterred from entering college through fear of being hazed. Others more courageous do enter and their year is spoiled by the bitter memory of those first few months.

“Boys will be boys” is scarcely a fair excuse. We might better say, “ruffians will be ruffians.”

T. Q. B.

New Courses at St. Ignatius.

In another place notice has been taken of the raised requirements for the class of Third Academic. Several new obligatory courses have also been introduced this year.

One hour a week of free-hand drawing is now required of all first year High School students. The optional classes of drawing for the students of the higher classes, which were begun last year, will be continued. A foundation of drawing will thus be laid in

the first year, and students who show aptitude or inclination for an extended course will have the opportunity for it as long as they stay at college.

For several years a gymnasium instructor has been conducting winter classes at the noon hour or after dismissal in the evening. This year physical culture has been made obligatory in the first year of the High School department, and also in the Grammar course. If the experiment succeeds, as it gives promise of doing, physical culture will be introduced into all the High School classes. Dr. E. J. Kieffer, of 422 West Twelfth street, has been appointed medical examiner, and all the students will undergo a thorough physical examination before being admitted to gymnasium work.

In past years certain prescribed reading of English classics was assigned for the different classes. To make this course of reading more systematic, certain authors have this year been prescribed for each class of the High School and College courses. Four books are to be read by each class, and the reading is to be done partly in class and partly out of it. At the quarterly competitions, papers are to be set on each author read, to secure proper attention from the students to their reading. If four books are read each year, at the end of the seven years' course a student will know at least twenty-eight books of classical English literature. Besides the many other advantages to be obtained from such a course of reading, the student is supposed to have acquired in that time a taste for good literature which will lead him to become better acquainted with the works of the master minds of the ages.

Our Illustrations.

IT IS with a sense of gratification that THE COLLEGIAN proffers for the consideration of its readers an innovation in St. Ignatius College journalism in the form of illustrations by the students. When first the art class under Mr. Václav J. Hajny was established, it was hoped that, at some future time, the work of the students might attain a standard high enough to justify its being used to illustrate our journal. It was not until the present year, however, that it was felt that the step could be taken successfully. As this is, for us, a practically unexplored field of journalism, and one upon which we entered only after considerable hesitation and study, we must needs appeal to the students of the art

class to support this undertaking and to place it on a plane with the literary work of THE COLLEGIAN. To the students whose work ornaments this number much praise is due, for to them goes the honor of being the advance guard of this new movement. To our faculty moderator, whose idea it is, THE COLLEGIAN also extends its thanks for making the journal more and more the exclusive work of the student body. Lastly, to the kind consideration of our readers we submit these efforts, in the hope that they may serve to increase whatever interest they may feel in our work.

D. A. L.

Kinks.

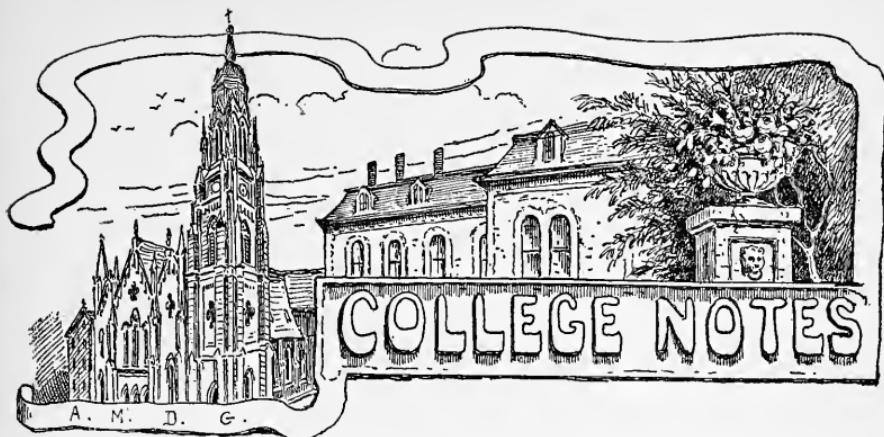
[This department is instituted to encourage the study of history and literature. Cash prizes will be given each issue for the most correct solutions of questions asked.]

AMERICAN STATESMEN.

1. b. 1727; d. 1804.
2. b. 1777; d. 1852.
3. b. 1743; d. 1826.
4. b. 1756; d. 1818.
5. b. 1782; d. 1850.
6. b. 1839; d. 1905.
7. b. 1782; d. 1858.
8. b. 1756; d. 1836.
9. b. 1823; d. 1900.
10. b. 1767; d. 1845.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS.

1. Above are given dates of birth and death of ten American statesmen. Write out their names and hand in your solution not later than December 1.
2. A first prize of \$3 will be given for the most correct set of answers. A second and third prize of \$1 each will be awarded to papers which come next in merit.
3. In the case of papers of equal merit, those earliest submitted will be given the preference.



Twenty-three to nothing! Oh, well, Thursday always was our Jonah day.

Did you ever notice my initials, boys? D. A. L.? My, I'm a backward lad!

Professor: "Take the first sentence in today's lesson."

Pupil: "Please, sir, I didn't get that far."

The faculty announce the annual Christmas play to be a version of Justin Huntley McCarthy's famous drama, "If I Were King."

Irish has been added to the list of modern languages taught at the college. About fifteen students are learning to say "the owld sod" in the original tongue.

The drawing class, under the direction of Mr. Vaclav J. Hajny, has been resumed. The students expect to soon be able to draw anything from a check to a heavily loaded wagon.

The musical examinations were held Wednesday, September 12. Some twenty-five or thirty disciples of Orpheus sought to charm the leaves from the books on various instruments.

THE ANNUAL retreat of the students will be given earlier than usual this year. It will begin on Monday, November 5. The large boys' division will be in charge of the Rev. Francis Finn, S. J., the well-known writer of boys' books. There is no need of telling American Catholic boys that Father Finn has great sympathy for the young, and beyond a doubt he will present the ever-ancient truths in a way that will appeal to his hearers. One great advan-

tage of an early retreat will be that the students will have all the rest of the school year to carry out their good resolutions.

The philosophers' first test took place on Saturday, the 13th. The sincere sympathies of the college were with them until it was discovered that they were to receive a half holiday.

The museums were opened for the inspection of the students during the week of September 30. The stuffed cubs in one of the cases occupied the attention of the West Siders, but the South Siders hunted in vain for a case of Sox.

The annual Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated September 11 by Rev. Simon Ryan, S. J. Rev. Francis Cassilly preached the sermon of the day. Following the Mass was the usual reading of the rules and regulations. The exercises were concluded by the announcement of a half holiday.

McHugh: "I thought the Trojans were pagans."

Professor: "They were."

McHugh: "Well, wasn't Aeneas the son of Venus?"

Professor: "He was."

McHugh: "Then wasn't he a god-child?"

"Department of Publicity" Roche is once more on hand with flaming placards advertising THE COLLEGIAN. The following copyrighted method is employed by this gentleman in writing ads. Before beginning his execution (or slaughter; take your choice) he carefully masticates six pages of Webster's unabridged, eats half a dozen apples, and then pens something like the following: "Blissful bosh for the blasé; wise wisdom for wiseacres. THE COLLEGIAN is an extrageneous tome of facts, fancies and fine fiction, devoid of balderdash, fictitious fancies or inconsequential vagarities."

A story concerning our friend, Raymond Moles, drifted in from the wilds of Denver, where Mr. Moles during the past year attended college. Rumor has it that Indians and other big game are plentiful in that part of the country, so we do not for a moment doubt the tale. It seems that Moles was, one rainy evening, passing down one of the principal thoroughfares when his eye discerned the figure of an Indian standing in the rain, on one of the corners. Advancing to where the chief stood in solitary

grandeur, Moles slapped him on the back and said: "Heap big rain; heap wet, ugh?" The Indian turned upon him a soulful glance, and with deep feeling said: "My friend, as the poet beautifully says: 'Into each life some rain must fall, some days be dark and dreary.'"

On Sunday afternoon, October 14th, the doors of the college were thrown open to all visitors who cared to inspect the buildings. Over four hundred and sixty visitors availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the different departments. In the chemical department Messrs. Murray, Rylands, Del Becarro, Keefe, Lannon, Quinn and Lord "covered themselves with glory" and chemicals by experimenting in oxygen, air, nitrogen, etc. Mr. Roche was in charge of the department of kinematics (see Webster's Unabridged, page 711), while the department of physics was explained by Messrs. McNicholas, Manning, Mulhern and Thometz. In the museums the visitors were greeted by Messrs. Anderson, Doyle, Quinn, Friel, McKenna and Oink. In the college hall a piano was ministered to by a number of pupils of the musical department. Some of the things ye scribe thought he heard are here recorded:

IN THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT.

Experimenter: "Water has been proven to be composed of oxygen and hydrogen."

Visitor: "Is that what you call a water proof."

As the visitor catches a glimpse of the experimenting table: "Oh, is this the soda fountain?"

Experimenter has just amputated a joke from his system.
Visitor: "Oh, isn't he chemical!"

IN THE PHYSICS ROOM.

Visitor (to Mulhern, who has been explaining an appliance): "Well, I can't see through that."

Mulhern: "Right over here, then, is a transparent brick; you can see through that."

IN THE X-RAY ROOM.

Visitor: "What a student of character Mr. Wilczewski is! He can see through any one."

IN THE MUSEUM.

Guide: "In this case, ladies and gentlemen, we have the pistol with which Brutus shot Caesar. Here, also, we have a bomb used by the Hessians in the Haymarket riot at the close of the Revolution. Here is a stone supposed to have dropped from one of the planets; you can see the mars upon it. Here is an astronomical instrument employed by the South Sea Islanders, called the boomerang; it is a great aid in seeing stars. In this case we have a diamond. The diamond is a precious stone invented by Barrios, used to cut glass and seal engagements."

Mr. Richard Henry Little, the famous war correspondent, visited the college on Friday afternoon, October 12, and delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on The Press. Mr. Little's lecture was illustrated by photographs and motion pictures taken by himself in various portions of the globe. The latter portion of the lecture was devoted to the actual production of a paper, and represented the newspaper in its various stages of development. At the conclusion of the lecture the enthusiasm of the audience found expression in a rousing cheer.

How strange is the thing that I have to relate,
Of a man who is Little and still who is great.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



Academy Notes.

Must be a pretty breezy ball game when the Whirlwinds and the Cyclones meet.

Because this is your first year, don't imagine you're a Freshman. You may be, but you aren't.

Who was the irreverent youth who called the regulation concerning dismissal "the fire ordinance"?

There may be no royal road to learning, but there ought to be a better road than the Twelfth street car line.

A sphere in geometry has not much attraction for the average student, but a sphere in baseball—well, that's different.

In the fall a student's fancies
Turn to thoughts of coming "comps."

For a good laugh read "Up-to-Date Hee-Haws," by Sir Jonathan Sackely, official jokesmith of Humanities A. (Adv.)

For chronic kickers: The Time—After class.
The Place—The college yard.
The Thing—A football.

Don't use a "pony," Johnnie boy
(And the man who said this knew),
Or when the dreaded "comps" come round,
'Twill prove a horse on you.

One evening McLary had just broken through the opposing line, and by a magnificent burst of speed had crossed the goal for a touch down—and then he woke up.

Have you ever in your life,
As you thought of deadly strife
With the "Ump,"
Clenched your hands in sinful hate,
As the ball soared o'er the plate,
'Midst the cries of "You're a skate
And a chump"?

For some unknown reason Wentworth omitted the following definitions from his Geometry:

Axiom: A truth which cannot be explained.

Postulate: Something evident which is hard to prove.

Preceding proposition: The one you don't know.

Hypothesis: The only thing you don't have to study.

Some "Don'ts" for new boys.

Don't make known the fact that you are going to win all the ribbons. Someone else may want them.

Don't wear a sweater to class more than three days a week; it isn't the best form.

Don't come late unless you are skilled in learning lines.

Have you read Caverly's new book, "Forty-seven Ways to Strike Out"?

JOHN J. ALCOCK, '10.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

Society Notes.

THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

Once more the Chrysostomian Debating Society has assembled, and the mighty voices of its members can be heard thundering through the halls of St. Ignatius. The first meeting was called to order on Wednesday, September 12, in the students' library, and the members were agreeably surprised to find Mr. Louis Mercier, an alumnus and professor of St. Ignatius College, in the chair. After the election the following emerged victorious from the bloodless battle: Mr. Thomas O'Connor was chosen to act as vice-president for the entire year; Mr. Patrick Mulhern was given the high office of recording secretary, with the duty of changing the hours spent by the society into minutes. Rhetoric class came up strong in the race and chose for their highest representative Mr. Edward O'Connor, the champion third baseman of the college team, and placed upon him the handling of the vast correspondence of the society. The funds of the society were entrusted to Mr. George Anderson, who was elected treasurer, and finally the office of keeping order in the society was

conferred upon Mr. William Noonan, who was elected first censor, and upon Mr. John Stoesser, who, as second censor, will assist him. It now became necessary to have subjects for debate, for when the Chrysostomian gets its stride the questions disappear as do the snows of winter when Old Sol turns a melting eye on them. Accordingly the president appointed Messrs. Patrick Cronin, Thomas Quinane and Daniel Lord as a committee on debates. Several debates have taken place since the first meeting, and many of the debaters have obtained high averages, which will count in a prize debate, which will be held later on in the year.

LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society began its work in earnest on September 19, when it met for the first time in one of the rooms of the college. Rev. W. P. Lyons, S. J., presided. The members of this society give great promise for the future. The following gentlemen were elevated to high positions: Mr. Roederer fills the chair in the absence of the president. Mr. F. Furlong is the bookkeeper, and Mr. T. Furlong is the frenzied financier. Mr. Raab opens the mail, while Mr. O'Connell gives lengthy opinions on previous debates. The janitors are Mr. Asping and Mr. Lackley. Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Bowe and Mr. Kelly provide the subjects for the slaughter.

THE SENIOR SODALITY.

The Senior Sodality for this year is under the direction of Rev. J. O'Connor, S. J., who has been giving a series of instructions to the boys. The meetings are held every Friday evening in the college chapel. Many new members were received into the sodality from the Junior. There will be a public reception before Christmas. The officers for the year are: Prefect, Patrick Mulhern; first assistant, Thomas McNichols; second assistant, Harry Thometz; secretary, William Noonan; treasurer, John Guest; sacristans, Thomas Friel, Ignatius Doyle, Daniel Lord and Thomas Kevin. The consultors who were appointed are: Joseph Heeney, William Brown, Francis McKenna, Joseph McLary, Clarence Dargan, Arthur Kettles, E. A. Curds, E. Del Beccaro, R. J. Kelly, Raymond Morand.

THE JUNIOR SODALITY.

The Junior Sodality held its first meeting early in September in the college chapel. Rev. M. Hoferer, S. J., was reappointed as director of this sodality. At the first meeting the following were elected to assist him: E. A. Scott, prefect; R. J. Brown, first assistant; J. J. Foley, second assistant; F. J. Anglim, secretary; A. J. Zamiara, treasurer; J. J. McNellis, W. J. Fenlon and J. J. White, sacristans. The following were appointed consultors of the different classes: W. J. Clancey, J. J. Sullivan, W. S. Campbell, W. M. Egan, A. J. O'Grady, J. J. Bernier, F. J. Cummings, M. J. Morrissey, E. J. Amberg, E. F. Bear, C. V. O'Grady and F. R. Curds.

THE STUDENTS' LIBRARY.

The library opened its doors to the students about the 1st of October, and there was an immediate rush to the room by the many disciples of the great orators and novelists. A commodious room is provided, in which those who wish it may spend the noon hour while devouring Shakespeare, Browning, or something else (principally something else). Mr. William J. Leahy, S. J., the former president of the library, who has done much for the comfort of the boys, has been appointed to this office for another year. He is ably assisted by Mr. Edmund Sinnott, vice-president; Dennis Burns, secretary; Joseph Roubik, librarian, and John A. Sbarboro, F. M. Anglim, Thomas Clennon and James McGowan, assistant librarians. JAMES E. O'BRIEN, '08.



With the opening of the school year, Baseball went its way and Indoor took the center of the stage. Four leagues, embracing all the classes from Philosophy to Second Grammar, have been formed, and four games are contested every noon on the College campus. Everybody not on the team is a "rooter" for his particular class, and as four games are going on in the yard every noon the excitement is at fever heat.

The Indoor team selected to represent the College, lines up as follows:

Roberts—P. (Captain and Manager)

Kevin—C. Cronin—1 B.

Howard—L. S. O'Connor—3 B.

Lambeau—R. S. Hechinger—L. F.

Wilson—2 B. O'Malley—R. F.

The first game was lost to Oak Park Y. M. C. A., by the score of 9-6. Roberts pitched a great game, striking out eighteen men, but in spite of this, S. I. C. went down in defeat before the team work of their opponents, for they had the "hit and run" game down to a science.

To date, games have been arranged with Hull House, McKinley H. S., Lake View H. S. and De La Salle Institute.

* * *

Under the new rules we may expect great things of the football team, as a light fast team has more chance this season than

Foot Ball last. At the first meeting of the candidates, Thomas O'Connor, '07, was elected manager and Ignatius Doyle, '08, captain.

In a game with Morgan Park, October 18th, the College team was defeated by the heavy High School boys. Although outweighed man to man, S. I. C. put up a game fight. The feature of the game was the playing of the line, and especially of Lynch, who covered himself with glory and incidentally with mud. The contest for positions is still close and unsettled, hence we can publish no regular line-up. In the game with Lake Forest, O'Malley and Kozlowski made a great showing. Doyle has been giving a repetition of his brilliant work of last year and bids fair to become the star of the season.

* * *

Gym. The Gymnasium classes are in charge of Mr. Slie and have been doing remarkably well under his guidance. Although delayed for a time by the Holy Family Church Bazaar, which occupied the "gym" they give every promise of a successful exhibition.

JOSEPH D. McNULTY, '09.





Once more the active preparations for the musical season are in full blast. If the reader has any doubts on this score, let him but visit the third floor some afternoon about one o'clock. In one room the glee club are oiling and exercising their vocal machinery and practicing some "killing" glances for their audiences; in another the roll of drums, the squeak of violins and the blare of trumpets betoken the presence of the orchestra, while in a third the Academic choir are putting to shame the Metropolitan Opera Company by the power and volume of their united voices. Yes, truly, are all the musical societies well on their way toward a most successful year.

As an incentive for earnest work the praises of last year's audiences still ring in the ears of all the old members of the various organizations; and as to fall behind would mean to lose a well deserved reputation, the united efforts of old and new alike are directed to procure even greater success than in former years. So far no practical demonstration has been given of this year's caliber, but the signs and omens are favorable, and—well, here's the best of luck to them all.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra, which acquitted itself so nobly last year, remains, with a few exceptions, intact. The addition of two cornetists, another drummer and several violinists will serve to strengthen the organization, and selections of a higher standard than hitherto attempted will be executed. Mr. Pribyl still acts as director, and in his capable hands the orchestra cannot fail to acquire a very high degree of proficiency.

The following are the officers of the orchestra for the present year:

President, Daniel A. Lord; treasurer, Harry C. Fuellgraff; censors, Bohumil Pechous, Frank Owen, Herbert Vilim.

THE GLEE CLUB.

That famous band of singers, the glee club, has also begun active rehearsals. Mr. Clemons A. Hutter remains as director, and so successful has he been in the past three years that success cannot but follow in his wake. At first sight the glee club seemed somewhat weakened by the graduation of many of its stars, but when the new material was picked over and tried, it was found that many hitherto unknown lights had sprung up to fill the places left vacant. Even now showers of invitations to sing are coming from all sides, but so far no invitations have been accepted.

THE ACADEMIC CHOIR.

The Academic choir of last year, which earned such an enviable reputation for itself, bids fair to be surpassed by the present choir. Mr. Hutter is again in charge, and he possesses the faculty of infusing into the singers a spirit and animation that makes their singing positively brilliant.

The Special choir has also been reorganized, and the sweet voices of last year's singers will be strengthened by new additions to the ranks.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





[The Alumni editor would be pleased to get information of any kind concerning former students of the college. Whenever you learn anything of possible interest, jot it down and send it in.]

Last year's graduates are now fairly launched on the sea of life, and their small craft are steaming merrily in ever-diverging directions. Harold Trainor and John Mielcarek stayed long enough at Gibraltar to notify us that they were nearing the American College in Rome, where they expect to put in a few profitable years. Francis Foley, the medal man, has registered in Bishop McQuaid's seminary in Rochester, and Felix Prange, Aloysius Schmitz and Leo Sychowski are sojourning in St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. Michael McGovern and Stanislaus Czapelski are lulled to sleep every night by the hum of the Niagara Falls, after a strenuous day in the Niagara University. William Magee, the silver-tongued, Martin Phee and James O'Regan have donned the Jesuit habit at Florissant. Edward O'Grady and William Epstein have become disciples of Galen, the former at Northwestern and the latter at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Thomas Nash is instructor at St. Ignatius, John K. Murphy is taking a law course at Chicago University, and Charles Byrne is doing the same at Northwestern. Robert Hoffman and Henry Venn are taking an engineering course at Armour. Daniel Murray is managing his mother's coal business. The rest of the class, Louis Beauvais, George Boullier, Joseph Kenney and William Koch, are engaged in commercial pursuits.

The genial Paul W. Reize, of Second Academic, '04, is helping the Illinois Steel Company to build up the country.

Several former students of the college are doing their best to make the reputation of Chicago beer rival that of the Milwaukee

product. Edward J. Birk, who spent two years at college, from 1881 to 1883, is a member of the firm of Birk Brothers. Eugene Keeley, Rhetoric, '90, and Thomas Keeley, Rhetoric, '88, are president and secretary, respectively, of the Keeley Brewing Company. Joseph J. Junk, who attended college in '85, is secretary of the Joseph Junk Brewing Company, and Thomas F. Fortune, Rhetoric, '98, is the vice-president of the Fortune Brothers' Brewing Company. If there are any other prominent brewers among the old college students, kindly send in their names.

We are informed that Walter Coyle, a commercial graduate of '98, is now an actor.

Amongst the candidates at the November election we see the name of Andrew Boughan, who is running for judge of the County Court on the Independence League ticket. George S. Kenney, First Commercial, '99, and Thomas McNally, First Academic, '01, are candidates in the first ward for the offices of state senator and state representative. Messrs. William Dillon and George W. Warvelle, members of the Alumni Association, are candidates for municipal judge, as is also Mr. Howard O. Sprogle, who was a student in the opening year of the college.

Mr. A. F. Lakowka, Poetry, 1890, is doing good work in the advertising department of the *Polish Daily News*, an enterprising Catholic newspaper, published under the auspices of the Resurrectionist fathers.

Dr. Edward F. Garraghan sends word that his offices are situated at 3424 Prairie avenue, and in the Columbus Memorial building, 103 State street.

Mr. Daniel B. Hayes, Commercial, '89, is secretary and treasurer of the Milk Products Company, 920 Madison street.

Thomas F. McDonald, First Academic, '00, has opened a real estate office at 6012 Wentworth avenue.

Martin McEvoy, '02, received his degree of S. T. B. at the Baltimore Seminary last June.

James F. Nicholson, Third Commercial, '00, is city salesman for Selle Brothers Company, upholstery supplies.

Of last year's students, Frank W. Jedlicka, Rhetoric Class, has entered the seminary, and James A. Meskell, of the same class,

the Jesuit novitiate in Florissant. Bartholomew Hotton, of Father Lyon's First Academic, has joined the Redemptorist Order, and Horace Sabatino, of the Second Academic, has also become a postulant of some religious order. John Suldane, Humanities, has registered in the medical department of the St. Louis University.

M. Joseph Morrison, Poetry, '05, is studying for the priesthood.

The whole city of Chicago, to say nothing of the rest of the country, suffered from hysteria in the second week of October, over the heart-breaking struggle for the baseball championship of the world. We need not say that THE COLLEGIAN extends its felicitations to Mr. Charles Comiskey, the owner of the victorious White Sox. Mr. Comiskey attended St. Ignatius in its opening year, 1870, and remained until 1874. He is probably the most prominent man in baseball circles today, as, besides being the owner of the champion team of the world, he was for many years a professional player of national reputation, and as captain and manager of the old St. Louis Browns won the world's championship in 1886 and also in 1887. He also won the pennant in 1885 and 1888. An interesting episode is recorded in the college annals of his father, Alderman John Comiskey, who frequently presided over the city council of Chicago in the absence of the mayor. Previous to 1869 Aberdeen street ran alongside the Holy Family Church as far south as Twelfth street. Through Mr. Comiskey's influence Aberdeen street was vacated from Eleventh to Twelfth street, and sold to St. Ignatius College. The story is told that the measure passed the council one Saturday night. Father Damen, S. J., in anticipation of this event, had the material for a fence all ready, and the next morning the parishioners, on coming to mass, were surprised to find a fence blocking up the erstwhile street.

Alumni Association.

The annual banquet will take place Wednesday, November 14, at the Great Northern. The Executive Committee and a large auxiliary committee have been energetically at work for a month or more, determined to make the occasion an enjoyable one.

Representative men of the professions and of business will respond to the toasts to be proposed by Mr. Bernard McDevitt, president of the association and toast master of the banquet. Tickets will cost three dollars (\$3), and may be obtained from members of the committee or by addressing Alumni Association, St. Ignatius College. Do not put off securing a ticket until the evening of the banquet, for tickets will not be sold at the door. A gathering representative in number and quality is assured.

The Moderator of the Alumni Association, Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., gave the address at the class exercises of the class of 1906 of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the medical department of the University of Illinois. After dwelling briefly on the mutually pleasant and beneficial relations of priest and physician in the exercise of their professional duties, he spoke forcibly on the evil influence of materialism, whether openly professed or concealed under the names of agnosticism or evolution, on the performance of those duties. The physician seeks to preserve life and restore health to the body; but in doing so, if a materialist, he will ignore or violate the welfare of the soul, sacrificing the nobler for the inferior part of man.

Members of the Alumni Association are pushing to the front. Mr. Thomas S. Nolan is professor of elocution at Notre Dame University. The following members are candidates for public office in the coming election: Andrew B. Boughan, Hon. William Dillon, Joseph E. Bidwell Jr., Thomas B. Lantry, Hon. Francis E. Donohue, Harry Olson, Howard O. Sprogle.



PASSIM

*"We have all of us a touch of that same,
You understand me—a speck of the motley."*

—Charles Lamb.

We returned after the usual summer programme of swimming and sailing, to find our cap and bells lying dusty and neglected on our desk, and that the new office boy, untrained in the secrets of his craft, had ruthlessly thrown out our "Joe Miller's Joke Book and Almanac for 1885," leaving us in a most embarrassing quandary.

We deliberated for a while on the advisability of either massacring the office boy, or resigning our position, but finally decided to trust to the affability of our readers with the hope that they will accept the present apology with the same good grace that they have accorded to others, equally weak, in the past.

We think we may state without fear of contradiction, as the praise agents say, that Mr. John Stoesser—of America and Germany—is easily the bright luminary of the Chrysostomian Debating Society. Mr. Stoesser is really the last word in debaters. He possesses all the qualifications and characteristics. The towering frame, the quavering voice, the eloquent glance, and graceful gesture are all his. Moreover, he can talk startlingly well on any topic at a moment's notice, always citing examples from his own bountiful experiences. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Stoesser has long since run the gamut of human happenings, having been everywhere except with Livingstone in Africa, an unpardonable oversight that still causes the gentleman to weep with vexation when the fact is mentioned. He has studied socialists at

first hand, and second-hand classics; has translated German epics, and mutilated English phraseology; delivered himself of crisp epigrams, and unintentionally humorous manifestos; debated about yellow and mellow journalism; written essays on "The Bringing-Up of the Kaiser"; decided all questions of public welfare to his own complete satisfaction; criticized all public officials backwards and forwards; in fact has done everything that it is possible for a literary marvel to do without conflicting with the authorities. And Passim is certain that if Germany and America ever declare war it will be to decide which has the greater claim on John Stoesser—Genius.

Touchin' on and appertainin' to the recent unfortunate accident of our exchange editor—Mr. Royce—the following accounts have been issued from his publicity bureau, for the benefit of those who do or don't know, as the case may be, the particulars of the sad occurrence. The first one is: "Mr. James Emmet Royce, the well-known litterateur, was recently seriously injured while engaged in refurbishing his 'den.' Attired in a pretty little checked gingham apron and cheerily whistling 'Thursday Always Was My Jonah Day,' he bustled around the room, putting up a poster here and putting down a carpet there. Finally he removed the scene of his activities and a dust pan to the rear verandah, which is another way of saying the back porch. While endeavoring to empty the dust receiver Mr. Royce lost his balance and fell with casual interruptions for a matter of some eighteen feet. As his right arm was dislocated Mr. Royce will be obliged to autograph his new critique, 'The Descent of Man,' with his left hand. 'The Descent of Man' is on sale at all book shops—\$1.18 the copy." The other notice, evidently composed more for the sake of his admirers than that of veracity, reads as follows: "Mr. James Emmet Royce, the popular novelist, while in search of local color for his new novel, 'After the Ball,' recently engaged in a game of Rugby. At a crucial moment of the game he carried 21 men 196 yards to a touchdown, thus tying the score—160 to 160. Besides having his pet fountain pen badly bent, Mr. Royce had his right arm badly broken. From all reports, 'After the Ball' bids fair to become his most popular novel. Cobbs-Verywell Co., Publishers." All merry persiflage aside, Passim extends Mr. Royce his utmost sympathy and congratulates him on his rapid recovery.

DOES IT?

Little drops of H_2O
 With some SO_4
 Make the little chemist faint
 If spilled upon the floor.

"The Chair wishes to congratulate the Society on the spirit shown at the last election. There were only thirty members present and thirty-five votes were cast. It is this earnest participation that will ultimately make the Society a success. The suggestion of the last gentleman who spoke, that the recording secretary take out his watch and write down the minutes is thankfully received by the Chair. The point is well taken and will be immediately acted upon."

OUR ANNOTATED MOTHER GOOSE.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean"
(In fact the whole Sprat family were vegetarians).

"Multiplication is vexation,
 Division is as bad"
(But wait until you come to Analytical Geometry).

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
 Silver buckles on his knee"
(A life preserver would have been more practical, Bobby!)

"Ding, dong, bell. Pussy's in the well.
 Who put her in? Little Tommy Green."
(The S. P. C. A. will get Tommy if he don't watch out.)

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
 All on a summer's day.
 The King of Hearts called for the tarts"
(But, of course, they weren't like what Mother used to Make).

ANOTHER INTERVIEW.

This time the diminutive personal chat is with Daniel A. Lord.



*If I were King?
he repeated*

We found Mr. Lord—three guesses; you give up?—in AUSTIN! We arrived at his domicile after a very elevating journey and when the butler answered our ring—our suspicions immediately fastened upon Dannie's little brother in disguise—we handed him our carefully dusted card, and asked if he was in, not the butler but

Mr. Lord. Oh, yes, Mr. Lord was in, and upstairs, if you please! So

we ascended the inevitable spiral stairway and in answer to a gentle "Come" entered the room—the locale of this interview.

Altogether it was a nice, cheery, homey room. On the walls were posters and pennants, a few good prints, and over the big desk a long row of personal portraits, and books—books everywhere. On Mr. Lord's invitation we sank into an arm chair that looked as inviting as a parachute to a prematurely descending aeronaut. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you? I'm just finishing a poem for THE COLLEGIAN." "Surely," we replied, and then asked, "Are all your poems humorous, Mr. Lord?" He paused and waved his pen uncertainly. "Not intentionally," he replied, and resumed his writing. Mr. Lord is one of those nice-looking chaps who find it so difficult to retain possession of a college emblem or "frat" pin. The two striking features of his "tout ensemble" are his hair, which sags into his left eye with a pathetic droop, and his tie. We intend starting a fresh sentence to tell about that tie. It is one of those fluffy, bohemian affairs that we were wont to wear on our sailor suits, when we were boys, oh, so long ago! It was tied in a fetching slip-knot and spread with peculiar generosity over his entire shirt front. It was a very original cravat. Mr. Lord splashed his signature and turned to us. "Sorry to have kept you waiting. Now for query number one."

"Mr. Lord," we asked, "what induced you to come way out here?"

"Mother and father," he answered laconically, and we coughed discreetly.

"Do you enjoy it?"

"Living out here or being interviewed?" he responded quickly, with a roguish gleam, we think you could call it that, crowding into his eyes. We wanted to laugh, but asked instead—"

"You are interested in the 'drammer,' aren't you?" He sat up and looked cognizant. "Interested? I think it is fascinating. Of course my experience is quite limited—"

"Consisting of?" we interjected.

"Well, I had a part in the College play last year. I was Emperor—but somehow the emperor business wasn't booming at that time, and I didn't have much to say. Just a few remarks on the general condition of the country."

"Still you were much applauded," we said ingratiatingly.

"Yes, a round of applause when I came on and two when I went off."

"You go in for elocution, too?" we persisted.

"Oh, yes," and with a practiced movement he displayed a waistcoat of overlapping gold and bronze discs.

"Is it true that you are to be starred this year, Mr. Lord?"

He blushed like—oh, like anything that blushes.

"Well, not exactly that, but you see a great many of the old stars—Byrne and Magee and Hoffman—have departed and naturally—why—"

"But you are to play Francois Villon in 'If I were King,' are you not?"

"Well, yes, if you put it that way."

"And if it wouldn't be impertinent, may we ask what you would do if you *were* king?"

"If I were king?" he repeated. "I think I would make THE COLLEGIAN the court journal and oblige all my subjects to subscribe."

That last was just as nice a sentence as could be found anywhere to end an interview, so we arose and departed, but all the way home we kept ruminating on what a "bully" leading man he would make—Mr. Lord, his drooping hair, his ravishing tie, his tremulous voice, et al., et al.

JOHN PIERRE ROACHE.



*"The deep-graved line of care,
The critic's wearied stare."*

It had been our intention to make the Exchange Column the feature of the issue, and our primal attempt at criticism a grand success, but an accident overtook us early in the quarter, which nearly demolished all our ambitions. They say that "pride goeth before a fall," and we certainly fell hard enough to destroy all our aspirations. When we awoke after the departure of the man with the chloroform, we found our writing hand in splints and our body swathed in bandages after the fashion of an Egyptian mummy. We had decided then and there to abandon our department pro tem., but an amanuensis offered himself, and we make our apology through him.

On assuming charge of this column we tried to improve our department by adding new exchanges and obtained very interesting results. Many hitherto unknown papers found their way into our sanctum, and we intend to turn our attention, in this issue, chiefly to them.

Viewing the new arrivals, together with the old familiar friends, the question arose in our minds, What is the most satisfactory, or the ideal college journal? We believe the exchanges on our table represent ably the many different classes of papers edited by higher-school students. Our gamut ranges from the daily newspaper to the literary quarterly, and illustrates every idea of a college staff. From these we must decide which style is best suited to meet the demands of local and outside readers.

The Purdue Exponent, The I. S. C. Student, The Reno Student Record, The Brown and White, The Orange, and The Academy News are good examples of the newspaper class of journals.

The main idea in these publications seems to be to print *news*, without regard to literary perfection. Of these, the *Exponent* is perhaps the most satisfactory, as it is the best written, the best set-up and most interesting paper, to an outsider, although published daily. Purdue receives our congratulations on its success.

The Cornellian, *The Round Table* and the *University Clarion* stop half-way between the newspaper and the magazine. Published weekly, they embody the features of both news and literary excellence. As school organs they are probably more suitable than the newspaper, as they print the weekly happening as satisfactorily as the others, while giving them in a neater and more desirable form. *The Cornellian* is the best of our weekly magazine exchanges.

The Harvard Lampoon, which we are indeed glad to welcome to our sanctum, stands in a class by itself in its semi-monthly appearance. It is bright, interesting, witty, and above all, "read-y." Its main idea is to entertain, and it avoids all pretense toward being classical. Many of us might learn a lesson in publishing a pleasing journal from the light-hearted *Lampoon*.

From the observation of our exchanges we must conclude that a school paper, to be ideal, must be neat and pleasing in appearance; contain bright, readable matter of interest to student and outside readers, written in a manner to arouse and sustain interest. It should, moreover, unless professedly limited to science or humor, be *balanced*; that is, should contain the proper combination of grave and gay; the satirical with the scholarly, the social with the intellectual, the clever with the more profound. It should, in a word, be an exponent of all that is best in education, and as broad as literature or life. Though such an ideal is impossible of perfect attainment, it is the goal to which we all are striving, and the standard by which we measure our need of success.

Following this idea, we intend hereafter to review in this column, after the manner of the "Six Best Sellers," the six of our exchanges which, each quarter, approach the nearest to this perfection.

Our new monthlies and quarterlies have not as yet entered the sanctum, although we are looking forward eagerly to their arrival.

We were fortunate in receiving favorable replies and agreements to exchange from *The Laurentian*, *The Indiana Student*, *The Penn. Red and Blue*, *The Illinois Wesleyan Argus*, *The Manhattan Quarterly*, and from the publications of Williams and Mt. Holyoke Colleges, but for reasons probably best known to themselves, they have not appeared.

Many of our old exchanges have shown their well-known faces, and are as welcome as in years past.

The Dial, of St. Mary's, prints a belated farewell to '06, which would be welcome at any time. The hand that penned the lines:

Tonight; ah, let us linger with tonight;—
When now, for the last time, we stand and look
Into the faces we have known and loved;—
"Good-night!" we could not, would not,
cannot say "Good-bye!"

has reached the gateway to a glorious future. "An Experience," in the same journal, rather detracts from the high standard set by the rest of the contributions; its plot is not too new and its style not too interesting. The "Intercollegiate Essay" is especially commendable.

If as the much-quoted Mr. Dooley says: "The man who makes a joke last, owns it," we heartily congratulate the humorist of the *St. Mary's Exponent*. Local connections do not always make an old joke more palatable. In the same issue the poem, "The Queen of the Year," and the story, "At the Gate," are very praiseworthy.

Our first idea was that in our absence from the sanctum some one had left our copy of the *Niagara Index* out in the rain, but further investigation proved it to be only the declaration of their jubilee issue. The opening acrostic combines a well-worn idea with much new and beautiful thought. "Macbeth," an essay, proved very good reading, and we are awaiting its continuation. Accept our felicitations, Niagara; may you see another jubilee!

We would like to review that very interesting *Journal* of Georgetown College, *The Redwood*, *The S. V. C. Student*, and *The St. Mary's Collegian*, as well as those dainty representations of our sisters—*The Villa Shield*, *The Young Eagle* and *The St. Mary's Chimes*—but force of circumstances forbids us to grant more than a passing welcome to them.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE.

Chicago, January, 1907.

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The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. VI.

Chicago, Ill., January 1907.

No. 2.

The Message of the Bells.



HE Christmas Bells are ringing,
O list to what they say !
They tell of Christ and Mary
And that first Christmas day
When in the cave the holy pair
Watched through the sacred night
And on the hills the Angels came
With song and joy and light.

Then listen to the bells ring out;
They tell us Christ is born
In every heart, as in the crib
That blessed Christmas morn.
They bring us tidings of His birth
And joyous anthems ring,
They bid us raise our hearts to God
And glad Hosannas sing.

James E. O'Brien, '08.

The Jesuits in Chicago.

A History of Holy Family Church and St. Ignatius College.

VI.

(1877-1887.)

IN the ten years which elapsed between 1877 and 1887 the attendance showed no very noticeable increase. At the beginning of the decade the student body numbered 215; at its close there were about 250 in attendance. In the scholastic year 1878-79 there were no classes higher than the Sophomore grade, and at the commencement exercises of this year no degrees were conferred in course, although three of the former bachelaureates were honored with the degree of Master of Arts.

In February, 1879, the College lost a true friend and the Catholic population of the city lost a zealous and apostolic leader by the death of Right Reverend Thomas J. Foley, Bishop of Chicago. An entertainment in honor of Washington's Birthday had been arranged to take place at the College on the evening after his death. As tickets and invitations had been issued and preparations were completed it was thought inadvisable to postpone the celebration; however, to express in some way the sorrow of the student body over the event Thomas Finn, a student of the Poetry class, was asked to prepare a commemorative ode. He labored all the day at the task, and in the evening read the production at the beginning of the evening's program. He had entitled his verses "In Memoriam," and in them feelingly referred to the loss which the city had sustained, and dedicated the exercises which were to follow to the memory of the deceased prelate. At the conclusion of the program the orchestra rendered a funeral march, and in spite of the seeming incongruity of the exercises, the genuine sorrow shared by all rescued the situation from even a suggestion of bad taste.

In January of 1879 the newly appointed Provincial, Rev. Edward A. Higgins, S. J., visited St. Ignatius College for the first

time in his new capacity. According to a custom which still obtains the students tendered him a reception in the College Hall. The program was varied by music and song and speech-making, all of a gratulatory nature. Addresses were delivered on the part of the Chrysostomian Society, and the Junior and Senior students. As spokesman of the latter, Carter H. Harrison, who has since risen to prominence in local government, addressed the reverend guest.

The succeeding year, 1879-1880, passed smoothly with but two events worthy of comment. This year marked the final passing of Fr. Damen, the pioneer of his order in Chicago, from the scene of his labors. In January he took up his abode as Superior of the Sacred Heart Church and Parish. At the very close of the scholastic year, June 28, 1880, the presidency of the College passed from the hands of Fr. Thomas H. Miles to those of Rev. Thomas O'Neil. The students had not yet entered on the season of vacation and the change was kept a secret from all save the members of the faculty, and by the express order of the new superior the place of honor at the annual commencement was held by one who had already resigned his office. None of the students recognized in the unassuming visitor in the hall the new President of St. Ignatius College.

Early in the following year Chicago was raised to an Archdiocese, and the Bishop of Nashville, Right Reverend Patrick J. Feehan, was named as its first archbishop. As the train bearing the newly elected archbishop was hurrying northward a committee of the clergy and eminent Catholic laity of Chicago proceeded to a way station at the southern limits of the diocese, and there met and boarded the train to bid the prelate welcome and accompany him as a guard of honor to Chicago. Among those who shared in this graceful act of courtesy was Father Thomas O'Neil, President of St. Ignatius College.

As soon as Archbishop Feehan settled to his new duties he proved himself not merely the friend, but the zealous advocate of Catholic education. He visited almost immediately the College and the parish schools, was accorded a reception by the students, and in reply urged upon them a proper use and appreciation of the advantages they enjoyed.

During Archbishop Feehan's long episcopacy he continued to show himself the earnest friend of St. Ignatius College. He regularly attended the annual commencements, he was a frequent visitor at the minor entertainments during the year and on every occasion

he urged upon his people the necessity of a higher Catholic education for the young.

At the commencement exercises, in June, 1881, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred after a lapse of two years. The recipients of this honor were Carter H. Harrison, Jr., and Thomas Finn; the former a worthy son of an illustrious father, who succeeded him in the course of time to the mayoralty of Chicago; the other, content with a humbler lot, entered the Society of Jesus during the following summer.

On October 14, 1881, Father James Walsh died at the College. Father Walsh is still, without doubt, remembered and revered by many of our readers, and the title spontaneously accorded him, "Apostle of the Sacred Heart," might well remain as the epitome of his life and labors. He burned with zeal to lead all men to this divine source of grace and mercy, and the success which crowned his efforts was everywhere apparent. At one time, to choose a single instance out of many, he assumed the duties of chaplain at a Soldiers' Home, where the spirit of fervor among its Catholic inmates had grown cold. In a short time, the earnest words of Fr. Walsh and the force of his example transformed these lukewarm Catholics into models of piety and fervent frequenters of the sacraments. Among the parishioners of the Holy Family Church, Father Walsh was deeply loved and venerated and his untimely death sincerely mourned.

In September, 1882, it was again found necessary to discontinue the two classes of Rhetoric and Philosophy. In spite of this, however, the attendance rose to 247, the highest mark yet attained.

This year marks the foundation of an organization in the parish known as "The American League of the Cross," whose members were pledged to abstain from the use of intoxicants. In a short time the membership of this society rose to over two thousand, and extended from parish to parish throughout the city of Chicago.

In September, 1884, Fr. Joseph Zealand was installed as rector to succeed Fr. Thomas O'Neil.

At this time an event occurred in the parish of an unusual character, which the people regarded as an undoubted miracle. Without affirming or denying the supernatural nature of the occurrence we present the undoubted facts in the case precisely as they occurred.

One evening a father was hastily summoned to the bedside of a dying boy. He had been given up by the physicians and his death was hourly awaited. The father learned that the boy had not yet received his first Holy Communion and therefore urged him to prepare for this great act, dwelling as earnestly as he could on such a happy preparation for the hour of death.

The boy gladly welcomed the idea of receiving his first Holy Communion, but added, with the conviction of firm faith: "I shall not die, father. Our Lord in Holy Communion will make me well again."

Happy to find him in such sentiments of piety, the father wisely disregarded the suggestion of a cure, unwilling to diminish a childish faith in which he did not share. He therefore assisted the weak and dying boy to make a general confession, and summoning the family again into the room, endeavored to give to the reception of the sacrament whatever of ceremony the circumstances would allow.

For months the suffering boy had been too weak to rise from his bed. With the family kneeling around he received the Sacred Viaticum with every sentiment of fervor and devotion, and immediately, to the wonder and even the consternation of all, he rose from his bed and fell upon his knees in thanksgiving.

All feared that his conduct was deserving of censure rather than admiration, but the event proved that his faith was wiser than their caution, for on the following day the lad was playing merrily with his companions out of doors. The facts were too clear to be denied, and even the father learned a lesson in the verity of those sacred words of Christ: "Out of the mouth of infants thou hast perfected praise."

(To be Continued.)

“As Thy Days.”

STORY CONTEST: FIRST PRIZE.

IT was Commencement night at our greatest University. There were the usual lights, strains of music, swish of gowns and airy chattering. For seeming hours long-haired students, irreverently termed “digs,” had settled our national policy on fools-cap, or, better still, had read lengthy poems that by reason of their allegorical significance and weird phraseology conveyed the impression to the majority of the audience that they were delivering puzzle-papers. A gaunt, be-spectacled young man, clad in a dress-suit that fitted here and there with astute impartiality, had just reached the final period of an effusion entitled “Hesperides,” and the audience sank back into their opera chairs with sighs of relief and a great rustling of programmes.

Then, as it were, a wave of alertness swept over the entire gathering, there was a buzz of whispered information, and a craning of necks toward the box where the famous writer sat, and then back to the stage where a young man, his son, was waiting imperturbably for the applause, occasioned by his appearance, to subside. For a moment he stood there, in his well-fitting evening clothes, at ease with himself and his audience, his head thrown well back, a slight smile playing about the corners of his mouth, and his deep blue eyes shining with sincere pleasure at his reception;—then he began to speak. To the audience, wearied by the pedantic oratory of his predecessors, the unaffected beauty of his address was charming. Its appeal, simple and direct, went straight to the heart. He seemed to be conversing with a roomful of intimates, and his voice rose and fell in strong baritone cadences. Steadily he went on, his oration growing more stately and eloquent each moment till the climax was reached; when with that same odd little smile he bowed and walked away toward the wings. For a moment all was still, and then applause, hitherto perfunctory and parental, now genuine and thrilling, broke forth. It was the perfect tribute. As the young man returned to bow his thanks he sought with his eyes the box where his father sat, and the famous writer bowed gravely and carefully. The men of the Channing family were known for two things—their brains and lack of demonstration.

An hour later Clif Channing was standing on a highly polished table-top at Shore's haranguing his classmates. "Spike" Waters, whose sole ability with a pen consisted in writing home for funds, turned and said to his cousin, who had come down for Commencement:

"That's Clif Channing that made the bully speech to-night. He's been drinking, but you'd never guess it. Say, Tom, you ought to hear his papers, they beat his Dad's, for a fact. Yes, he's a genius, but—" What followed was lost in the cheers that greeted one of Channing's sallies, but the substance of it was that the young man on the table-top was a confirmed drunkard.

Channing awoke about noon the next day, slipped into a bathrobe, and going over to the window shoved it up as far as it would go. Then he drew up a chair and lighting a cigarette, puffed silently. From below came the rattle of the butcher's cart, the cry of a fish-monger, and now and then the chug-chug of a badly lubricated motor. The remembrance of the night before, the speech, his father smiling from the box, then the ride on the fellows' shoulders to Shore's, the laughter, songs, the clink of glasses, the toasts—it all came back to him. It had been different with the lights and the fellows, now—well, he must start all over again. He must commence the struggle anew, must fight with clenched hands and his tongue wetting his thirsting lips. There was a knock at the door, and he uttered a brief "Come." Quickly he opened and read the telegram. It was a message from his father, who had hurried back to the city on the morning express. "Congratulations, son, I knew you'd do something big and fine." The slip fell from his fingers into his lap. It wasn't fair to his father, Channing thought, not to tell him, so going to his desk he commenced to write.

The famous writer, attired in a flowered dressing-gown, was seated in an easy chair in his study. With his usual precision he severed the envelope flap and drew out the enclosed sheet, an unusually gentle smile playing around his mouth. Soon it vanished and his face became grave and careworn.

"I broke my promise again last night," he read. "I know you won't say anything, Father, you never do. Sometimes I wish you would. It is not fair to you, perhaps, not to use my education, but what I want is work, to use my muscles, to strain and heave until ready to drop. I am going to Denver to-morrow. I have secured

a position in the stove works as a 'puddler.' I don't know what it is, but it is a chance to work, to fight, and to forget."

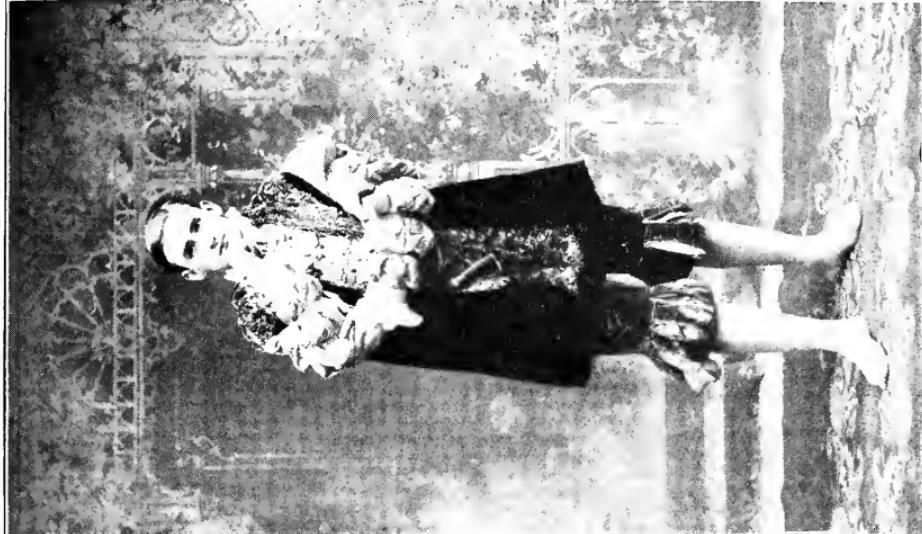
Channing's father rose and walked over to the window. As he looked down the quiet street there came to him the vivid remembrance of his childhood days. How often he had been awakened at night by the slam of a carriage door, then an unsteady hand would jangle the bell, there would be heavy foot-steps on the hall stairs, and at breakfast the next morning tears in his mother's eyes, and she would pick him up and hold him close in her arms. He had not understood then, but later he knew. And now it was his son, his Clif. He turned from the window and walked toward the table, where a picture of Channing was prominently displayed. "Clif," he murmured, "you are a man, you are going to fight, and I am sure you will win. I can't do anything to help you. No one can. It depends on you, my son, and on the grace of God."

Two days later a new "puddler" reported in jeans at the Denver Stove Co. He received his number and was informed of his duties. The duties were none too light, the salary a pittance, but the "puddler" despatched his work silently and well from the time he entered the works with his dinner-pail slung on his arm, until the whistle blew. At night he sat in his little bed-room at the lodging-house, and wrote long letters to his father. "I think I am going to win," he said in one of them, "and when I am sure of myself I shall come to you."

The foreman noticed him. A "puddler" reading a well-thumbed copy of Horace at the noon hour is apt to be noticed, and the workmen paid tribute to that indefinable something that placed him above them by making no advances, yet they all liked and respected him. In time the foreman spoke to the superintendent about the new hand.

"He ought to be in the office, he's not meant for the job."

But when the superintendent broached the subject, Channing declined thankfully. "I have a reason," he said, and the bewildered superintendent dropped the matter. After a year had passed he wrote his father, "I am coming to see you next week." But instead there came a telegram, "Have shipped before the mast for a year's cruise around the Horn. Will write soon." And the famous writer understood. His son had fallen, but was fighting on in grim struggle with passion and temptation.



THOMAS F. O'CONNOR
AS LOUIS XI



RAYMOND MORAND
AS ANATOLE DE GERVILLE



DANIEL A. LORD
AS FRANCOIS VILLON

On board the "Psyche" the seamen realized, as the workmen at the factory had, that Channing was not of their class, yet they considered him one of their mates. The officers forgot their dignity, and made every attempt at friendliness. Then one of the petty officers died, and he was offered the berth, but he refused. This time he gave the captain his reason, and after that spent many nights in the snug cabin, discussing men and events with the skipper, who was no mean scholar himself. Sometimes the conversation grew more intimate, and the captain ran on about his family, about his daughter that painted little pictures, and his son that stood at the head of his class and caught for the school nine. The captain as he sipped his toddy and rambled on, as fathers are wont when speaking of their progeny, little guessed that the man with the kind eyes and the square chin that sat opposite him, was straining every nerve to keep from seizing and swallowing the glassful that stood at his elbow.

The "Psyche" lay at anchor at Hong-Kong waiting for the trade winds, and though shore leave was granted the crew Channing never took advantage of the permission. He remained on board, smoking, reading or talking with the captain. One morning a steam yacht, resplendent in spotless white and polished brass, crept up to her moorings, not far from the dock. In the course of a day or two her cutter, manned by a blue-coated, brass-buttoned crew came up 'longside, and a small, wiry man climbed the ship's ladder and came aboard. He introduced himself as the Earl of Bringore, and asked to be shown about the vessel. The captain, secretly tickled at showing his affectionately termed "tub" to one whose name was in the "Peerage," detailed Channing to do the piloting, and sent the steward scurrying for the "Old Madeira" without which no ship's stores can be said to be complete. As they walked about the ship the Earl regarded with deep interest this man in sailor's garb who seemed so evidently above his position. It was a chance remark of his that brought Channing out, and after that the conversation flowed more freely. Once or twice the former, still mentioned with awe at Oxford, found himself a trifle disconcerted by this masker in sailor's garb.

The Earl returned to the cabin, and after pronouncing the "Old Madeira" excellent, and praising the ship in a manner that found immediate favor with the delighted skipper, asked to take Channing back to the yacht with him. The latter demurred. "I have some

books," the Earl remarked tentatively, and Channing, being human, went. The intimacy grew, both delighted in the same topics, were interested in the same studies, and congeniality is the foundation of friendship. At last when the Earl was obliged to return to England he urged Channing to go with him. To return to England as guest of the Earl of Bringore—what it meant to him! To meet the men that were doing things, to attend the scientific lectures, with the libraries and museums at his disposal, the clubs—everything that he prized in life—but then the other side. He fought it out on the ship's deck all through the long sleepless night, and then refused. "I am not quite sure of myself. I think I shall remain on board," he said, and the disappointed Earl gripped his hand silently.

The "Psyche" was entering the Bay of San Francisco, and Channing stood at the silent wheelman's side. The hazy shore lights twinkled mistily, and now and then the belching flare of a distant foundry illuminating the sky revealed the gaunt sky-scrappers running far up into the night. He almost seemed to hear the mystic hum that descends upon a city at night-fall, and the seductive strains of distant music. As the shadowy outline of buildings unfolded, a wave of eagerness swept over him, he was going home to his father to tell him he had won. Perhaps it was because he felt so sure that he was taken off his guard, perhaps—but why moralize, we are endeavoring to tell of a strong man's struggle. He came back to the "Psyche," his kind eyes saddened, but his chin square and resolute. The ship received her cargo, the hatches were nailed down, and anchor weighed. Outside San Francisco she went down in a typhoon.

As in a dream Channing and the Captain saw, amid the lightning's flash, the thunder's deafening roar, and the howling, shrieking wind, the maddened crew man and sink the rotten life-boats. Then with a final lurch the ship sank and they were afloat upon the now ominously calm sea. Under the double burden the frail support rolled helplessly and gradually began to sink, and Channing with that same odd little smile playing around the corners of his mouth, relinquished his hold on life. His kind eyes met and held the skipper's gaze as he said "good-bye."

The waters rose to kiss his lips in death's embrace and the waves swept over and on.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

The College Play.

IF I WERE KING.

[“*If Francois Villon were but king, to save France la Belle France, from those that would undo her glory!*”]

IT is indeed a pretty picture that Mr. McCarthy has painted for us of the vain emptiness of ambition, of the fulfillment of thoughtless wishes and of the bitter mockery that lies behind the pomp and purple of kings. How a wandering bard, an idle genius, a poet beggar, is raised on his own boast from the leader of a band of knaves to the first man of France, and then the unexpected outcome of it all. It is a story of adventure, of true and tried friendships, of strife and warfare, and of human heart-ache.

To Mr. Thomas F. O'Connor is allotted the role of that eccentric sovereign of France, Louis XI., “one of the most hideous characters in history—suspicious, faithless, cruel and superstitious—a man of great talent, as a ruler, but feared and hated by all.” A king whose hobby it is to disguise himself and travel through the slums of Paris to spy upon his subjects. The character is a difficult one, that calls for an intelligent reading and much histrionic ability, and Mr. O’Connor’s rendition of it is almost innocent of fault.

Francois Villon is easily the dominant figure in the drama. “The strangest knave in all Paris, poet, scholar, swordsman; good at pen, point and pitcher, a vagabond minstrel, a true scholar, writer of dainty ballads and fraught with deep religious fervor and glowing love of the virgin.”

Mr. Daniel A. Lord takes this part. He is sad, jovial and spirited in turn, as the beggar-leader, and dignified and graceful as the king’s representative. With all the easy dignity and quiet irony of his own personality to assist him, Mr. Raymond P. Morand appears as *Anatole de Caritous*, the grand constable of France. Mr. Morand’s clear voice brings his lines forcibly across the footlights, and he duels admirably.

Mr. Raymond E. Moles and Mr. Thomas A. Friel possess parallel roles as *René de Montigny* and *Guy de Tabaric*, the jolly boisterous leaders in mischief and the boon companions of *Villon*. Good-

natured, carefree wanderers they are, and one would think they spent every night by some gypsy fire beneath the cold gray sky.

As the prime minister, Tristan, Mr. William Roberts has a part which gives him a splendid opportunity to use his powerful voice and athletic carriage.

It is not always the easiest task to play the fool, to don the cap and bells and hide "the mocking smile that lurks beneath the painted face." The part of the court fool, *Blaise Couvray*, is in the hands of Mr. J. Pierre Roche, who may be relied on to do justice to it.

Mr. James E. O'Brien, who plays the barber, *Olivier*, the king's valet, needs no introduction. A record of a half-dozen elocution and oratorical medals warrant his presence in a part of importance in this play. He is a companion to the king and brings the news from the great battle, which is the climax of the play.

Mr. Edward P. McHugh is the captain of the watch and Mr. John B. Sackley, *Master Robin*, mine host of the Fircone Tavern.

The minor characters of the drama, the robber-band, and the mob, are played by the members of the College Glee Club. At the first curtain they sing a "Night Song" that is rich in harmony, and, later in the act, a rollicking peasants' song. The dancers in the king's court are the boys of the Select Choir; and the College Orchestra will play the *entr' acte* and incidental music.

The entire production is under the direction of Professor Frederick V. Karr, who presented last year's "The Last of the Glad-iators." The interposed songs are drilled by Mr. Clemens A. Hutter, the dancers by Mr. Perrin, and the orchestra is led by Mr. Joseph F. Pribyl.

Two performances of "If I were King" will be given by the students, both of them at Powers' Theater, Chicago, on Thursday and Friday afternoons, the 27th and 28th of December, 1906.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE.

Memories.



Sweeter, sweeter, on the twilight,
 Falls each half-forgotten tone,
Every chord by memory hallowed
 Bears a message of its own.
Every note recalls a day-dream;
 Hearts that ne'er will love again
Beat once more a tender measure,
 Throbbing to an old refrain.

Memories, each like billows rising,
 Sweep the spirit in their flood,
As the earth is robed in moonlight,
 Or is bathed in sunset blood.
There's a touch of world-wide longing
 For a day we'll ne'er regain;
But the march of Time is onward,
 And our day-dreams all are vain.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE.

The Wonders of the Deep.

ESSAY CONTEST: SECOND PRIZE.

FEW lovers of fiction have neglected to read Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and certainly every student of literature is familiar with "Clarence's Dream." Shakespeare's portrayal of submarine existence is undoubtedly strained. Verne's representation, though consisting, to a degree, of things highly improbable, is, in many respects, true, and gives us perhaps a correct idea of the unknown wonders contained in the vast and unexplored regions of the sea's interior.

The present writer wishes to imitate neither the high-strung imagery of Shakespeare, nor the too great imagination of Verne. He wishes to set before you an account of submarine existence, which, if less apt to stir the imagination, has this advantage, that it is strictly observant of the truth.

In modern times the prospective observer of the sea's depth does not descend in that creation of Jules Verne's imagination, Captain Nemo's submarine, to an unlimited distance from the upper world, nor does he imitate the Clarence of Shakespeare in his spectacular plunge from ship-board; he merely joins a small party of comrades, and together they venture forth in a fair sized row-boat upon the bosom of the sea.

But before we proceed it is essential to the proper understanding of our narrative, to describe this craft of ours. It is large, more the size of a launch than the customary row-boat, and yet in spite of its size is propelled by a single individual, whose knotted muscles are tokens of the strength required to move the burden of the boat and its some dozen occupants. Allowing sufficient room in the stern of the boat for our friend who plies the oars, and ample space around the sides and at the rear for the passengers, the boat's hold, if such we might call the extreme bottom of a rowboat, is of glass; and this glass bottom is enclosed in a rectangular compartment, which not only serves to preserve the boat from injury, but likewise to prevent the swamping of the boat in case the glass is broken. By this means provided with a window, we are now enabled to gaze into the ocean's depth.

So much for the construction of our little ship. Now, as well for the sake of being explicit, as for the information it affords, we

will say that the point from which we are to make our observation is Avalon, an ocean resort of Santa Catalina Island, situated in the Pacific Ocean, some twenty miles off the California coast.

Our guide, extricating his boat from the innumerable other craft of every description, that are anchored near the land, draws out beyond the bay and takes his position opposite a certain point or promontory, the tip of which consists of one solid rock, rising some eighty feet above the water that surrounds it, and named "Sugar Loaf Rock."

We gaze then into the depths of the sea, and our first glimpse reveals what appears to be a submarine forest. Though the seabed is some forty feet below, the iodine kelp, as high as trees on land, almost scrape the keel of our boat. The leaves of the kelp are long, very long, and they yield this way and that to the disturbance of the water. Sometimes nature endows this plant with air-bubbles, small, hollow, air-filled and water-tight compartments that assist in supporting upright the entire fabric of the plant. Ribbon-kelp, the balloon sponge and sea cheneel, are seen all in profusion. That half-floating form directly below, which curls so prettily this way and that is the feather-boa moss, so-called after the feather boa. From between the rocks, tufts of red moss project their pretty crests. We perceive, too, the cucumber and porcupine, neither vegetable nor animal, but plants, each of which possesses the exact appearance of its namesake on land. And now we come to the kingdom of sensitive beings. The first to attract our attention by his rich and flashing armor is the goldfish. These are not such insignificant creatures as we see kept for pets, but they are of ample size, a foot at least in length. Those smaller fish, the bodies of which are covered with bluish lights, are the electric fish. Another fish, no less a feature of submarine life, is a species of trout or bass, most beautifully spotted in colors of gray and white. Innumerable minnows dart hither and thither. The ratfish, long and lean of body, and with a complexion of yellowish green, is discerned, though infrequently, here and there among the kelp. Nestling amid the moss that almost conceals it is the starfish; and fan-shaped sea urchins project from the sides of moss-covered rocks. Sometimes an eel, and then again a monster crab invites our attention. Great shells that no longer contain an occupant lie separated upon the sea-bottom. Especially pretty are they, from the fact that their inner surface seems crusted, as it were, with jewels of

every hue. The guide dips deep his oar where the water is shallow, and brings up a specimen most beautiful in color, size and shape.

We have now drifted to shallow water. Our guide pulls to where it is deeper, very deep. He affirms that on a clear day one can clearly see to the depth of sixty feet or more. Even as it is the sea-bed can be clearly perceived at the depth of forty-five and fifty feet. As we continue to advance the ocean bed becomes changed in its formation. Unbroken ridges of rock now lie beneath us. Their surface, refusing nourishment, even to the hardy moss, is colored like silver. There are deep crevices, at the bottom of which all is dark. At times the rocky mass rises almost to the surface, then sinks precipitately for some score feet or more. Our boat moves away. The height of the rock and the depth of the crevices diminish. The region of plant-life, with its myriads of fish swimming to and fro, appears and disappears.

Now a new sight appears, a sign of the fury as well as the treachery of the elements, a sail-boat capsized at the bottom of the sea, slimy and half covered with sand. And now a second sensation greets us, a shoal of sardines, thousands of them following each other in soldier fashion. They glisten beneath the light of the sun in their bright and captivating coats of blue. Then there appears within our range of vision an object that causes all to gasp in amazement. A being human in form, is working downward hand and foot. It reaches sea bottom, it clutches a tiny glistening object half obscured by the sand; it turns and shoots upward to the surface. We look to larboard and see only a sun-baked boy climbing into a boat. From a handful of mud he carefully extracts the glistening object, a nickel, places it in his mouth for safe keeping, and then joins a group of companions, who cluster in rowboats about the sides of the steamer at the pier and shout to the passengers to throw a nickel. The passenger, aiming with due care, so that the coin is not caught before it sinks, throws a nickel, dime or quarter into the sea, and he laughs in glee at the antics of the coin-divers as they vie with one another in gaining the prize.

As the steamer's leaving time is near at hand and we are to leave with it, we shortly make a landing, and as we step upon the shore the thought comes to our mind that though our expedition to the depth of the sea is a thing of the past, still in our memory it will be often present.

Christmas Bells.

STORY CONTEST: SECOND PRIZE.

IT was Christmas Eve. Mr. James Kelly, Jr., nursing a bad case of blues, was lounging in his apartments at the New York Athletic Club. When a man refuses six invitations to dinner, he certainly is not alone in the world, and when Broadway play-houses are closing up the old year in a blaze of glory by offering to their patrons the best productions obtainable, he can find very little excuse for staying in his apartments, and a plain case of blues cannot be classed as an excuse. Anyhow, Kelly preferred to remain as he was, hoping a glass or two of liquor occasionally would break the spell. Gradually the feeling of depression in the course of two or three hours gave way to one of drowsiness and it was not many minutes after the "cuckoo" cooed eleven times that he became an inhabitant of dreamland.

His dream bore him back over a space of years to the time when, as a boy of eleven, he entered the Jesuit College in San Francisco. He was living again the happiest and best part of his life, reacting the scenes of his former triumphs. The class-medal here, the elocution medal there, the oratorical medal in spite of heavy odds, and finally he was delivering again the Valedictory that won fame for him in his little world.

Here he passed from his life as a student, to his career as a business man. He marked with pride his humble start as a clerk in his father's bank. Also the keen struggle for promotion that finally seated him in the 2nd Vice-President's chair.

The next thought brought a smile to his countenance as he lay there in that stupor. It was of that angel-faced girl he had wooed and won, and of the two angel-faced children that had blessed their union.

Now his countenance darkened; he gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. He had come to that part of his life which was as the parting of two ways. The one way that was the narrow path to heaven, the other that was the well-paved road to hell. He had chosen the latter, and he paid the price. In rapid succession came the fatal race, the forgery, the attempt to recoup, and James

Kelly, Jr., was a fugitive, not from justice, for his father made good the forgery, but from his father's wrath. His dream ended here, and he awoke suddenly.

The room was dark save for the occasional moonbeam that slipped through the lace border of the drawn curtain. From somewhere out of that morning shade came the faint sounds of ringing bells and shortly after the strains of the "Adeste Fideles."

James Kelly, Jr., slept no longer. His conscience that had been silenced for five years, asserted itself. He arose and dressed and left a note on the table addressed to his valet, stating he had gone to St. Mary's Church, and that he would be back in the course of an hour or two.

He went to St. Mary's Rectory, asked for the services of a priest, and went to confession. It was the first time in five years, and when it was over he felt the better for it, but when later, at five o'clock mass, he received communion, he felt that a new spirit had been born within him. He made up his mind he was going home, home to his wife and children. It was his duty, and now he meant to do his duty. He could not reach San Francisco before New Year's because the trip and the closing up of his affairs in New York would take that long, so he sent a message to his wife, and it read as follows:

"I am coming home. Will be in San Francisco New Year's day. Merry Christmas to all.

"JAMES KELLY, JR."

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve when Mr. James Kelly, Sr., came into his study. It was a little past one o'clock, and he was returning from a directors' meeting. He found his wife and daughter-in-law waiting for him. The first things on his desk that caught his eye were two letters addressed to "Santa Claus." He knew what they were, and it was no small pleasure for him to read them. One was from Herbert, stating everything he wanted for Christmas, from a steam engine to a tool chest. The other was from Dolores, whose demands were in keeping with her feminine taste. She wanted everything and anything one could think of for her doll. She would get what she asked for if money could buy it, for she was her grandpa's darling. At the end of her letter was a simple postscript,

"Dear Santy—Bring my Papa home." The old man bit his lip when he read it. She had asked a favor he could not give her.

When the Christmas tree in the nursery had been trimmed, and the presents set around in the most appropriate places, the three sat down to rest. The three were Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Sr., and Mrs. Kelly, Jr. "There is one gift Dolores has asked for that I cannot furnish," the old man said. "She has asked for her papa," here a sob interrupted him, it was a mother weeping for a wayward son, but he kept on. "While I cannot bring him, I will offer no hindrance to his coming back. I pardon him for his offense."

The door bell rang; a moment later a maid handed a message to Mrs. James Kelly, Jr., who opened it and read it. At last her prayers had been heard. She handed the message to the old man. He read it and he understood.

Just then the chimes of St. Ignatius Church rang out and the clear tones of the "Adeste Fideles" rang clear through the frosty Christmas morn.

RAYMOND E. MOLES, '09.



The Alumni Banquet.

The scene was the Banquet Hall of the Great Northern Hotel; the time was Wednesday evening, November 14. The toastmaster and president of the St. Ignatius Alumni Association, Mr. Bernard McDevitt, Jr., rose in his place and waited impressively for silence and attention. The hum of conversation ceased and the genial toastmaster began:

"Tonight," he said, "the Jurist has doffed his ermine, the Priest for a time has left his flock, the Educator has put away his books, and each has lent his highly tutored talents to make this occasion one where thought is born and knowledge radiates."

With these happy words of introduction Mr. McDevitt set his auditors at their ease. Proceeding, he touched lightly on the classic bit from Horace, which gave a scholarly and becoming tone to the menu:

"*Impium*.

*Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso*

and then dwelt at length on the origin of the "toastmaster" and the evolution of his duties. Then, in a few well chosen words, he introduced the first speaker of the evening, Professor Andrew J. Hogan.

Taking as his subject, "Education and Social Needs, Professor Hogan urged the necessity of a system of teaching which would instruct the heart as well as the mind, and declared that education without religion lead to materialism and atheism. In part, he said:

"Our present education claims to fit a man for the duties of life, but that education is woefully weak if not wholly lacking in the development of moral ideas and moral power. It is evident, and established beyond question by everyday events, that the greatest need of society today is integrity, virtue, moral power. Hence it cannot be denied that our present educational work, while accomplishing great results in important lines, is in one of the most vital features a gigantic failure. The education that considers intellectual power and physical skill as the prime objects of its labors is not training men and women whose honor will be impregnable, whose integrity will be unyielding, and whose virtue will stand unsullied in the mart and in the home. The education that does not directly

and permanently develop and strengthen the moral ideas and nature of a pupil fails in one of the most vital duties committed to its care. The education that imparts knowledge without a proper sense of duty, the education that develops power without a corresponding sense of responsibility, the education that gives wings to genius without morality to curb its rapacity, purify its desires, or restrain its ambition, is loosing a demon in society to prey upon its life."

Professor Hogan's speech was scholarly and profound, and the attention with which it was received speaks equally well for the ability of the speaker and the intellectual appreciation of his hearers.

Professor Hogan was followed by Judge Marcus Kavanagh, whose topic, "The Enforcement of Law in Large Cities," held his auditors spellbound for the space of half an hour. With the arts of a skilled orator, with the earnestness that arises from conviction and the repose which comes from power, Judge Kavanagh dwelt on the shameful pre-eminence of America in the number of its murders, and the laxity of its criminal code. The genial good nature of the average jurist, his readiness to sympathize where sympathy is weakness, and to acquit where acquittal brings to him the guilt of perjury, until these causes are removed we must look for an increase rather than a diminution in the statistics of American crime. In conclusion, the judge said:

"The jury system must be changed; the law must be made more wholesome. There must be a greater regard for public welfare and less sympathy for the individual. The statistics are a lesson to all. What we need is higher citizenship, a higher morality. When men look upon jury service as honorable and a service to their country, then we will be on the road to the elimination of crime."

"Large Cities and Religion" was the theme accorded to Rev. James J. Farrell. In the course of his address he urged the creation of a large Catholic University in the city of Chicago.

Some impromptu remarks by Harry Olson, the newly elected Chief Justice of the Municipal Court, and some vocal numbers by Rev. Fr. Quille protracted the program until after midnight.

The banqueters, who had gathered to honor their Alma Mater and attest that the college spirit of old is still treasured among them, shook hands and departed.

CHARLES E. BYRNE, '06.

A Christmas Carol.



HE whispering breeze through the leaf-laden trees
Was singing soft lays to the lambs on the hill,
And around the bright fire, leaping higher and higher,
The tired shepherds slept while the cold world was still.

Ah! Shepherds of Bethlehem, wake to the angel hymn,
Wake to the tidings of joy that they bring,
Haste to the manger there, lay all your weary care
Down at the feet of the Heaven-sent King.

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem, come to the world again,
Come to our altar from Heaven above,
Let us as shepherds be ready to welcome Thee
Lay at Thy manger our hearts full of love.

Daniel A. Lord, '09.

Christmas in the Olden Times.

ESSAY CONTEST: FIRST PRIZE.

THE celebration of Christmas as a great festive day is perhaps as old as Christianity itself. Like all other pious customs, prevalent among the nations of the earth, it has undergone many changes in the course of the nineteen hundred years since the birth of our Blessed Saviour. Among the early Christians and especially during the long and bloody reign of persecution, which lasted almost uninterruptedly for three centuries at Rome, the celebration of the feast of the Nativity was confined to the hidden sanctuary. Thus it had a strictly religious character. But when the Great Constantine overcame the enemies of Christianity and gave its members liberty of worship the real development of Christmas as a universal feast day began.

lands, to preach the gospel to the barbarian nations, they naturally

When the Apostles and their disciples travelled to the distant introduced among all the newly converted people the feasts of the Church. The monks, who afterwards took up and completed the work of these early messengers of the new-born Saviour, did all in their power to beautify and encourage these holy days, and the people were obliged to hear Mass as on Sunday. These holy days were not few in number, and are said to have outnumbered the Sundays of the year.

But of all the feasts of the Church, Christmas was the greatest and most joyful among all the nations. The development of its celebration has been different in the various countries. It is true, the spirit or the cause, that gives life to this feast, is the same everywhere, but to this, each race or nation has impressed upon it the peculiar marks of its own temperament.

In the British Isles, Christmas was celebrated at a very early date, and literature is never weary of praising the merry and simple Christmas days of Old England. In that country, it was the custom for young people to gather on the three Thursdays preceding the feast itself, and then to march in small bands from house to house, chanting their beautiful Christmas carols. During the last few days before the feast all was bustle and activity in the preparation. The

stage-coaches were filled with gleeful young people, who were on their way to their paternal roof. The married sons and the boys at college, all came home for the family reunion. In those days there was an inspiring rivalry among all ranks of the English nobility, to outdo each other in merriment and magnanimity. Christmas was to them a day of special hospitality and generosity. On that day the mansion doors were open to high and low. Tournaments and games for young and old were on the program. In these games the lord of the mansion often took the leading part among his peasants, for on that day of universal joy all distinctions of rank were forgotten. From these times also dates the custom of the "yule log."

Among other customs prevalent at Queens College, Oxford, was to have a large boar's head on the table. According to a time-worn legend, a certain student, many years ago, was walking about the college campus reading the gospel of the day from an old Greek text. He had sunk into deep meditation concerning the mysteries of the Nativity, when suddenly he was attacked by a monstrous wild boar. He was unarmed and could only use the large Greek testament to defend himself against the fierce beast. The animal was finally killed by a blow with the massive volume. Such, in general, were the Christmas celebrations in Mediaeval England, which are now fast disappearing.

In Sweden, also, there were many peculiar customs connected with this festive day. Early in the morning the chiming of sleigh bells resounded on the country roads and in the village streets, as the merry people were on their way to church. After holy Mass groups of acquaintances would gather at the house of some prominent friend or relative and there spend the day. At night, as the bright moonbeams stole over the pine-clad hills and reflected on the crisp snow like myriads of glittering diamonds, five youths clad in snow-white mantles entered the house.

The largest bore a star-shaped lantern, which he fixed above an infant's cradle or a manger prepared for the purpose. Then they began to sing pious hymns. While they were singing and marching around the manger the doors were suddenly opened and in rushed another band of boys arrayed in soldiers' uniforms. These also began to sing and engage in various games and quaint ceremonies.

In Spain, the land of romance and open-hearted merriment, Christmas was celebrated with all the pomp and solemnity of a

highly imaginative and generous people. The Spaniards of old were a spirited, an energetic, a magnanimous race. The creations of their rich imaginations embellished and enhanced all the feasts of the Church, and especially Christmas. The homes of rich and poor were beautifully decorated with the flowers and shrubbery of their sunny clime. Costly mangers were imported from Bohemia to adorn the castle halls of the rich. But it was in the churches that the Spaniards really celebrated all their feasts.

Whatever may have been the customs and ways of celebrating Christmas among the various nations they have left lasting effects. For, if we reflect on our own times, we find that Christmas is the most universally celebrated of all feasts. This is true, not only among Catholics and Protestants, but among those who profess no religion at all.

It is true to many it has grown to be but a cold and meaningless formality, and in their very gifts they betray their selfish generosity. But it is not my purpose to sing a lamentation on the cold and stiff indifference of this prosaic age of materialism to Christian ideals. The beautiful feast of the Nativity is too surpassingly sublime and inspiring of what is noble and magnanimous, that one should taint it with sentiments of disgust against the tendencies of the present age of enlightenment and progress.

JOHN P. STOESSER, '08.



A CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SANTA CLAUS.....The merchant's accomplice, the writer's friend
THE NEWSBOY....."Alone on the rain-swept corner"
THE GOOD FAIRY.....The positive exponent of Christmas cheer
THE BAD FAIRY.....The negative exponent of Christmas cheer
THE BURGLAR.....The same that made "Little Editha" famous
THE MISER.....The personification of the grinding heel of wealth

T I M E.

Christmas Eve, at the mystic moment—Midnight.

S C E N E.

A Bibliomaniac's den, faintly lighted by the ruddy embers of a dying fire. Fitful shadows here and there disclose the bookshelves with their dusty tomes. As a grandfather's clock musically chimes the hour the shadowy figures flit from the printed page and settle themselves in ghostly comfort about the room.

OPENING CHORUS BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY.

" 'T is Christmas time, in prose and rhyme,
We come again to earth, sirs ;
You know us well, the tales we tell
Were old before your birth, sirs ;
On Christmas day, a part to play
In book and magazine, sirs,
We visit here full every year
The old, familiar scene, sirs.
In Christmas tales, no writer fails
To bring us all before you,
Yet being friends, our meekness lends
The hope we will not bore you.

[At the conclusion of the above beautiful canto the shades applaud spiritedly, and then the Miser, Chairman by reason of the prestige universally accorded to wealth, arises and addresses the assembly.]

Miser—"Fairies and Gentlemen, the 'Christmas Characters' Protective Association' is now duly convened. Owing to the absence of our secretary, who was lent since our last meeting and has never been returned, we will dispense with the minutes. The first action of the society will be to pass resolutions against O. Henry for writing an original Christmas story. Secondly, to present resolutions of condolence to Mr. Santa Claus, alias Kris Kringle, for the caricatures of him that have appeared in the Sunday supplements. Thirdly—"

[A rebellious fire-brand snaps loudly, and the affrighted members of the "C. C. P. A." scurry back to their book-shelves. For a moment the quiet ticking of the clock alone is heard, then the Good Fairy timidly descends from a volume of "Grimm's," and with an eye for the lime-light, poises on the hearth and carols:

There are some things which my magic cannot change.

"I am Fairy Rearranging
Whose great specialty is changing
Folks and things from what they are to what
they're not.
I can change a page of history
And can juggle might and mystery;
Surely mine's an ever, ever changing lot.
My first change was Cinderella,
And my last was Rockefeller;
I am changing all his ventures into gold.
As a beauty rearranger
I beat Woodbury, the changer,
Yet to you my woes and sorrows I unfold.

Chorus.

There are some things that my magic cannot change,
Tho' you must admit it has a powerful range.

A soubrette with beaming eyes,
Who delights to advertise,
She is one thing that my magic cannot change.

I have reached all England over,
 Cast my spells from Keith to Dover,
 Yet each Britisher believes he owns the earth.
 I have worked with spells and spellers,
 Just to make the "six best sellers"
 Books of literary style and honest worth.
 I have tried to soften knockers,
 Tried to change the 'penny shockers.'
 Tried to get an honest graftor for the mayor;
 To make trolley cars go faster,
 Get a pass from Tony Pastor,
 I have striven, till I'm driven to despair."

[*The fire grows dimmer, dimmer, dimmer. "The First Violin" plays staccato music and behold—the Burglar steals in upon the scene. The G. F. shrieks "Oh, Jimmy" and flees with a rustle of pages. That the gentleman is entirely a villain may be judged from his picture. He opens his bull's-eye lantern and discreetly warbles:*]



"Thro' the night I burgle, burgle,
 With a sweetly smiling gurgle—
 Know no laws;

But by day with face of wrinkles,
 In my eye a thousand twinkles.
 Down on State Street gifts I sprinkle—
 Santa Claus.

In the Christmas tales, dear hearer,
 When the Christmas Eve draws nearer,
 I'm a saint;

If I break into your dwelling
 When the midnight hour is knelling,
 To your children I'll be telling
 What I ain't."

[*The "Penn" graduate concludes a hasty examination of the room, and then whistles to his co-partner in crime—the Bad Fairy. The Bad Fairy's plaint is very mournful, so mournful, in fact, that an Encyclopedia Britannica is moved to tears, and a Laura Jean Libby novel is carried out in a fainting condition.*]

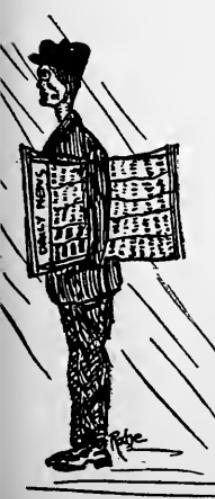
THE BAD FAIRY'S PLAINT.

"I'm the most unhappy character in history;
 Oh, a most ill-fortuned personage am I,
 For if anything occurs that's dark with mystery,
 They accuse me in the twinkling of an eye.
 If a trolley jumps the track or breaks connections,
 If a favorite's badly beaten, or goes lame,
 If a handicapper makes the wrong selections,
 Then of course the wicked fairy gets the blame.

Oh, it's hard to take the blame for other fellows,
 When the other fellow happens to be wrong,
 Am I blameful for a player's streak of yellow,
 Or because you're weak, and your opponent's
 strong?

Do you think that every time the combination
 Raises prices on the things you eat and drink,
 That I gloat and grin to see your consternation
 No, I'm not as bad as authors seem to think."

[*The duo execute a neat little dance, and sink down exhausted into a settee. The Bad Fairy fans herself excitedly, and the Burglar toys with some silver trinkets on the table. Conversation drags. Shouts of "Uxtra, Uxtra Poiper!" are heard, and the Newsboy comes upon the scene. All dirty and ragged he stands, then his chest expands, and he sings:—*]


 "I'm the newsboy you've read about, heard about,
 seen about,
 Twenty-five times if not more,
 I have always a tear and a smear 'neath my ear,
 And of papers unsold I've a score.
 In stories I stand where a grand fairy land
 Is depicted in miniature there;
 And my wondering glance, eyes that dance always
 chance
 To be seen by a passer-by's stare.

There is once every year, tho' 'tis queer, it is clear
 I have more than enough of my fill,

For a dinner or toy, Christmas joy, they employ,
 Till the thought of that day makes me ill.
 But I still must exist, can't resist; I'd be missed,
 For I constitute part of the season,
 And altho' you may doubt, and may scout, still
 without

Me, poor authors would soon lose their reason."

[*The Miser follows in close pursuit of the Newsboy. Evidently the latter has made a mistake in the change. The miser has a song for a cracked voice; and with a great cracking of finger joints he renders it:*]

MISER'S SONG.

But all the tinsel tints of Christmas
 I detest and name a bore,
 Last year I bought a pin-for Christmas
 Left me but a billion more.
 Collecting debts is my vacation,
 Out in the cold the poor I turn;
 Never count my gold by lamplight,
 Not even time have I to burn.
 Endless streams of crying children
 Raise their hands in supplication,
 Young and old alike I spurn—”

[*Here he is interrupted by great hissing, whether this is a tribute to his sentiments, the quality of his verse, or an expression of his general popularity, still remains doubtful. The Miser ceases at any rate and casts a gloating eye upon "King Solomon's Mines" and "Very Hard Cash." As they say in stageland—"Noise without." Ringing of sleigh bells, tramp of reindeer hoofs, and shouted "whoas." Stage waits—and Santa Claus comes on. Dear old Santy, brushing snow from his coat, stamping his feet and smiling cheerily—see St. Nicholas Magazine, page 169, for further description.]*

SANTA CLAUS.

Oh I come from the land where the Christmas tree
 grows,
 Where there's never a sorrow or pain, dear,
 Tho' 't is known as a land of hail and of snows,
 We are still very fond of a reindeer,
 Where the bright candy bush and the pop-corn ball
 tree,

Can be found in each yard and each forest,
And the whistle birds sing near a lemonade sea,
And the praise of Kris Kringle is chorused.
Then ho! for the land where the Christmas tree
grows,
A mechanical train bears us thither,
And a tin soldier guards, when the gateway they
close,
For it's hard to go thither from hither.
But I welcome the children who come to my land
On the limited train they call slumber,
Every woe has been banished by royal command,
And no cares nor grim troubles encumber.

[*The clock chimes—it is Christmas morning. The shades stand around the oaken table and silently toast each other.*

Chorus.

Then ho! for the land where the Christmas tree
grows
And the praise of Kris Kringle is chorused!

CURTAIN.

ROYCE, LORD AND ROCHE.



The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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Editorial.

A Merry Christmas.

DECEMBER WITH its dull short days has come again and with it the great feast of Christmas, the birthday of the King of Peace. This is a season of benevolence; when forgetting petty quarrels, strifes and selfishness we turn back in spirit two thousand years to the lowly stable in Bethlehem to adore the Infant Saviour.

The star which guided the wise men of the East to the crib now guides us to the altar; and as the Angels on the first Christmas morn sang peace on earth to men of good will, so we the editors of the Saint Ignatius Collegian wish all our readers not only that priceless boon of peace, but also all the happiness of this holy season. May all enjoy the blessing of good health, may your hearts be filled with His Divine love and your homes for the coming year be sanctuaries of contentment.

P. J. M.,

Class Spirit Versus College Spirit.

AMONG THE collection of qualities found in a college student is this one—love for his Alma Mater or "college spirit." This it is that leads the boys to make sacrifices to build up a reputation for their

school in athletics, studies and entertainments; for every student naturally delights in seeing his college rejoicing in an illustrious name.

In every class in the college is found an element which can either promote the renown of the institution or totally destroy it, and this is class spirit. Class spirit can enhance the glory of the college when all the members of the different classes, oblivious of personal feeling and jealousy, consider the persons who participate in the various college functions, not as members of this or that class but as students of the college; and when they all work harmoniously to make the affair a grand success. But unfortunately this is not the case and often in college societies and entertainments when some one has his vanity wounded, he becomes discontented, thinks his class is slighted and straightway begins to create discord among his classmates and to arouse in them a spirit of indignation at the unjust treatment they are receiving. Had this student the welfare of the institution at heart he would at once see that he and his class were not injured, but that it was all for the good name and glory of his Alma Mater.

The tearing down process is faster than the building up. Class spirit when abused can eliminate in a month what college spirit spent years in building. College spirit makes a reputation for an institution, class spirit pulls it down and trails it in the mire.

Class spirit in itself is a good thing and is to be commended; only when it is abused does it become productive of so much evil. College life would be much pleasanter for both student and professor if more college spirit and less class spirit were shown.

P. J. M.

The "Associate Editor."

IF A MAN is made to realize that he is depended on, that on his own individual efforts rests the success or failure of any undertaking, in every case his work will be of a much higher quality than it would be if no responsibility rested on him.

We have been much interested of late in observing the "balance of power" in the division of labor that exists on the staffs of the many exchanges that visit our Sanctum, and the proportionate worth of the journals themselves. On many of them the editorial staff consists either of a "Board" or of an Editor-in-Chief and a dozen or so "Associates"; on the majority, however, the honors

are divided, the members are assigned to separate positions and placed in charge of individual departments.

It is our opinion that the best journals are produced under the latter arrangement, because here a man's presence in the Sanctum depends on keeping his column at a high standard, because he is not allowed to expect that anyone else will perform his duties and because the danger of all the members of the Board writing on the same matter is obviated.

Then, too, there is a little private pride, a little self-satisfaction, in viewing a column which is one's own unaided work, a feeling that raises an "Editor" just a little higher than the irregular contributor to a college magazine.

J. E. R.

The Christmas Spirit.

THE OLD blue laws of New England made Thanksgiving the day of joy, and forbade in any way the observance of the grand old feast of Christmas. The hatred of the puritanical settlers for anything upheld by the old religion from which they had separated themselves, led them to these extremes. But they could not put away from the hearts of men the desire for a day of happiness and joy and they instituted Thanksgiving as a substitute.

Time has shown that they attempted the impossible for they could not destroy Christmas. Christmas meant too much to the people to give it up without a struggle. The angel's message from on high that wintry night long centuries ago has been the keynote of the Christmas spirit and will quicken the Christian heart for all time. Hope, life eternal, dawned anew in this world of death when the star of prophecy shone in the heavens. God's message to mortals —tidings of great joy, peace on earth to men of good will is the Christmas spirit.

C. M. D.

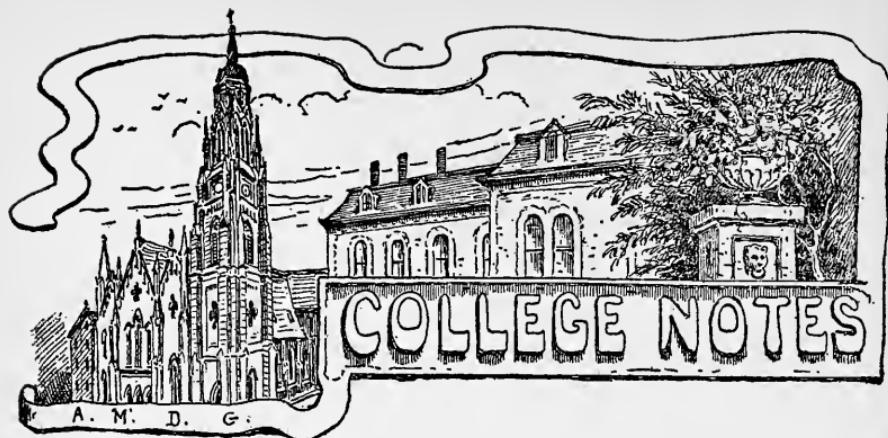
Kinks.

II. SHAKESPEARE.

1. My May of life
Is fallen into Macbeth
2. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have King Lear
3. My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every Richard III.
4. Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant Julius Cæsar
5. How far that little candle throws its beam.
So shines Merchant of Venice
6. Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares
And take Winter's Tale
7. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains Cymbeline
8. Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine Othello
9. Oh, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce Richard II.
10. Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein Hamlet

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS.

Above are given ten partial quotations from the plays of Shakespeare. The solution will consist in concluding the quotation as far as the end of the line. One prize of \$3.00 and two of \$1.00 each will be awarded to those solutions which are most correct and earliest submitted.



The annual retreat of the students, contrary to the usual custom, was held in the first part of the scholastic year, during the first week of November. The retreat was given to **The Retreat** the larger students by Father Francis J. Finn., S. J., of St. Xavier's Parish, Cincinnati, and to the smaller boys by Father A. Effinger, S. J. Father Finn needed no introduction to the students of St. Ignatius. There is scarcely a Catholic boy who has not fallen in love with one or another of Father Finn's lovable characters, and Father Finn, himself, is a worthy father of such offspring. His retreat was one of the most beneficial and at the same time instructive in the memory of college students. In his initial talk, for his instructions resembled the kindly advice of a father more than the strong termed and sometimes harsh sermons of a missionary, Fr. Finn sounded the keynote of the entire retreat. "If," he said, "boys at college cannot be talked into being good, and persuaded to choose the right path, they cannot be frightened into it either." If ever a director deserved success, Fr. Finn should have been thus repaid, and the four hundred students who received Holy Communion in the College Chapel at the close of the retreat, seemed to argue that his work had not been fruitless. The boys of St. Ignatius can be grateful for a splendid retreat, and they cannot but be better for having known and heard him.

At the close of the retreat Father Finn, ensconced in an arm chair in the Sanctum, gave the editors a witty and instructive talk on short-story writing. "In the first place," he said; **Father Finn** "no man, save Kipling, ever wrote a famous short story until he had passed his twenty-first year, and few, indeed, have done so under thirty." At this point the editors exchanged glances and heaved sighs of relief, as memories of re-

jected manuscripts floated by. "Furthermore," he said, "the age of a man most suited to writing short stories is between thirty and forty. A boy at College never writes a perfect short story; either the first part, the middle, or the end is weak, and sometimes all three are on the verge of collapse." Persisting in this vein Father Finn touched on the difference between a man of genius and, as he termed it, a literary carpenter, or in other words a man who builds books and stories to order. But the thought that was uppermost in the minds of his listeners finally burst forth. "Tell us," we clamored, "how some of your books came to be written. Did you take your characters from life, or merely from your own imagination?" For a moment Father Finn was silent. "Most of my characters," he said, after a pause, "are composite characters, and one of the exceptions is Percy Wynn. I knew Percy Wynn for some fifteen minutes only, and the way he entered a book was this. It chanced that another priest and myself were riding on the street car one afternoon, when the most immaculate, precise and spotless Lord Fauntleroy that I have ever seen, entered the car. He was dressed in the height of children's fashion and wore his hair in curls. In some way he entered into conversation with us, and I remember he said, 'Yes, indeedy,' and 'No, indeedy.' Some days later, a friend of mine spoke to me concerning 'Tom Playfair,' which had just been published. After some words of commendation he said, 'I wish your hero did not use quite so much slang. We must tolerate it in our boys, but we should not encourage it in the heroes we wish them to admire.' So that night I puzzled my brain for a boy who did not use slang; then, suddenly, the vision of the immaculate Lord Fauntleroy sprang into my mind, and behold! Percy Wynn was conceived."

A slight change in the manner of conducting the Debate and the Oratorical Contest will be followed this year. The Debate will be with the Chicago Law School, whose debating **Oratory** team was defeated by the College last year, but instead of limiting the St. Ignatius debaters to the Senior Class, as was formerly done, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors will be allowed to compete for the honor of defending their Alma Mater. From these three classes, three speakers will be chosen to represent the College in the Debate which will be held probably in February. The subject chosen by the committees repre-

senting both schools is: Resolved, That the Railroads of the United States should be owned and operated by the government. St. Ignatius defends the negative. The oratorical contest which, in former years, was a contest between the Sophomores and the Juniors, is now thrown open to the Seniors as well. It is hoped that by so doing the interest of the student body will be made even greater than in former years.

The annual specimens, those crucial ordeals, are passed, and the faculty and students, with one accord breathe a sigh of relief, and murmur, "Gaudemus, igitur!" For nearly a month one could daily meet in the corridor that leads to the library bodies of young men, who kept repeating like the gladiators of old, "Nos, morituri, te salutamus." From current reports, however, we are inclined to believe that most of the students passed through the trial with colors flying.

The Specimens

Some days since we paid a visit to the Art Studio. As we gazed about us, we noted the apparently omnipresent figure of Mr. Vaclav J. Hajny, who passed from easel to easel, offering suggestions, making corrections; and bestowing commendations with a judicious hand. Mr. Hajny is to be highly complimented on the encouraging work of his pupils, due, no doubt, in a great measure to his guidance and example. The art class is divided into two sections—the beginners in one-half of the studio and the more advanced in the other. The former work with the pencil on still life studies, such as fruit, vases and the like. The advanced class, using charcoal as a medium, work with plaster cast models, making particular studies of the head, features, and hands. It is hoped in a short time to employ a costume model to take the place of the casts. Of the students, Messrs. Thometz, Zamiara, Roche and Bremner so far have merited the distinction of having their work hung in the studio. Immediately after Christmas it is the intention of Mr. Hajny to begin a class in water colors, and, if sufficient progress is made along that line, to establish a class in clay modeling.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



Farrel Lee, First Commercial, 1902, lately died of consumption.

Francis Rusch, Fourth Commercial, 1900, is now in the Polish Seminary, of Detroit, studying for the priesthood.

Ve clip the following account of the death of Rev. William J. Donoghue, a former student of St. Ignatius, from the New World of Deember 8:

Martin McEvoy and Francis Smith, graduates of 1902, made a retreat at the College in the month of December, preparatory to ordination. THE COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations to them on the attanment of their ambition.

"The sadness of the death of the Reverend William J. Donoghue cme as a severe blow to the Catholics of Chicago, among whom the deceased young clergyman counted numerous friends. About a ear ago he obtained permission to go south for his health. He did nt find it. His death occurred Thursday, November 29.

Seveal of the old students were successful in the November municipalelections. Thomas McNally, First Academic, 1901, was elected site representative from the First District, and Francis Donoghu was also chosen for the second time to the same office from the second District. Joseph E. Bidwill, Third Academic, '99, is now cirk of the Circuit Court. Thomas Lantry, a member of the Alumi Association, and a former student of Georgetown, was elected jdge in a very close race with his Republican opponent. Mr. Lanty is the law partner of George W. Lyon, a graduate of St. Ignatus.

"Fueral services for the repose of his soul were held Saturday moring, December 1, at St. Patrick's Church, where he was an assistant priest until he went south. Rev. T. E. Galligan, pastor of

St. Patrick's, celebrated the mass. Rev. J. Scanlon, of St. John's, deacon; Rev. Thomas Quinn, of St. Charles', subdeacon, and Rev. Denis Dunne, D. D., master of ceremonies. Right Rev. P. J. Muldoon preached a touching sermon. He gave the last absolution at the grave in Calvary Cemetery, where he again spoke of the saintly life of the young priest, so suddenly called to his reward.

"Father Donoghue was ordained in Chicago six years ago. He was for a time assistant at St. Mary's Rockford, being later appointed to St. Patrick's Church, West Adams street. He was but 30 years old.

R. I. P."

On the evening of the Alumni Banquet, we renewed the acquaintance of an old and valued friend, Mr. Richard J. Murphy, a prince of good fellows, whose merriment "kept the table in a roar." When we learned that Mr. Murphy as a student of St. Ignatius College had edited a paper, our interest was aroused, and we begged him to recall the memory of our predecessor to the readers of THE COLLEGIAN. We found Mr. Murphy as kindly as he was jovial and the following account will be read with interest by his legion of friends among the Alumni.

"Many an "Oldboy" must have become sentimentally retrospective, I believe, on the occasion of the recent Alumni Association banquet at which good fellowship was promoted and evidences of *esprit de corps* were manifest on every hand. As one sat at the inviting spread he could not help picking out, here and there, the fellows who came down through time from the late seventies, and asking himself where, indeed, had time flown. True, the old chaps were not noticeable because of any evidences of the ravages of the wielder of the scythe, for many of them looked as young and fresh as some of the more youthful members, who were turned out on an unfeeling world in the late eighties. Never, until that evening, had it occurred to me that a quarter of a century had rolled away since I had stretched my limbs under the old forms in the College class rooms, or since I had, as treasurer, shaken down the Chrysostomian members for their dues.

After all, twenty-five years, or so, is not a very long period to look back upon for an old timer; but for you, editors of THE COLLEGIAN, and your contemporaries, it must seem an age, a looking forward it did to us when we viewed affairs from your standpoint.

Over the cigars, one of the good Jesuit fathers who at oppo-

site me at table suggested that the reminiscent mood seemed to be quite contagious. Together, in conversation, we recalled mutual friends at college, some who had passed to their reward, others who had attained to high places in church and state. Characters and stories supposed to have been forgotten long ago were revived in rapid succession till my Reverend *vis-a-vis* was constrained to suggest that the boys of our class now extant might truly be considered infallible authorities on the ancient history of St. Ignatius College. What a distinction; still one might half believe it himself.

But look back through the vista of time; isn't it attractively beautiful to the world-battered "Oldboy" who contemplates it? To be sure, the modern, up-to-date student of the Jesuit college, with improved facilities, and smoother roads to travel, might not view the vista in the same favorable light if the chance were given him to look back as we do.

This reverie is scarcely to the point, but it serves to preface the answer which the Editor of THE COLLEGIAN expects to the question he has put to me concerning early journalism, or anything akin to it, ever attempted before his time at St. Ignatius College.

To my knowledge there never was until the present time an official college paper printed under the auspices of the faculty.

If in retreat, or at any other time, I felt a real pronounced vocation, it certainly was in the direction of the "Art Preservative of all Arts." Let me confess it, in my adolescence I wanted to be a journalist. When I grasped an opportunity and acquired experience by some hard worldly knocks, I changed my mind and was content to be what I found a more pleasing appellation to the workers in the profession—a newspaper man. The difference may not be apparent on first sight, but I discovered the journalist was a theoretical dreamer in the field, for whom there was no envelope at the counting room window on pay day. This may suggest to some that the newspaper calling is not all romance and poetry, but that prosaic coin is essential to making the pot boil in perpetuity.

When I was a boy, amateur journalism was in vogue throughout the country. My first experience came with the publication of THE AMATEURS' PROGRESS. On a little self inking hand press, assisted by a few fonts of type, I printed three hundred copies of that paper monthly. Gracious Uncle Sam, luckily for me, through his big post office, distributed them all over the United States, at pound rates,—at a cent apiece I would have gone broke,—to other boys

of my own age, who in turn sent me similar publications of their own production. The exchange list, it may be inferred, was greatly in excess of the list of "paid in advance" subscribers.

A few advertisements and some small job work caused me in a degree to wax prosperous. The plant grew until in time it was replaced by a more pretentious one involving what was technically called a quarto-medium rotary press, possessing a great fly wheel which whirled to the tune of one thousand impressions an hour. The larger investment called for a new and broader field of operation. *THE AMATEURS' PROGRESS*, the cover of which was about the size of a human hand, was succeeded by *THE WEST SIDE ADVERTISER*. This was so large a sheet that it had to be printed one page at a time, the type filling a quarto chase completely. The partner of my youth was a studious boy, musically inclined, whose facility in "kicking" the press probably arose from his training on the pedal keyboard of a church organ over which he presided on Sundays.

The editorial and business management fell to my lot. That I had a "nose for news," in my conceit, I felt confident, and you know a proboscis of this kind is what determines the value of the reporter. As my associates were, in the main, St. Ignatius College boys, all my "crisp," "pungent" paragraphs and "rare" good stories had to emanate from them, and, excepting a few florid paragraphic business puffs, they did. In this way *THE WEST SIDE ADVERTISER* became the mouthpiece of the student corps.

I remember one meeting of the Chrysostomian Society which furnished a coveted item. The now Father Thomas Finn, S. J., was then plain "Tom." He and a Mr. Flannigan, whose erudition was not on a par with his mother wit, were arrayed against Patrick J. Hickey, afterwards Father Hickey, now deceased, and me on the perennial "Chinese Question." Incidentally my colleague failed to appear on the day of the debate; so, standing pat,—or without Pat,—I determined to do my best. Mr. Finn opened with his usual eloquence, and was, I remember, quite convincing. My argument was soon finished and it was up to Mr. Flannigan to do the rest. He arose, gave a withering glance at my side of the room, and blurted out:

"Sure, Mr. President, and Gentlemen, the negative side says that the Chinamen are not clean and decent; now I ask you, how can they be otherwise than clean, since they are always washing?"

The printed story was taken in the spirit in which it was in-

tended and Mr. Flannigan, whatever became of him afterwards, I cannot say, seemed to enjoy it best of all, and never lost occasion to assert that his argument was what he called a "clincher."

While THE WEST SIDE ADVERTISER has gone the way of all mortal things, it is well to remember that it never was viewed in the light of an official organ; but the college faculty evidently were not inimical to its appearance for the reason they never authoritatively ordered its suppression. 'Tis a long time dead, and I say: Requiescat in pace.



Society Notes.

Football practice and rehearsals for the play have drawn from the meetings of the Chrysostomian many of its members, yet neither

Chrysostomian debaters nor debates have fallen below the standard. Some few have especially distinguished themselves.

Mr. Kettles gave his views on "reformed spelling" and carried conviction to his hearers. Thus was the old reliable spelling upheld and the "Ruzvelt stile" condemned.

Another gentleman who has carried off a share of the honors is Mr. Ralph Sullivan, who in an earnest and spirited defense of the negro, won applause for himself and gave promise of greater triumphs to come.

Another who is fast winning his spurs is Mr. E. Del Beccaro, of Poetry Class, while Mr. L. Lyons, in his extempore speeches and remarks from the house has indicated what he may yet do as a regular speaker in debate.

The spirit of interest and enthusiasm which had been steadily growing in the Loyola Literary Society, rose to such a pitch a month

Loyola ago that it found vent in the columns of a "literary organ." This newcomer in contemporary college journalism is styled the "*Combat*," and well does it justify its title by fighting for its rights and protesting against wrong. We extend a hand of welcome to the *Combat* and wish it long life and continued prosperity.

Since the cold days have come, many of the students make daily trips to the library, during the noon hour. The directors of the library wish to announce that "The Catholic Encyclopedia," a set of fifteen volumes, costing in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars, will be placed in the library.

On December 7 a large number of postulants were received into the Senior and Junior Sodalities. On the afternoon of that day the students met in the college chapel, where the reception **Sodalities** took place. Rev. J. O'Connor, S. J., and Rev. M. Hoferer, S. J., the directors of the sodalities, officiated.

During the reception and Solemn Benediction that followed, several hymns were rendered by Rev. H. J. Dumbach, S. J., and Rev. W. Robison, S. J., assisted by Rev. F. M. Mueller, S. J.



The football season has come and gone; the new rules have been tried and their merits and demerits proved. Today it seems as if they had come to stay, and the next meeting of the Committee on Rules will probably confirm this impression. The forward pass and ten yard rulings have done away with mass plays, have made the game more open, and have lessened greatly the possibility of injury to the players. When the season was still young many of the country's foremost coaches predicted that the new rules would last but a few years, and lamented that the code had ever been changed; but it was a case of either totally abolishing the game or radically modifying it. Although it was extremely difficult to change in so short a time from the code which had been so long and so firmly established, the coach and players of St. Ignatius have done well, and the outlook for the season of 1907 is indeed bright. During the last half of the season, easily the important part of its schedule, St. Ignatius won two of the three games played. In the game with Austin, which resulted in the defeat of that team, Bransfield and Cronin particularly distinguished themselves by their spectacular runs. Cronin made the only touchdown of the game. The teams lined up as follows:

ST. IGNATIUS, 6; AUSTIN, 0.

Major Lynch	R. E.....	Ross.
Lynch, James T.....	R. T.....	Milholland.
Kozlowski	R. G.....	Dunphy.
Dolan	C.....	Lane.
Heeney	L. G.....	Shannon.
O'Malley	L. T.....	Smith (Capt.).
Rylands	L. E.....	Duffy.

Kevin	Q. B.....	Johnson.
Doyle (Capt.)	R. H. B.....	Pierson.
Cronin	L. H. B.....	Sanford.
Bransfield	F. B.....	Pillinger.

The first game with West Side found the College boys more sure of themselves than they had been heretofore. Bransfield, our clever fullback, again was the bright star around which the plays were centered, and scored the winning touchdown.

ST. IGNATIUS, 6; WEST SIDE, 0.

Major	R. E.....	Sears.
Lynch	R. T.....	Martin.
Kozlowski	R. G.....	Burse.
Dolan	C.....	Parker.
O'Malley	L. G.....	Contoyd.
Heeney	L. T.....	Reddington.
Rylands	L. E.....	Gardiner.
Kevin	Q. B.....	Fox.
Doyle	R. H. B.....	Lucik.
Wilson	L. H. B.....	Musselwhite.
Bransfield	F. B.....	Weston.

The second game with West Side, played on Thanksgiving Day at the Artesian Ball Park, called forth the greatest demonstration of college spirit at a football game since the time of "Jim" Finnegan and big "Dick" Prendergast. Old-time banners that had graced many a football stand and had helped Maroon and Gold to many a victory, were hunted up, fastened to canes, and made ready for the game. At the College, copies of songs written by the men of '08 were distributed, cheers were practiced, mass meetings held, and everything imaginable done to insure proper support for the team. Thanksgiving morning at half past ten, the hour set for the game, the grounds, both inside and out, presented a scene of the greatest confusion. Everybody had planned to meet somebody else, and everybody was late. When the players came on the ground for a preliminary practice the stand filled by the St. Ignatius rooters, with Mr. Thomas Friel as cheermaster, broke into a prolonged "locomotive," and from the time of the kick-off until time was called not once did the College loyal partisans lapse in their rooting. As to the conflict itself, it was only the gameness and pluck of St.

Ignatius that prevented West Side from piling up a large score. Time after time the ball was carried within a few yards of our goal line, and again and again it was forced back. The second half was played for the major part in St. Ignatius' territory, and twice before time was called West Side scored. Bransfield, Kevin and Dolan played splendidly, but in vain; the team was outplayed.

THE INDOOR TEAM.

During the last quarter, with Roberts' pitching and effective team work to bring them to victory, the College indoor team have in no way dimmed their brilliant record. Before an enthusiastic throng the team defeated Hull House at the latter's "gym." by the overwhelming score of 19 to 2. The game was distinguished by the sensational base running of Shortstop Howard. The line-up:

St. Ignatius—	Hull House.—
Kevin, c.	Bernard, 1. s.
Wilson, 2b.	Hoffman, c.
O'Connor, 3b.	Rosenthal, 1b.
Lambeau, r. e.	Schaefer, 2b.
Hechinger, 1. f.	Bernstein, p.
Roberts, p.	Pinkus, r. f.
O'Malley, r. f.	Wolfson, 3b.
Cronin, 1b.	Waldman, 1. f.
Howard, 1. s.	Krapple, r. f.

In the game with Central Y. M. C. A., St. Ignatius was defeated by a score of 2 to 1, in spite of the fact that Roberts struck out twelve men. Central played an errorless game, while St. Ignatius at the final account had two.

St. Ignatius—	Central Y. M. C. A.—
Kevin, c.	Spink, 1. s.
Roberts, p.	Sullivan, 2b.
O'Connor, 3b.	Kempf, 3b. and p.
Howard, 1. s.	Walpe, p. and 3b.
Cronin, 1b.	Kempf, r. s.
Wilson, 2b.	Renz, 1. f.
Lambeau, r. e.	Hoffman, 1b.
Hechinger, 1. f.	Harder, r. f.
O'Malley, r. f.	Lusk, c.

JOSEPH D. McNULTY, '09.



MUSIC and SONG

A. M. D. G.

The musical season of St. Ignatius College was initiated by the annual Thanksgiving concert, held in the College Hall on the afternoon of November 26, 1906. The program was opened, as usual, by the S. I. C. Orchestra. The selection was a descriptive composition entitled, "The Dance of the Goblins." A synopsis of the piece was appended on the program.

The orchestra has been swelled to very large proportions, and it is no easy task to manage so many and varied instruments in the hands of players inexperienced in orchestra work. Mr. Pribyl's work in the direction of the orchestra, therefore, deserves the highest praise, for to form such a number of instruments into an orchestra playing in unison and swayed by the expression of their director is an almost Orphean task. For an encore the well known but somewhat antique intermezzo, "A Bit of Blarney," was given in a brilliant, dashing style; true, the violins at times showed an inclination to lead their leader, but this may be attributed to the spirit which had been infused into their work.

The Glee Club entered upon another year of triumph when they sang their first number, "Floating 'Mid the Lilies," a beautiful selection, well fitted for a display of the different voices. The Glee Club has also been augmented since last year, and now numbers some thirty-five voices. In our humble opinion a marked improvement will be shown over the Glee Clubs of former years, as the first tenors are noticeably stronger than formerly. The singers were somewhat nervous in their first appearance, and at times lacked the unison which only comes with long and continued practice, but nevertheless they gave promise of a most successful year. For an encore they expounded to some length on the delicious qualities of a Coal Tar Lemon Pie, much to the mystification of their audience.

The third number was a piano solo by Mr. Clemens Hutter, the

director of the Glee Club, and the professor of piano music. His selection was Liszt's "Concert Paraphrase" of the famous opera "Rigoletto." The chief beauty of Mr. Hutter's playing lies in his constant regard for expression and his careful and painstaking phrasing. It is readily seen that he values expression and correct interpretation above all else in the execution of a number, and his selection gave him ample opportunity for a display of these qualities. In addition one is constrained to admire the splendid technique shown in his octave work and in the flashy passages, which are so characteristic of Liszt's compositions. Mr. Hutter modestly declined the encore which was accorded him, and, instead, directed the song of the Academic Choir, which formed the fourth number. The "Song of Welcome," which the choir gave, was sung in an energetic, spirited fashion, but afforded little opportunity for any remarkable brilliancy or any special display of their vocal powers.

The next number on the program was one of the novelties of the afternoon and served to introduce the composition of one of the college students, Mr. Henry P. Schmitt. The composition is entitled "The St. Ignatius Intermezzo," and was performed by the Orchestra, which had the advantage of having the composer for one of its members. The Intermezzo contains two leading themes, and a waltz refrain or trio. All three parts are simple and pretty, and well orchestrated by the composer. It was a novelty in the College and was greeted with thunderous applause, to which Mr. Schmitt smilingly responded with a bow. We heartily compliment Mr. Schmitt for taking the initiative in this movement, and wish him the best of luck with his future compositions.

Our "Glee Club, Junior," the Select Choir, furnished the sixth number, giving a trio, "The Stars Beyond the Clouds." There are a number of very good soprano and alto voices in the choir, and a lover of a clear, boyish voice cannot fail to be satisfied with their sweetly rendered songs.

The seventh number was a violin solo by another member of the Orchestra, Mr. Frank Owens. He gave Musin's "Mazurka de Concert" in a firm, finished manner. His technique was good and his expression excellent. His bowing was full and strong and the brilliant, showy passages he gave in a clear, dashing manner that showed his mastery over his instrument. For an encore he gave the celebrated "Flower Song," from "Martha," in a quiet, melodious

fashion, quite different from the brilliant style of his first number, and thus displayed his versatility in a marked degree.

The remaining three numbers were a vocal duet by Elmer Spiegel and Charles O'Grady, members of the Special Choir, Schulz's "Night Song," by the Glee Club, and "The Palm Limited Two-Step," by the Orchestra, all three of which evoked the interest and applause of the audience and served as a fitting climax for a program of uncommon merit.

THE ORCHESTRA.

For the first time in their history the Orchestra played for an entire evening without a director. This occurred at the annual Alumni Banquet, when the special orchestra, which was to play during the course of the banquet, was thrown on its own resources, owing to the sudden illness of the family of its director. But they overcame the difficulty, played eight numbers, and if general comments were true, came forth with flying colors. At present the Orchestra is busily engaged in preparing for the Christmas play.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





PASSIM

"The people," the old House retorts, "what are you all but children in a dim-lit room, waiting until one by one you are called out to sleep. And one mounts upon a stool and tells a tale to the others who have gathered round. Who shall say what will please them, what will not?"—Paul Kelver.

Certainly not we, for we have tried before and failed, but somehow that seems all changed now. Tonight the dim-lit room of Mr. Jerome's fancy is brightened by the glow of the glistening tree and perhaps you will stay up just a little later to hear our tale through, even tho' it be dull and prosy. To the bored ones—Remember it is Christmas time when Charity stalks abroad, and "a good many people that niver smiled before ar-re grinnin'."

The time has come our "Waterman" said to talk of many things, but alas! the muse that perches on our pen and prompts our near-humor had buried her face in shame. We were in despair, and then we received half an inspiration—we would call on our fellow editors and demand some copy. We found Mr. Lord and received the following:

A young man about to enter upon his worldly career, went among his friends and inquired what had been their mottoes in life.

"Be brief," said the lawyer.

"Aim high, be above this mundane sphere," said the aeronaut.

"Take notes, but be sure they are good ones," advised the banker.

"Be sure you do write," admonished the author.

"Never give up," said the miser.

Our Exchange Editor gives us the following:

"I cannot sing the old songs,
My mother used to hum,
I cannot sing the old songs,
For I am deaf and dumb."

Then we tore the following from the be-thumbed note book we possess:

"And thou, my tiny little man
Thou art?" the jester cried.
"I am a servant of the king,
A page!" the mite replied.
Then gay the jester tossed his head,
"Behold, ha-ha! I laugh!
What, thou a page! my word thou art
Not e'en a paragraph!"

In search of copy and experience we visited the police court one Monday morning. A throng of breakers and minions of the law made up the perspiring, reeking roomful of humanity. A burly officer thrust a prisoner on the stand—an old offender, blear-eyed and tousle-haired, clad in cast-off rags and pick-ups.

"Drunk and disorderly," said the officer, briefly and conclusively.

His Honor turned to the prisoner.

"Bill, this is the third time this week. I'm going to ——"

The prisoner raised a shriveled hand and said in trembling tones:

"Jest a minute, Jedge, jest a minute. Don't you remember the battle of Bull Run, how the shot and shell was a-hummin'; how you rushed the battery there and fell back a-gaspin' with a great red tear in your breast? Don't ye remember, Jedge, how I picked ye up and carried ye back like a baby to the Union lines? Don't ye remember all that, Jedge?"

His Honor smiled wearily.

"Ten days in the Bridewell. I'm sorry, Bill, but I ain't running this court as an elocution class."

The second-story man was working quietly, quickly. His diamond-cutter described a neat circle on the window pane, the paper daubed with molasses was pressed against the glass, a sharp tap and the slim fingers slid through the opening and turned the catch. Carefully, creakily he raised the sash and dropped inside. The gen-

tleman with the burglar's kit laughed fiendishly as he thought of the booty. Then suddenly he turned toward the doorway. Standing there was a little golden-haired, blue-eyed girl. She came toward him with wondering eyes, then she stopped, and wriggling a pink toe in embarrassment, lisped, "Hullo, mister, are you a nice burglar?" The man started—both with affright and to go. "I'm not a burglar, little gal," he said, "I came to see your father." "Scuse me," lisped little Eva, "but papa saw you first. He's upstairs now telephoning the police." The burglar grabbed up his tools and strode toward the child. "How can I ever thank you, little one," he said, huskily, "for warning me." "Oh, that's all right," replied the precocious infant with an airy wave of her chubby hand, "I'm a member of the 'Jam Closet Robbers' Union myself, and us union men must stick together."

Miss McCready held off the hat which she had been trimming, at arm's length. It was a perky little turban, trimmed with loops and bows of magenta and pink. That it was sadly out of style and that the colors clashed horribly matters not. Turning to Miss Welsh, who did plain and fancy sewing and incidentally paid half the rent of the little shop, she asked her opinion. Miss Welsh was a gaunt woman of thirty, who wore her hair pulled back from her forehead until her weak eyes cried out for mercy. She was working steadily, but her head ached and her fingers burned, so Miss McCready's query was singularly inopportune. "How do you like it, Bertha?" insisted Miss McCready. Miss Welsh's eyes flashed. "I do wish, Sarah," she snapped, "that you wouldn't insist on my admiring your awful hats!" The air was thick with emotion, but Miss Welsh's needle clicked on defiantly. Two hours later the unsuspecting seamstress held up a waist for Miss McCready's opinion, but the little milliner forgot not, neither did she forgive. "It's a botch," she exclaimed succinctly. That night, Christmas eve, the two occupants of the little shop departed without bidding each other good-night. Miss McCready's Christmas was a miserable failure. In other years Miss Welsh had spent the afternoon and after a sociable cup of tea they had gone for a walk in a fashionable part of town. But today there had been no Miss Welsh, everything was desolate, and she was ready to cry. Then the bell rang. It was Miss Welsh, equally miserable, and ready to cry. "It was my fault, the hat was beautiful—"

"I wouldn't have minded, but it was to be your Christmas present,"

The teary women embrace, the kettle is put on to boil, and the universe begins to straighten out for two very common-place mortals. It is Christmas again.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.





"A friendly eye could never see such faults. A flatterer's would not though they do appear as huge as high Olympus."

It is not an easy task to sit oneself down before a table heaped high with college journals—magazines in scarlet, blue, buff and gray, newspapers with crowded columns—each containing something of true merit, and all crying for a hearing, and to attempt to select from all the pile six exchanges—“The Six Best Sellers”—that represent all that is best in amateur journalism, and the standard set by them all, for the quarter. After much reading, re-reading, sorting and weeding, however, we have selected the half-dozen and trust that we do not err in presenting the *Redwood* for November, the *Georgetown College Journal* for November, the *Williams "Lit."* for November, the *U. of Virginia Magazine* for October, the *Red and Blue* for November and the “*Labarum*” for November, as the best of our exchanges received since we last went to press.

We might have been tempted to place the *Redwood* here merely on account of its handsome cover and type work, but then its literary merit left no doubt of its eligibility. The opening verse is a sonnet of the new “*Frisco*,” which reads smoothly and whose conception is good. We admire the personification of the “*City of St. Francis' Love.*” The other verse is well worthy of reading. The columns, particularly the editorial section and the Exman's domain are ably handled.

It is with both hands in the air and our heart in our mouth that we are to lisp the hallowed name of the *Georgetown College Journal*. We fear that even as we write that “*Man with the Derringer*” who edits that strenuous exchange column may “have the drop on us.” It is not, kind sir, “in bitterness or in wrath” that we approach you, for the *G. C. J.* is the best balanced journal of the pile.

Our only disappointment was on the first page. We did hope that this paper at least would choose some less worn theme for its opening verse than "The First Snow;" nevertheless the lines are musical. We caught ourselves wondering, after we had read "Pipe Dreams" and many similar lyrics, why the many poets who desire to commune with *Lady Nicotine* do not take a half-hour to themselves and learn to keep a pipe drawing. Think, though, of all the air-castles that would never be built if there was not the relief of seeing them tumble, "when your pipe goes out."

This same *Journal* contains an essay on "Short Stories" by one who understands them and besides can construct a readable treatise. He holds that the short story is not inimical to the growth of more lengthy literature, but is of absolute necessity to the busy man who desires good fiction yet cannot take time to sustain the thread of a novel. We can never forgive its writer, however, for omitting from his list of clever story tellers the name of that leader of American short-storyists, Edgar Allen Poe.

The short stories in the November issue well sustain the essayist's idea of what one should be, although below the standard set by the fiction of the *Journal* of October. There is good insight into college life in the "Eight Bugs" (peculiar appellation!) and the story flows easily; we are sorry, though, that the gambling element is so prominent and the end so tragic. The writer of "Sunset" has a story to tell and knows how to tell it. His scene is laid in that mystic and much novelized region—the West—and he lets all the poetry of his nature flow through his pages in his description.

When a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of a love story we expect usually to receive something so unpalatable except to his own private day dreams that we hate to begin it. But "When the Salt Has Lost its Savour" is such a delightful little tale that it proves that the *Williams Literary Monthly* has gained an exception to the rules. "Lady Laughter" is such a lovable little person that we cannot blame her hero for quoting as he stands beside her:

"The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one,
But the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

There is, however, almost a tear in the sigh of relief with which we find that they do not "live happily ever after." "Apis

"Mellifica Eros" is the other story in this number and contains many a hearty laugh.

"The Spinner of Dreams" is as pretty a lyric as we have ever read, and the "Forest Perilous," although carelessness perhaps has allowed a few rough and prosaic lines to mar it, shows true poetry, but "Her Castle" must be given first place for the verse of the issue.

This verse and these tales even with the handsome buff cover would not hold up the issue, however, without the essay "The Good Grey Poet" which is an interesting biographical sketch of "the most unique personage in American literature"—Walt Whitman.

The Lit has one feature which jars upon us and which we must censure. That is the placing of advertisements upon the same pages with the reading matter. We cannot approve this so ruthless dragging of the commercial skeleton from its closet.

"The Man with the Green Eye" has been generally acknowledged to be the best short story of the quarter and we see no reason for diverging from this opinion. It is an excellently written tale which depends upon a successful delving into chemistry and its influence on the criminal world. Its improbability detracts little from it, and its only fault is an introduction disproportionately long. In the same issue "The Thirteenth" presses hard on its companion story for honors. Its conversation, the bugaboo of youthful writers, is a good step beyond the primer. The verse in this same *University of Virginia Magazine* is only mediocre but there is an essay, "Tennyson and Lucretius," which ranks with the best. All this was beneath the handsomest cover of the month. As this is our first meeting with the *U. of V. M.*, we wondered whether or not this was their regular dress, and we hoped that it was student work.

The last two of the six are likewise newcomers, who have well-earned their entrance to our table. The "Red and Blue" comes from Pennsylvania, and cover and matter are both representative of Alma Mater. The opening article on the football situation might better have been relegated to the editorial or athletic departments. The fiction is well worth reading; the author of "When Fortune Smiles" relieves the monotony of quarterback heroes in his football tale and makes his center shine as a maker of touchdowns, and the "Little French Girl" is a police court story with a heart-ache in its ending. But we really liked the "Storm King's Daughter" best. A weird recital, indeed, but the writer of it has ventured off the beaten track to find his story, and we believe has succeeded in his purpose.

The essay on "William Watson" is written in a scholarly manner, but there is little eulogy wasted on that poet, as the essayist attributes nearly all his works to the influence of Wordsworth.

The *Red and Blue's* verse is not striking, but "Mystery" has a very musical pulse, and much melody of diction.

It is indeed with pleasure that we write the name of one of our sisters' dainty journals here. The *Labarum* is easily the finest of the young ladies' productions of the quarter. Lack of balance is its only staring fault. "The Making of Mark" ushers in the November number very auspiciously. It is an exceptionally natural and readable story, but it is followed by *nine* essays and articles and *eight* poems! However, we have noticed that the ladies seem to revel in weighty treatises and to shun fiction as a bore. The *Labarum* is well supported by her Alumnae, who have contributed dutifully to the present number.

* * *

A *resumé* of the quarter's journals shows that fiction alone is prominent for its excellence. There is much verse that is musical and metrical, but little that shows superior conception. Many essays show good preparation and careful writing; few only approach to literature.

But the stories are far above the average. We have seldom read a more clever story in an amateur publication than "The Good Samaritan" in the November *Wabash*. We read it through, perfectly satisfied with it and ourselves until we got to the last three lines, then started it over again to see just exactly *where* we had been "fooled." "The Man with the Green Eye," "When the Salt Has Lost Its Savour," and the "Two Cablegrams" (from the *College Spokesman*), with the "Good Samaritan," represent the standard of the quarter.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

Chicago, April, 1907

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The St. Ignatius Collegian

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No. 3.

April



Frail crocus buds like white wraiths lift
Their faces from the wintry drift,
With petals diamond spun;

And red-robed robins by the spring,
At gray dawn's passing, blithely sing
A welcome to the sun.

—*James Emmet Royce, '08.*

The Jesuits in Chicago.

A History of Holy Family Church and St. Ignatius College.

VII.—1887-1893.

AN important event which marked the year 1888 was the opening of a preparatory Academy known as the North Side Collegiate School. It was opened in response to the urgent requests of many Catholics in that portion of the city who found it inconvenient to send their sons such a long distance to St. Ignatius College. Accordingly a house was rented at 616 La Salle Avenue and a modest beginning was made under the direction of Father Thomas Fitzgerald. The new school was moderately successful from the start, but its career was destined to be brief. The pupils numbered 36 at the conclusion of the first year and when it was abandoned at the end of the second there were 60 in attendance.

This same year 1888 was made notable in the parish by the public celebration of the Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit of Father Arnold Damen. Father Damen had entered the Society of Jesus in November, 1837, at Florissant, Missouri. Although no longer connected with church or college it was thought fitting that this crowning event of his career could nowhere be more fittingly solemnized than in the midst of the people who loved him, in the church he had erected, and over whose destinies he had ruled so long, and so well.

On November 22, Father Damen celebrated the solemn mass but of those who filled the church there were comparatively few who thirty years before had knelt with him at the altar in a humbler edifice and invoked the blessing of God on the work they had begun. The years had passed and success had rewarded prayer and effort, but of those who had borne the labor and heat of the day, only a few remained. Another generation had come, the children of that former day were now in the prime of their man-

hood, while their fathers who founded the parish had passed away, or like the venerable priest himself were already in the shadow of their days.

On the evening of this day of jubilee, the Honorable William J. Onahan delivered in the church an eloquent tribute to Father Damen. We cannot take a more fitting leave of the subject than by quoting his earnest words, a simple tribute of affection from one who had known and loved him, and was honored in return by the respect and esteem of the father and his religious brethren.

After reviewing his career of labor in Chicago and the West, the orator turned to the reverend jubilarian with these glowing words:

"You, sir, 'have builded beyond the grave.' Your memory cannot perish; your monument shall endure in the hearts and affections of a grateful people. This church, the monument and testimony of your zeal, will perpetuate it. The schools of the parish which you first created, will recall it from time to time, and hand it down to coming generations. The charities which you established and nourished will cherish your memory and character in the hearts of the poor and afflicted. And this great college, the hope and the pride of the Catholic youth of our city, will remain a perpetual memorial of your zeal for learning, and for religion. And not to Chicago, or to this congregation alone, will the joy and grateful emotions aroused by this golden jubilee be confined. From countless homes and hearts all over this land and across the sea; before many altars in the asylums for the orphan and the foundling, in the homes for the aged, and refuges of the Magdalen; in the hospitals of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and the institutions for the afflicted deaf and dumb; in convents and monasteries of every order and of every community, prayers of thanksgiving will ascend to Heaven today for all the multiplied blessings and benefits you have conferred on mankind by your precious labors during the past fifty years.

"Nor is the account finally closed. Fifty years of labor, and upwards of seventy years of time, have made their mark and laid their heavy impress on your vigorous frame. Your step is not so alert, your voice no more so ringing and powerful as of old; the penalties of time and toil are visible in your stooped form and venerable gray hairs. But, notwithstanding the growing infirmities

of age, you are still persevering in the generous crusade of religion and charity.

"Long may you be spared to this congenial and beneficent mission. Long may you continue to spread the light and blessings of Christian faith, the sweet fruits and favors of charity and brotherly love throughout the land, for which you will be more and more entitled to the gratitude of mankind and the assured favors and blessings of God."

A remarkable event occurred about this time when the Right Reverend Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa, conferred the sacrament of confirmation on a class of one thousand five hundred and forty-five children. Nothing like this had ever before taken place in Chicago; the ceremonies lasted for over four hours and it was found impossible to accommodate the many parents and friends of the children who were anxious to witness the event. An unfortunate accident almost transformed the affair into a catastrophe. During the ceremony which took place on the last Sunday of May the altar of the Blessed Virgin which was decorated with flowers and gauze draperies caught fire from a falling candle. Instantly the altar was ablaze and a panic among the frightened children seemed imminent. At this critical moment the sisters and a number of the fathers passed through the crowded church, quieting the fears of all and urging them to keep their seats. The training and docility of the children asserted themselves in this time of peril, the flames were quietly extinguished and the ceremonies were brought to a conclusion amid the grateful prayers of all who attributed the passing of the danger to the special protection of the Mother of God.

On October 19th, 1892, the quadri-centennial of the discovery of America was fittingly celebrated at the College by an illustrated lecture on "Columbus and His Achievements." The occasion was dignified by the presence of Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and His Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago.

During the great World's Fair year of 1893 the College was visited by many distinguished Catholics. Prominent among these was the Duke of Veragua, who had come to America as the nation's guest. During the month of August he with his suite attended mass at the Holy Family Church and was entertained at the College.

During this time the number of students had steadily increased to almost four hundred and the need of a new building was imperatively felt. The Annual Commencement exercises which had hitherto been held in the College Hall were transferred to more commodious quarters down town, and it was thus made possible to accommodate the ever growing number of the relatives of the students and the friends of the College.

(To Be Continued.)

March.

Gaunt, naked trees against a lowering sky,
A fog-enshrouded landscape meets the eye,
The hills are mist-enveloped, hid from view;
Is there no sign that winter's reign is through?

Ah! You have not observed each fleeting day,
As it in silence sped upon its way
Longer remain, and love the growing light
Battle with winter and with winter's night.

And you have not heard in the early morn
A strange bird's song in tones somewhat forlorn;
And yet a promise softly made to you;
A sign that winter's reign is nearly through.

—*Dartmouth Magazine.*

Tommy

IN the second-story front over Gartner's delicatessen, Billy Crane, a young man with sparse brown hair brushed back from his high forehead, an aquiline nose thin to the point of sharpness, firm mouth and chin, sat reading intently. Occasionally he raised a slim hand to protect his weak eyes from the lamp's unsteady glare. The second-story front was a queer little room. The walls were hideously papered in a chaotic design of huge spiders enmeshed in a tangle of vermillion roses, with trailing stems. Here and there some photographs and etchings attempted a dignified relief. An unvarnished shelf held a worn leather violin case and a cheap loud-ticking alarm clock. In one corner was a frayed, rickety sofa with its dowdy dinginess relieved by a crimson pillow with a white felt "H," and above a Harvard pennant turned up its nose at the plebian surroundings. Upon the center table books and reviews were heaped in scholarly disorder. A worn Morris chair, and a pine one, glistening stickily in its newness, rounded out the furnishings. As Billy read, through the half-open door, from the delicatessen below, crept the pungent scent of unthrottled potato salad and smelly foreign cheeses to assail his nostrils in odoriferous monotony. He sighed wearily and looked up from his book.

"Tommy!"

A figure, recumbent on the sprawly sofa, sat up straight.

"Sir?"

"Tommy," continued Billy apologetically, "please close the door. Your mother's salad is just a trifle stronger than usual this week." Tommy sniffed.

"Yes, sir. I was just noticing that."

Tommy closed the door softly and came back to the table. With the lamplight falling on his features—his steely grey eyes, thin lips and massive shoulders—he looked older than he was, probably sixteen or seventeen. He stood there for a moment nervously fingering the fringe of the table cover. Billy glanced up.

"Well, Tommy."

"The other night you asked me what I would like to do when I quit the bagging factory," Tommy began hesitatingly,

"and I've spoken to mother and—I'd like to be a doctor." Billy put down his book.

"A doctor?" he queried, and suddenly recalled Tommy's deep interest in the little sick girl on the next floor, and how he had dressed his hand when the trunk lid crushed it.

"Yes, sir—that is if it won't be too much trouble for you." Billy laughed softly.

"Well, we'll see. I'll speak to your mother tomorrow. It's getting late, Tommy."

"Yes, sir, good-night," and he turned to go.

"Good-night, boy."

As the door shut upon him Billy pushed back his chair and lit a stogie. Heigh ho! there were *some* disadvantages after all in living above a neighborhood grocery, but when hypercritical readers returned your stories with persistent enthusiasm, it was reckless extravagance.

Things had changed for Billy since that warm day in June, long ago, when he had read the class oration at Cambridge. Then the world had lain at his finger tips, and he had but to reach forth to grasp it. Like a great many other young men he had come to Chicago to be a journalist, and gone through the same weary round of interviewing city editors. By tenacious perseverance he had obtained a place on the "Tribune" and held it, glorying in the daily pursuit of "stories," the writing under high pressure with the shrill cry of "copy" dinning in his ears, and the "night city's" imperious voice cutting the smoke-heavy air. Then to lean back with tired eyes closed and hear the welcome hum of the rumbling, clanking presses beneath that denoted the close of another day. That was all he remembered now,—the petty sordidness of the life had faded. Billy had always been an enigma to the city editor. Sent to cover a director's meeting he would return empty handed, or his "stick" would drive the copy-reader to despair. Instead he would sit down and write a story of a little girl, sitting on a sun-scorched stoop, sobbing over a broken doll that made the night editor puff hard on his briar. Even the *blase* office boy read Billy's stuff. Just when he was making good his eyes gave out, throbbed and ached, when his head should have been clear and cool. Billy could recall now the specialist saying, "Young man, you'll have to cut it out." And he remembered how incongruous he thought it that such a famous man should use slang. So Billy quit. He

found the second story front over Gartner's delicatessen, and had lived there with Tommy as his sole companion, busying himself, when his eyes would permit, with putting away at the Novel. Billy and Tommy had been friends since the day they met on the rickety steps. Billy had read to him, played the violin for him, and in a hundred other subtle little ways had made life pleasant for him. When Tommy expressed a desire to play the violin Billy taught him. When he introduced the boy next door, "who played the accordion just bully." Billy organized the Apollo Orchestra. At intervals they gave wonderful recitals, with Mrs. Gartner the sole and delighted auditor. Sometimes when a "pot boiler" had been disposed of, they would go to a concert or a theater, in the gallery to be sure, or a ball game, where they chewed peanuts excitedly while "our team" made a home run. Billy knew the names of all the employees at the bagging factory. He condoled with Tommy when the "boss" found fault, and exulted when he was praised. And now it was Tommy's turn to cherish ambitions—true, his hopes ran toward surgery rather than "scoops," but in the end it was all the same.

The next day Billy braved the cheeses in their den, and spoke to Tommy's mother. Mrs. Gartner, a woman of generous proportions and slight accent, was overwhelmed with Billy's interest. Yes, it was true Tommy wanted to be a doctor, and if Mr. Crane would help, maybe they could make some arrangement about the rent. Billy declined the offer, not haughtily with folded arms, but with a deprecating smile that made Mrs. Gartner his friend for endless eternity. Almost every night afterward when Tommy came to Billy's room they studied Latin, Greek et al., and his progress was swift and sure. Not being compulsory his studies were a delight, and whenever his purpose flagged he was spurred on by the picture of a steady-nerved surgeon, bending over an operating table surrounded by white-capped nurses.

At last the day came when Tommy had exhausted his tutor's fund of knowledge. A counsel of the Gartner family was held with the result that Tommy drew his last pay envelope at the bagging factory, and began his studies at one of Chicago's foremost institutions. One night a week, at least, he came to Billy's room, either to play the violin, of which both were passionately fond, to read a chapter of the Novel, or an encyclopedia article that enabled Billy to pay the buxom Mrs. Gartner her tithe.

Despite the difference in their years, Billy found these visits an unfailing source of pleasure. In fact he placed that night in the week when they chatted and smoked until the wee sma' hours grew sizable, far ahead of the other six. He watched Tommy's advance with jealous eyes, and constantly urged him on to greater endeavor. Billy himself had failed, but his protege must gain the very pinnacle of fame. It was much the same as that maternal love that concedes the Presidential chair to its first-born man child.

After years that dragged into seeming centuries, Commencement night came. Tommy had a paper, and Billy escorted Mrs. Gartner, in a costume that bore a peculiar resemblance to a German chromo, down to their idol's shrine. He squandered, with wanton recklessness, the savings of a month, in a huge bouquet to be handed over the foot-lights, with the hasty scrawl "Tommy, yours was the best of all." But even to Billy, peering through rose-colored glasses, it was patent that Tommy avoided him and his wonderfully gowned mother. Although Billy realized that under the garish auditorium lights, his worn evening clothes—ordered for the "J" prom—must seem more shabby and ill-cut, and Mrs. Gartner's garb more radiant, still he never thought Tommy would notice it. He thought him too big and fine to be governed by externals. So when Tommy swept off with his class-mates to a cafe close at hand, giving the pair but a bare nod of recognition, he left them knee-deep in a chaos of shattered ideals.

When Billy reached home he took his violin from its rusty case and played far into the night. He was grievously hurt, and was trying to hide it from himself. After all, he argued, it was but natural that Tommy wanted to be with his classmates—still he might have tarried with them just a moment, but Tommy was young—yes, Tommy was young. And Billy fell into a roseate dream, wherein Tommy was retained to operate upon the State St. bridge, amid the plaudits of the populace. Dr. Gartner hung out his shingle, and was a gradual success. His practice grew, altogether it was quite remarkable for a young doctor, but each case drew him farther away from Billy and his old associations. Billy excused Tommy's neglect of him and his mother by arguing that the duties of a young, successful practitioner were onerous, and rendered family calls impossible.

Three years passed, and Tommy did not visit N. Third St. The same scents crept up the stair-way from the delicatessen beneath, safe now from his barring hand, and at night an old young man with dim eyes, sat dreaming o'er his brain-child. At times he would push the manuscript from him and fall into a reverie, in which a thin-lipped, steely-eyed young man was the central figure, and the others supernumeraries. Or he would take his hat and descend to the grocery, where, to the accompanying hum of the coffee-grinder, he discussed the latest news of Tommy with his mother. He read the account of Tommy's engagement and marriage to a debutante, whose frocks cost such fabulous sums that even the Sunday editors had compunctions about printing it, and Mrs. Gartner clasped her hands in sheer ecstasy of Teutonic joy. The list of presents was recounted and recalled until every gift, from the Tiffany silver service to the countless multitude of berry dishes, was indelibly imprinted upon Mrs. Gartner's memory. But the day came and passed, and neither of the pair was honored with even a church card to the wedding of Dr. Thomas Gartner.

At last the time came when the Novel was finished and published. It was, like its author, a gentle, scholarly work, and created a modest stir among those lovers of real books, who despise the shallow-pated fiction of the day. On the title page was inscribed

To Tommy, Boy.

Billy was probably happier on that day of issue than he had been since that Commencement night, when the clay feet of his idol first disclosed themselves. With one of the precious volumes under his arm, and a great black thorn cane to aid his failing sight, he went down to Dr. Gartner's office. He sank back into a corner of the reception room and waited. The door of one of the adjoining apartments opened, and a broad-shouldered man came out with a patient. He was laughing perfunctorily at some remark, but when Billy started forward, fumbling at the package under his arm, he stared fixedly. Billy came nearer, extending his hand.

"Tommy, I—"

But Tommy stared at him steadily with cold, unflinching eyes, and ignoring his outstretched hand, said:

"I beg your pardon, but I don't believe I know you. Miss

Green, please send in the next patient." And turning, he went back to his room.

How Billy reached the street he never knew. He had a dim impression of a gentle-eyed girl helping him, but it was all a haze. He went back to N. Third St., but everything was different, something was gone, something that livened the room and made it livable. In a daze he removed his overcoat, thread-bare and green, and sat down at the table. Outside it had commenced to drizzle, desultorily, miserably. Billy got up and went over to the window. As he looked down the narrow street, unkempt as a neglected child, he saw a hansom invading the ill-paved way, sacred to push cart and hurdy-gurdy. Seriously he watched its swaying progress, fascinated at the incongruity. It was as a hay-rick on Michigan Ave. The cab hesitated, stopped, the jehu swung back the doors, and Dr. Gartner stepped down to the curb. Instantly it flashed into Billy's mind that he was coming to make late amends, that Tommy was returning to N. Third St. Although he realized that he should feel hurt and indignant, he was conscious only of a thrilling sense of joy, commingled with a feeling of regret for his hasty judgment of his friend. Smiling wonderfully the while, he pulled at his tie, and removed a thread from his coat in preparation for the meeting. Then Tommy, without knocking, opened the door and came into the room. There were deep blue veined circles under his eyes, and his hair was gray at the temples. Authoritatively he laid his hat and stick on the table.

"Mr. Crane, you came to my office today to sell some book or other. Before this you have had the good sense to stay away from where you were not wanted. Now I have made my success, and I am going to stay successful. The only place for picturesque failures is in novels. I found out pretty soon after I left here that the sooner I forgot my soap and garlic home the faster I would get along, and so I cut you. There is no place for you in my world, and I don't care for yours. You have had your day, I'm just having mine." And turning he went out, closing the door behind him. Soon from the street below came the slam of a cab door, and its departing rattle, but Billy heard it not, for he had buried his face in his arms in a vain attempt to shut out his dream.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

The Song of Defeat.

The pages clear of history
Are writ in letters gold
With deeds of mighty conquerors,
With acts of heroes bold.
My song is set to different strains;
My lyre, when struck, hath wailed,
So let me sing the praises of
The man that tried and failed.

I sing of fields and battles lost,
Of conflicts won by might,
Where for a cause of freedom fair
Brave men have dared the fight;
Have dared to fight, and fighting, fell,
While Justice' flag is trailed.
Behold the glorious conquest of
The man that tried and failed.

I sing of commerce and of trade
Where honesty in vain
Has striven with the money gods
To rend their power in twain.
I sing of treaties broken, where
The tyrant's power prevailed;
Mark there the mighty lesson of
The man that tried and failed.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09

American Protestants and the Crisis in France.

SINCE the Associated Press in France is entirely in the hands of French Free-Masons, naturally enough all the dispatches which have reached our American newspapers in regard to the present conflict between Church and State in that republic have been decidedly Atheistic and anti-religious in tone. In view of this fact it would not appear remarkable if all the accounts of that trouble as well as the editorials in all our lay journals were directly inimical to the stand taken by the Church in France. Likewise we could hardly be astonished if all non-Catholic America were to unite in blaming the prelates of Rome for resisting the demands of the few fanatics who have succeeded in seizing the reins of French Government.

But such is not the case. If one take the trouble to question the great mass of American Protestants, always excepting, of course, the few uneducated people who lose no opportunity to rejoice at anything that savors of "downing the Papacy," he will find that in the majority of cases the feeling is very much in sympathy with the suffering Catholics and in antipathy to the Masonic government of France.

There are many reasons why this is so and why it should be so. Primarily we may consider that the effects of what historians have chosen to call the "Reformation" have in a great measure been wiped out by Twentieth Century liberality and fairness. A closer union between educated men has necessarily meant the closer union of all Christianity. Again we have our own Catholic selves to thank in some measure for it, since the publicity which Catholic press, Catholic orators, Catholic laymen, and the use of the unprejudiced lay press have given to the religious side of the question, has enabled thinking Protestants to judge for themselves the merits of the question.

These, then, are a few of the reasons why the greater part of educated American non-Catholics, having viewed the situation in all its lights, have thrown their sympathy on the side of Catholic France.

The first argument is one which appeals to them as Christians. They have sided with the Church in France because they have seen in the struggle not merely a conflict between the government and a single religious society, but a determined and organized attack of Atheism on the whole of Christianity. Free-Masonry has gained such influence, such dominating power in French politics that any movement of the government of that republic must mean a movement instigated by Free-Masons; and Free-Masonry, in France, has always symbolized Anti-Christianity.

For persons who are acquainted with Masonry only as it exists in the United States where its objects are in general merely fraternal and charitable, it is difficult to realize what that society has become in Europe, where it is purely political and anti-religious, and has grown to be the most dreaded of all such parties. It is indeed significant that shortly before his coronation King Edward VII of Britain resigned his office as Master Mason in favor of the Prince of Wales, feeling that he could not do justice to the millions of his subjects while he was in the hands of so determined an organization as the European Free-Masons.

It is, then, because Protestant Americans have recognized the fact that if such dealings could be carried through in France nowhere in Europe or elsewhere would Christianity stand secure, that they have denounced and should denounce this present action.

The other argument is one which appeals to them as Americans, in all that the fullest meaning of the word implies. They see in the present French Crisis not alone a conflict between a religious society and a political one, but a fight of citizens, deprived of their lawful rights, against the fanatical and despotic few in control of the government. It is unnecessary to argue whether or not the despoiled church edifices are rightfully the property of their human creators; the fact that they have been considered so by both parties for over a hundred years places that question out of reach of dispute. Then by every right they should remain so.

It is because these same Protestants are *Americans* that their minds revolt against the idea of this depotism, for Americanism represents Freedom before the entire world. The Fourteenth Amendment to our Constitution has made the right to life, to liberty, and to property, national interests—and the Constitution still remains our national guarantee against absolutism and

despotism. No American, then, could countenance the conduct of the French Government, simply because it is so utterly un-American, so utterly alienated from all those principles which have become dearer than life to us.

One of the more influential Protestants who have openly declared against the policy of the French republic is Judge Grosscup of Chicago, who expressed his sentiments in an address to a local council of the Knights of Columbus. In the course of his oration Judge Grosscup says: "Every attempt at justifying these acts of the French Government dissolves the moment it is placed under the lens of any honest application of the axioms of law or morals—dissolves instantly one applies to it that highest test of fair judgment: 'Have you done unto others what you would have them do to you?'"

Continuing he says:

"It is not as a Catholic, therefore, or as a Protestant speaking to Catholics, that I choose to raise my voice, for whatever my voice is worth, against this invasion of the rights of the Church; nor as a Protestant merely interested in seeing that the great sister church is not despoiled. I speak as a Protestant, and in the interests of Protestants; because if such things could be done outside of France, the great Protestant church to which I belong, secure now in the enjoyment of the property it has created, as the human instrument through which it is working out its faith, would be no longer secure. I speak, too, as an American, who, though irrevocably opposed to a church-controlled state, am as irrevocably opposed to a state-controlled religion. And I speak as a believer who sees in what is transpiring in France an organized movement against belief in God after any faith."

Robert Codman D. D., Episcopal bishop of Maine, believes with Judge Grosscup that France is making a mistake, and on January Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred Seven, issued the following prayer to his congregation with the request that it be offered in all churches of his diocese: "O Heavenly Father, behold in mercy our sister, the Catholic church in France, and if it be Thy will that she meet with persecution, poverty or humiliation, let it be for her good and for Thy glory. Grant that she may seek her victory not in fame and glorious deeds, not in new wealth and luxury, not in the humiliation of her enemies, nor in the triumph of her ambitions, but in the power of the sacramental life

in the name of our common Lord and bishop of our souls; to whom be all the glory. Amen."

These are the reasons then, why the Protestants of America have approved the stand taken by the Church of Rome in Her strife with Her enemies in France, and these are a few of the representative Protestants who have openly avowed their opinions. It is well to know that despite the efforts of French Free-Masonry to paint the wrongs of the French Catholics in the faintest colors possible, these efforts have failed to bring non-Catholics to the support of France, and that they have incurred the opposition not only of the Catholics of the world, but likewise of the educated Protestants of America.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE.

The Oratorical Contest.

AHURRY-SCURRYING of ushers; a bang-bang of seats; a buzz of falsetto conversation; a well-played rendition of a lilting march, and the curtain rose upon the annual oratorical contest of St. Ignatius College. "Conditions in the Congo" afforded Mr. Raymond E. Moles '09, the first speaker of the evening, a topic pregnant with interest, and vital with its up-to-the-momentness. A delivery replete with clear, easy enunciation and a certain grace of pose, despite a detracting monotony of gesture, rendered Mr. Moles' treatment of the subject thoroughly interesting. When the applause had subsided, as all applause must eventually, Mr. Thomas A. Guinane '08, appeared to champion that fine Irish patriot, scholar, and orator—Daniel O'Connell, and his treatment of the subject was so sympathetic, so graceful, withal strong, so well expressed in deep, beautifully modulated tones which not only promoted a pleasureable auricular sensation but commanded earnest attention, that the auditors mentally placed him among the winners. The cherubic, sweet-voiced Academic Choir under the entirely capable direction of Mr. Clemens A. Hutter appeared with shining evening face and informed the audience that "they were fairies of the sea," the same information occasioning impetuous applause and rapturous appreciation. David now appeared to combat with a Goliath medal in the person of Mr. Edmund F. Curda '09. Al-

though slightly elocutionary, partly excusable by reason of the nature of his subject, Mr. Curda retired amid an outburst of deserved applause, giving place to Mr. Daniel E. Murphy '08. Mr. Murphy was hampered by the fact that his subject "Daniel O'Connell" had been employed earlier in the evening, and by a slightly intermittent delivery, which did not, however, evince signs of nervousness, for he reached a thoroughly self-possessed conclusion. And now the seraphic Select Choir. Select implies exclusiveness and superlativeness of quality and the choir were even more so. With a delicacy of tonal shading and expression of feeling that redounded to the credit of the director, Mr. Hutter, they sang the perennially beautiful "Ave Maria" and responded smilingly to an encore, the applause at the conclusion gaining new force at the appearance of Mr. Daniel A. Lord '09. Mr. Lord was thoroughly at home, he possessed that easy stage presence which comes from long experience in the limelight, and carried with him a certain infectious, almost boyish, enthusiasm that engaged, held, and won both the attention and applause of the audience. His voice, pleasant and strong in its caliber, assisted by Delsartian grace, barring some minor mannerisms, made his topic "The Necessity of War" intensely enjoyable, and at the conclusion Mr. Lord narrowly escaped submersion in the tidal flow of applause that swept from the balcony to the boxes. Then J. Emmet Royce espoused the cause of "The Indian—A Man Without a Country." Mr. Royce's speech was remarkable in its construction, style, and happy choice of quotations. It was a great tribute to the literary worth of the oration that the speech stood out so conspicuously. While the anxious contestants' hearts jumped and bounded from part to part of their anatomy—the owners of cardiac organs smiling unconcernedly the while—in a little room on the stage the judges were deliberating to the accompaniment of "Dixie Doodle" by the college orchestra, Mr. Joseph A. Prybl wielding an ornate baton. There was a hush, and the Rev. J. B. Stackable, after congratulating the faculty on the general excellence of the contest, the literary ability and oratorical skill displayed by all the participants, announced the winner of the gold medal—Mr. Daniel A. Lord. Amid the hubbub of decision discussion, the crowd ebbed and dribbled out to the street, the lights over the auditorium flickered and went out, and with their going the Oratorical Contest of 1907 became a thing of the past, an exemplar for the contestants of '08.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

Apart.

By the shadowed stream
Where the lilies dream,
And reflections fall
From the willows tall,
It is there that I long to stray,
And to while each hour
In that beauteous bower,
By the pool where the brook trout play.

Where the shivering ferns
In their moss-banked urns
Weave a covert by
For the blue-bottle fly,
It is there that I long to stray,
And to lay me down
On a couch of brown,
By the pool where the brook trout play.

Where the beaver sleek
By the rushing creek
Builds his tiny dam
Where the spring logs jam,
It is there that I long to stray,
Where the leaves have met
For my coverlet
By the pool where the brook trout play.

Where the wild vines twirled
Have barred the world,
And the winds never cease
To whisper of peace,
It is there that I long to stray,
And to dream each hour
In that golden bower,
By the pool where the brook trout play.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE.

His Thousand Dollar Bill.

MR. WELLINGTON, president of the Wellington Bank, of Chicago, had been closely closeted for the last hour with several members of the bank directory, and their most esteemed patron, Mr. Reynolds, of the firm of Reynolds & Son, of the same city.

On the desk was a powerful microscope, through which the president was closely scrutinizing a one thousand dollar bill. At last, with a sigh of relief, and an expression of fixed resolution on his face, he handed the bill to Mr. Reynolds, saying:

"A pretty good counterfeit Reynolds, pretty good, but I hardly think it would have passed our teller." "It wouldn't, eh" said the old man, bustling up. "I detected a good many counters in my time, but this fooled me, and I'll bet that it will pass your teller." "All right," said the president, glad of the opportunity of showing the intelligence of his employees. "I will say nothing to the men and tomorrow you deposit this bill with your regular deposit." Then they separated, little thinking of the trouble which that thousand dollar bill would bring, to one man at least.

* * * * *

The big clock in the office of Reynolds & Son, dolefully struck the hour of eleven. Fussy clerks glanced up at the sound, and then went steadily to work again. Not so Mr. Fortier, the new clerk, the spick and span, the dandy of the crowd. As the last stroke of the hour died away, he slammed down his desk with the air of one who works just to wear out his old clothes, and prepared to leave the office. His prolonged contemplation in the mirror that hung at his desk, was interrupted by the office boy's "The boss wants to see yer."

Fortier started, visions of a raise floated before him; then darker clouds flaunting discharge, mocked him. With one last admiring glance into the glass he prepared to meet the boss.

"Good morning, Mr. Fortier," said the old man, smiling; Fortier's spirits rose. "I have been thinking about that request of yours yesterday, and I think you may have this afternoon off; but as you pass by the bank I wish you would deposit this bill for me in my daughter's name; it's my usual Christmas present to her,

and I'm too busy to attend to it myself." Fortier took the bill and prepared to depart.

"By the way," said Mr. Reynolds, taking a small envelope from a pigeon-hole in his desk, "I have three tickets for tonight for Richard Mansfield, unfortunately Mrs. Reynolds is ill, and cannot attend. You may have the tickets if you can use them."

Could he use them! Fortier was almost ready to shed tears of joy, and thanking his employer he sauntered down the street.

Visions of how he would use the tickets flashed before him, but uppermost in his mind was one, the mere presentation of which sent a thrill through his body, and made his heart beat faster. A picture in which he saw himself and Miss Martin, the belle of West Side society, and their motherly chaperon, occupying a box at the Grand. But did he dare! He had occasionally visited the Martins' household, and during these visits he had given such a glowing account of himself and his honorable position in the firm of Reynolds & Son, that Miss Martin was delighted, and was led to believe that even Mr. Reynolds bowed in acquiescence to his slightest wish. Now the more Fortier thought of the plan the more feasible it appeared, and darting across to the nearest phone, he was soon in communication with the Martin residence. He soon emerged from the booth, his face radiant with joy. She had said "yes," she had accepted his invitation for that evening; and now he went along as though he trod on air. By the aid of his lucid imagination, he even pictured himself as selecting a gift for Miss Martin from the glittering display of gems in the windows, and paying for it with the one thousand dollar bill, securely held in his inside pocket.

Two o'clock struck. Fortier looked at his watch and gasped. Horror of horrors; the bank had closed fully an hour ago, and there he was promenading the streets with the money in his pocket.

* * * * *

In the Grand Opera House an enthusiastic crowd had gathered to see Mr. Richard Mansfield in his favorite role of Beau Brummel. In one of the boxes was Miss Martin, the niece of the well known banker, and Mr. Fortier and the chaperon. Fortier was in gay spirits. He talked, laughed and joked with the benevolent chaperon, and made an impression even on that sedate old matron.

After the play Fortier called a cab and directed the driver to stop at the "Collège Inn" where they enjoyed a jolly little supper.

By deftly making his selection from the menu, he managed to bring the bill to about nine dollars, and he intended for appearance' sake to tip the waiter a dollar. The waiter appeared with the bill, Fortier took out a roll of greenbacks, and slipping off a thousand dollar bill, which he had cleverly concealed in a roll of ones and twos, said apologetically to the waiter, "Sorry, but it's the smallest I've got." The waiter looked hard at him, and took the bill to the cashier.

* * * * *

"My goodness," exclaimed Fortier, after they had waited some ten or fifteen minutes. "I wonder what's the matter with that waiter; I never had to wait this way before." Twenty-five, thirty minutes passed, and still no waiter or change appeared. "This is outrageous," said the chaperon, "I will not wait another minute." She had no cause to wait, for coming down the aisle was their waiter—and a smiling officer of the law. "I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but this bill is a counterfeit; we will have to hold you responsible." "Yes," said the officer, "I've had my eye on ye for a long time; came along with ye."

"What!" cried Fortier, paling somewhat. "A counterfeit. Why—why, the bill doesn't belong to me. I—I used it for a joke. It belongs to Mr. Reynolds." "What!" cried Miss Martin, "Do you mean—" She got no further, a look at Fortier was sufficient. "Mr. Fortier," she said, "we can dispense with your society in the future," and with one last look of scorn and contempt, she departed in all the dignity of insulted womanhood.

"Come, my boy," said the corpulent representative of the law, kindly; "ye can explain to the jedge in the mornin'."

* * * * *

When Mr. Reynolds heard of Fortier's plight he immediately hurried over to the judge and explained the circumstances, and had him released. No, Fortier did not lose his job; but Miss Martin—well, jokes *are* costly sometimes.

H. C. FUELLGRAFF, '09.

Reception to the Vice President.

IN the morning of March 18, the College was honored by the presence of the Vice-President of the United States, the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks. Vice-President Fairbanks was at the time in Chicago as the guest of the Irish Fellowship Club, of this city, and the visit to the College was the first act of an exceedingly crowded program, or, as Mr. Fairbanks jocularly termed it, the first act of a continuous performance. In honor of this visit, the exterior of the building and the College Hall were draped in the national colors, in maroon and gold, and the American and Irish flags. Mr. Fairbanks, together with his party, came in four automobiles, and were escorted by the members of the senior class, amidst the shouts and applause of the assembled students, amidst the waving of pennants and college banners, to a place reserved for him on the stage. Before the party had been seated, the College orchestra began to play a number, which the program, a perfect gem of artistic beauty, announced as the "Chicago March." At its close Rev. H. J. Dumbach, S. J., Rector of the College, rose to welcome the Vice-President. In a brief address Father Dumbach expressed the welcome of the Faculty, the Alumni and the students of St. Ignatius. He touched furthermore upon the moral training at which the institution aimed, and upon the hope of the Faculty to send into the world true, noble and patriotic citizens of the United States and high-minded Catholic gentlemen. Father Dumbach was followed by Patrick J. Mulhern, '07, who delivered the Student's Greeting. Mr. Mulhern's address was full of sentiments of loyalty and patriotism and pregnant with expressions of esteem and respect for the honorable visitor and the administration which he represented. At the close, amidst the tumultuous cheering of the assembled students Vice-President Fairbanks rose to respond to the foregoing speeches. In the clear, quiet tones of a practiced speaker, Mr. Fairbanks expressed his appreciation of the enthusiastic greeting accorded him, and his delight at being able to be present in so venerable and renowned a hall of learning.

We take pleasure in quoting his speech in full:

Father Dumbach, Mr. Mulhern, Members of the Committee, Members of the Faculty, and Students of St. Ignatius College:

"I am more than thankful for this opportunity to meet you, although my meeting is necessarily brief. When the invitation came to me to visit this venerable institution I was very glad indeed to accept, for there is something about the atmosphere of a university which is very congenial to me. I really feel as we all do who give thought to our institutions, that not only much of our prestige, but much of our happiness, welfare and glory depends upon the excellence of the work of such an institution as this and its sister institutions throughout the republic. I was glad to hear from the lips of Father Dumbach a brief expression of the ambition and purpose of this institution, and I was also deeply touched by the address of the young gentleman who spoke on behalf of the student body, of the high aims and purposes to which you have here been trained. Since all our ambition is for home, and all our hope for our country, that institution which realizes the fact and those students who appreciate it, those who realize that they are in this world for some high purpose, those who realize that that purpose in the main is to promote the welfare and the honor and integrity and permanence of American institutions, are worthy of all honor and all praise.

"You said well that the education of the intellectual faculties, and the instilling of morality into the heart, is the purpose of the school body; yes, my friends, education no matter how grand and how splendid it is, is a dangerous element, if there does not go hand in hand with it the cultivation of the moral virtues in us.

"I congratulate the faculty who are dedicating themselves to all high and noble purposes. There are many men in our country dedicating themselves to our country's interest; there is I believe no body equal and my mind goes back to my Alma Mater, no body entitled more to the gratitude and esteem and congratulations of the country, than our professors who work in these colleges and give their lives to direct the thought and stimulate the ambition of the young men of America.

"The permanence of our institutions does not rest alone, Judge Haney, upon the law; does not rest alone upon the virtue of constitutions and of statutes, no matter how wisely they may have been framed or how well they may be expressed. In the final analysis, the permanence must rest upon the honesty, upon the education and upon the morality of the great body of our countrymen."

Mr. Fairbanks concluded with the following remarks: "I like your College; I like it so much that for five seconds I'm going to become a member of the faculty, and in power of that office, I grant you all a holiday for the remainder of the day." And as Vice-President Fairbanks passed through the ranks of the students, to the strains of old Celtic airs, loud and clear rang out his name in the heartiest cheer young hearts and stout lungs could render. And with the cheers ringing in his ears Vice-President Fairbanks passed out of the doors of St. Ignatius College, but not out of the memories of the students.

Later in the day while present as guest of honor at the banquet of the Irish Fellowship Club with the Reverend President of the college who had pronounced the grace, the Vice President expressed anew his delight at the reception tendered him.

A few days later the following appreciative note fittingly closed the incident:

Indianapolis, March 21, 1907.

Dear Father Dumbach:

I take the first opportunity on returning home most heartily to thank you and the faculty and students of St. Ignatius for your cordial hospitality and generous reception. I greatly enjoyed my visit with you and trust that the power which I temporarily exercised at your kind invitation may not have seriously impaired the discipline of St. Ignatius.

I hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you frequently in the future and with best wishes remain

Sincerely your friend,

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

The Rhodes Scholarship.

To advance the cause of higher education and to bring England and America into closer relations, the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, multimillionaire and diamond king, by his will left to each State and Territory in the United States as a legacy, two free scholarships to the Oxford University, each valued at £300 a year and tenable for three years. The scholarship is decided by examination held at a center appointed by the local Committee of Selection. This year it was held at the Fine Arts building and among the ten contestants were four students of St. Ignatius College.

The examination papers are prepared by a board of examiners and cover the whole of arithmetic, the elements of algebra, the elements of geometry, Greek and Latin grammar, translation from English into Latin and several books of some Latin and Greek authors. This examination is not competitive but simply qualifying and is merely intended to give assurance that every scholar is up to the standard which the University demands of all candidates for the A. B. degree. In the election of a student not only his literary and scholastic attainments are regarded, but also his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, and all that go to make up a man in the true sense of the word.

Of the four students of the college who took the examination two of them, Daniel Murphy and Joseph Lynch, passed successfully, making them, as far as scholarship is concerned, eligible to enter the University. A scholarship amounting to \$4,500 can not be had for the asking and the examination by no means easy, calls for exceptional ability and unceasing application; and St. Ignatius may be justly proud of her students, her record and her standard of education. For her students competed with students of the Illinois, Chicago and Northwestern Universities and of the five eligible two wore Maroon and Gold. If, as opponents of the Catholic Church claim, Catholic education is inferior to that received in a State University or a so-called non-sectarian school, how does it happen that two out of the five students who passed in the whole State of Illinois were from St. Ignatius?

The training given in a Catholic college is at least, equal to that in a non-sectarian school, why do Catholic parents insist on sending their sons to the latter institutions?

One of the conditions under which the scholarship is granted is that the student must be nineteen years of age at the time he should take up his residence at Oxford. Sad to relate both Mr. Lynch and Mr. Murphy are under nineteen and will not have attained that age until after October, the month in which the University takes up its scholastic work. This of course shatters the hopes that St. Ignatius will have one of her students at Oxford next year.

To Messrs. Murphy and Lynch, THE COLLEGIAN extends hearty congratulations and shares in the satisfaction they must feel in so well sustaining the scholarly reputation of their Alma Mater.

PATRICK J. MULHERN '07.

The Resurrection



HARK! hear the distant peal of bells,
How loud they sound and long they ring,
Resounding in the Easter morn';
What joyous thought to us they bring.

All hail! All hail! to Christ the King,
For He hath risen from the dead
As pure and bright as heavenly light,
Of love and grace the Fountainhead.

—Anthony D. Simeca, '07.

On Scarlet Fever Signs.

ARE you awakened, dear reader, in the early dawn by a dreadful din outside your door, by a tattoo, a *charivari*, a bombardment, punctuated by most unreasonable requests to wake up, bestir yourself or you will find breakfast cold—or vanished? On one particular morning—out of many such—I remember that I arose filled with a violent feeling of animosity towards the disturber of my dreams.

As my anger mounted, an odd recollection came to me. I had read somewhere that whenever we begin to feel that all the world is in a conspiracy against truth and fair dealing—we, of course, representing these virtues—and whenever we come to that point in our conviction that now is the time to rise up and in a just wrath retaliate with slaughter—then, the book said, go and look out the window. The idea did not seem logical but I followed it. I looked out of the window—out upon the city, a wide ocean of brick, each building a wave and from the crest of each wave, pale blue or heavy black smoke tossed up from the chimney-tops. Beneath me I heard the milkman drive up to the curb, tins jostling and clashing, drag forth a can of milk to the grocery next door, rush out, cluck to his horse and rattle away. I saw the shrill paper boy go gaily along with his armful of papers, whistling when he was not bawling; the early laborer shuffling heavily along, short black pipe held firmly in his teeth, head bent towards the shops.

Was this all? No, just across the street on the only cottage in the block, I beheld a placard, a sign bearing black letter—an escutcheon with some letters, sable, on a field gules. Life after all is worth living. The book was right. Look out of the window.

On my way to breakfast, I stepped to the door to get the paper. Usually, I merely glance at the cartoon and then throw the paper aside, but today my eye chanced to catch the words, Scarlet Fever. Ha! ha! Things grow interesting, now I know what is on that sign across the street. It is "Scarlet Fever Here." I take a street car. On the car, I count between lurches—you know, dear reader, how Chicago street cars can lurch; and on

a particularly savage lurch, I may have counted the same sign two or three times—about twenty-four Scarlet Fever signs. And it dawns on me that the city is full of danger signals hung out to warn people of the disease's presence. And these signs are on the homes of rich and poor.

Here, for example, is Motarr's—the millionaire railroad mansion. On the front door is a Scarlet Fever sign. Many, many times I have admired that splendid palace, its lofty towers, gable roofs, imposing facade, its marble pillars, its long porticos, its carved stone lions, guarding the steps, the grassy lawn, the shady arbor, the ancient oaks, the splendid conservatory. Now it is only a huge, silent, desolate pile; its beauty fled, as some beautiful lake is drained dry through an underground channel. So is all its stately grandeur oozed away through that scarlet sign. How changed the house! Where are the children that romped over the grass, playing hide and seek in the arbor, the boys climbing the trees, the girls riding in the oak tree swings? Where is the splendid Newfoundland that frolicked with them? The old porter, singing and laughing as he raked the dead leaves on the lawn or trimmed the rose bushes? Where are the kitchen maids bustling about, getting ready for my lady's party? The stablemen exercising the horse, or saddling young master's mount? They are not here. The house is quiet; blinds down, stable closed, the swings idle and forlorn, the lawn unkempt, the children vanished; a pigeon unmolested preens herself on the front steps, the family cat moves meditatively about, staid, faithful Nep lies dozing.

Within the house, thither is the scene of activity transferred. The anxious and care-worn mother hovers unceasingly around the sick bed, tenderly watching her boy, anticipating his slightest wish. Her face is lined with marks of care and devotion, and her heart sends forth a fervent plea for her son's recovery. The father, too, is grave and silent. His swift locomotives are speeding along all over the country, and he directs them hither and thither, but in his home, in spite of him, all things are at a standstill. With all his wealth and power, he can neither hasten nor retard the fever's progress. Tommie's fire engine and drum are put away, little Jack's tin horn rests disconsolately in the corner, Helen's and Marjorie's dolls are grouped together on the nursery table, their wide eyes staring about in pained surprise; even the baby has ceased to play with his rattle and crow out with de-

light; an air of melancholy pervades the nursery. The portly old doctor with flowing side-whiskers and gold spectacles and his colleague, a bright-eyed young M. D. with a faint down on his upper lip, arrive. They glide through the sick-room door and disappear. What trouble, my dear friend, can a little fever bring with it! And yet there is a bright side, too. Here, you see, how the sickness of one member of the family unites the rest with bonds of the closest affection. The children forget their little quarrels, the parents forget the short-comings and faults of the children; over the sick-room door, hangs the olive branch of peace. Yes, sickness has its silver lining indeed. It draws the family together, it makes friend sympathize with friend. In times of prosperity, men grow proud, arrogant, self-sufficient, but in grief and affliction they are all brothers again. They forget their petty feuds and jealousies and dwell together in peace.

This little cottage is Markham's—you know Markham, the mail man. There is a Scarlet Fever sign on his door, too. What a quaint house it is, and old-fashioned! The little dormer-windows high up under the eaves, the antique brass-knocker, the little flower garden, crowded with posies in summer. Strange that I never noticed these before! What a dignified look the red placard gives to the house. It places the cottage above its neighbors and makes it stand forth more prominently. And inside? The scene is much the same as at Motar.¹, the anxious mother, the grave father, the quiet children, the family doctor, the silent house, deserted and lonely. Today, Motarr and Markham are on an equal footing.

And what effect have these signs on you, gentle reader? For my part, I confess that a melancholy feeling of mortality steals over me when I realize that sooner or later, the Angel of Death will visit me, perhaps in even a more dreadful guise than Scarlet Fever. Shall I die in bed, in a railroad wreck, in a runaway, in an automobile smashup, in a fire, in war, in—I shudder. What a choice! Scarlet Fever does seem a rather desirable exit, all things considered.

One more idea. When Adam and Eve sinned in the garden of Paradise, what if God had made Moral Fever signs, what if He had decreed that a brand, like that of Cain, would appear on each man's forehead telling by its color, black, red, green, purple, of what exact crime he is guilty? What an interesting, nay exciting situation! You walk along the street and happen to meet

your old college chum, Arthur M—— whom you have not seen in years. Arthur, so you have heard, is cashier of the E—— National Bank, in a city not far from Chicago. A splendid fellow Art was in those youthful days, happy and care-free, truthful and honest. "Art, my dear boy, so glad to see you," you exclaim. "And how is the world using you these days?" But stay—you glance at his forehead, your face sobers instantly. There, blazoned on his brow, a broad, black bar. Too bad, Arthur has stolen money from the bank. You begin to say goodbye when you catch Art's eye directed towards your forehead. You hasten away, enter your office, hurriedly make a mental note of your clerk's several ensigns, find them gazing at you. You dash into your private office, join your partner and with good morning on your lips, you stop short. A livid purple stripe tells you that he has been drinking again; you do not reproach him, however, for you see him gazing at your forehead—you know too well, my friend, what is your besetting sin. At lunch every one stares at every one else. Colored bars innumerable—interest rises every time a hat comes off. Finally all the gentlemen put on their hats and all the ladies pull their veils down over their eyes and forehead. On the car going home staring and being stared at—a perfect epidemic—every one uncomfortable. You leap from the car, your wife meets you at the door, she involuntarily glances at your forehead, while you gaze at hers. She wears a green bar color for jealousy—goodness knows what she thinks about you. "Most unreasonable woman" you cry. "Hateful wretch," she retorts. You retire at night in a wretched state of mind, you arise even more miserable, you decide not to go to work. So does every one else. The streets are deserted, the shops closed, business at a stand-still—not even the milkman, the baker, the paper boy, the janitor, the early laborer stirs out. Hush, hush, everyone is keeping quiet, every one is afraid to break the spell. How fortunate it is, dear reader, that there are no Moral Fever signs.

J. L. FOLEY, '09.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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Editorial.

More Loyalty.

WHILE EVERY college lad delights to see the representatives of his Alma Mater successful, and bears with them the ignominy of defeat, still there are some who do not care to exert themselves to support their companions either morally, financially or otherwise. Frequently baseball games and other athletic contests have been won owing chiefly to the enthusiasm and encouragement shown to the contestants by the student body. There are times in the life of all when a word of encouragement or the lack of it will make or spoil a whole career.

When a player on the ball field makes an error he should be encouraged rather than derided; for he will do his best to manifest his appreciation of it. To help a team to be successful and to win laurels for the institution it represents, all the students should follow the athletes in all their struggles; for if only a few attend the meets, the zeal and support soon decline and the players have little inducement to put forth their best efforts. The student who gives no support is the one who finds most fault and can see no reason why the players do not win; indeed it might be said that the less loyal the student, the more ready he is to find fault. This applies not only to athletics but to all college affairs, social and intellectual.

The baseball season is at hand and the team deserves the support of every student; let each one therefor consider it a

part of his study to attend every game possible and help to gather in victories; by so doing he will add to the credit of his school and give a practical proof of college loyalty.

P. J. M., '07.

Self-Made Men.

THE TERM "a self-made man," has of late become quite popular in narrating the rise of certain of our well-known men who have begun at the bottom with little or no education and by toil and perseverance have passed their ordinary fellow-men and reached the top. Apparently this is the age of self-made men.

But a prominent member of the Chicago Bar, himself quoted as an example of a self-made man, sheds a little light on the subject. Some time ago, in addressing the students of Northwestern University, he declared that a self-made man did not exist. He said that if we examine into the lives of those who are cited as examples, we will find that they had the requisites necessary for the ordinary successful man and that in the course of their lives they had picked up good friends and these were the principal cause of their rise to fame. Friends and an element of luck made ninety-nine per cent of our self-made men.

We may be surprised at first to hear a statement such as this from a man who apparently is in a position to know what he says. But if we examine more carefully we will see that our friends have constantly influenced the course of our actions, have been instrumental in raising or lowering us. Because one of his friends had declared an administration of Cleveland would be "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," James G. Blaine, one of our greatest statesmen was engulfed in the wave of disapproval of bigotry and un-Americanism, was defeated in his candidacy for President, lost his influence among the men of his party, and died a broken and unhappy man.

There have been men endowed with the poetic mind of a Milton or the military genius of a Napoleon who have lived and died, prominent in their own little sphere but never world-famous because of the lack of opportunity and friends. There is, as Gray puts it, many a gem of purest ray serene, buried in the dark unfathomed caves of the ocean, many a fair flower wasting its sweetness on the desert air. They only need somebody to draw them from their surroundings to make them famous.

He who is drawn out of his own surroundings by his friends gets a better view of life. He becomes acquainted with the different classes of men. If he makes a favorable impression he is taken up and given every opportunity for advancement. His good friends are the stepping stones to progress, the keys which fit the lock of the door of Success.

C. M. D.

Our Newspapers.

IN THESE days of railway wrecks and politics, of vice and crime, flashy journalism is in its glory. Although much has been said and written about it, little or nothing has been done. The most startling and horrible revelations are treated with indifference. And why? Because they are rendered commonplace through the medium of the press. Young men and boys discuss a murder as if it were an everyday event instead of the foulest of crimes. Frequently they sympathize with the perpetrator, not the victim. So on down the list. Shocking details are flaunted in the face of decency without compunction. The seeds of vice fall on fruitful soil and as in the gospel story, "bring forth fruit a hundred fold." Yet people wonder "what the world is coming to." I know this is a threadbare subject but too much cannot be said concerning it. Granting that the press is a great convenience, still do not many newspapers print things better left unsaid? "It's news and the public like it," is their weak excuse. Whom, pray, do they mean by "the public"? Surely not everyone!"

Of late it seems that the kingpin of the crime corner has been loosened. As a result, the papers are full of revelations detrimental to moral health. The effect is far reaching, the cause simple; wherefore eliminate the cause. Apparently, few seem desirous of doing so, but surely they must realize it is necessary.

T. Q. B.

"The Old, Old Story."

IN A RECENT issue of the *Queenstown College Journal*, the Exchange Man remarks that it is particularly noticeable how well the college papers from the States are supported by their student bodies—particularly in the matter of contributions. Would that there were the smallest reason for deserving the praise!—for it is praise for a paper that students consider it an honor to see their writings printed therein. But the editorials of nearly every journal which reaches us contain a cry for help from non-staff members. In the case of the Collegian itself, the same men, perhaps a

dozen, are forced to write every issue. We have repeatedly asked for articles, provided a "contribution box" for those who wished to remain unnamed and taken other steps to induce men with talent to write for their college journal. Before the Christmas issue prize contests were held in verse, essays and short story fiction. From the essays contest members of the staff were positively barred, so that contestants would have no excuse for crying "favoritism"—there were only two essays entered, only enough to carry off the prizes.

Richard Harding Davis—who ought to know—says that no man who has the least desire for literary advancement can afford to lose the opportunity of contributing to his college magazine. And what college man does not desire to cultivate at least a little literary taste?

It is not only a pleasure, but a duty which every student with a grain of college spirit owes to his Alma Mater to support with his pen as well as with his purse the journal which represents her to the world.

No one believes that there are not half a hundred men in every college at least as capable of writing her journal as those who compose its staff. But the staff cannot well be enlarged to contain them all. What then are the reasons why such men do not contribute?

There are three:

"Put me on the staff if you want my contributions, says Number One. *Do you not realize, College Man, that every man who is on the Staff had to earn his way there by his own efforts?*

Number Two answers: "You turn down my offerings." *Consider, College Man, that seventy-five per cent of an "editor's" MSS. meet the blue pencil, nevertheless, he must furnish sufficient matter to fill each quarter's issue.*

The Third Man's answer—and this is a fact—is: "Let the Staff write the paper; they are the EDITORS, aren't they?" *Will you tell us, College Man, what more duty an "Editor" owes to his journal than any of his classmates and what return he gets, save the glory, a few hours in the Sanctum, and a Banquet a year?*

Think of it; you poet with the germ of a pretty thought just begging to be put into metre; consider it, you storyist, with the nucleus of a plot lying idle in your head, and help us to make the ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN the representative journal that St. Ignatius College deserves.

J. E. R., '08.

Kinks.

III.—BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

B. C. 480.	A. D. 1485.
B. C. 216.	A. D. 1571.
B. C. 101.	A. D. 1645.
B. C. 31.	A. D. 1757.
A. D. 1346.	A. D. 1797.

Above are given dates of ten great battles. We shall give one prize of \$3.00, and two of \$1.00 each to those of our readers who earliest submit correct solutions.

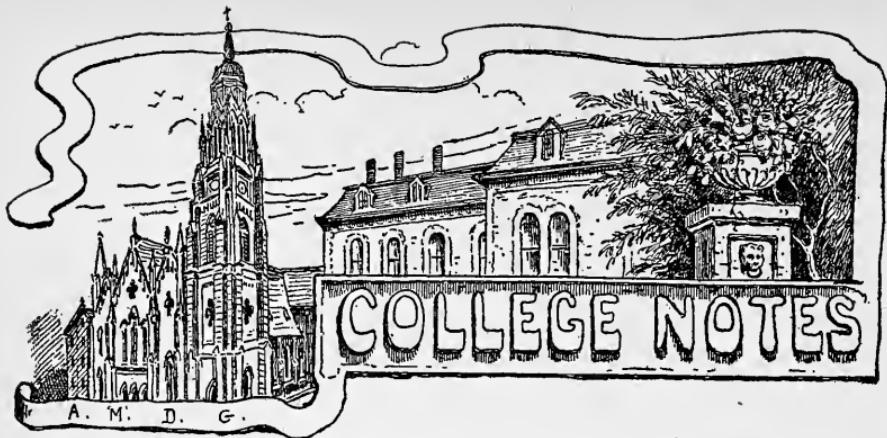
Spring Song in March.

A faint, sweet burst of liquid melody
 Stirs all the woods, and makes the grasses sway—
 A slender, pulsing chord, blown o'er the plain,
 That rings and rises, falls and dies away—

The whisp'ring wind is telling to the trees
 A wondrous tale of seeing Spring, the fair,
 Come tripping o'er the radiant hills at dawn,
 Wearing a wreath of roses in her hair.

—*U. of Virginia Magazine.*





The college play was admittedly a histrionic success, and the banquet which followed was proclaimed by the participants an epicurean delight. The main dining hall of the college restaurant was lined with long tables, which groaned under their burden just a trifle more than similar tables have been doing since the figure was invented. At the first table sat the upper classmen, and at the others ranged students of indiscriminate sizes and ages, down to the smallest page that wore a wig. Mr. Thomas O'Connor, '07, was toastmaster of the evening, and after an extremely eulogistic speech that made each one believe that he was the bright, particular star, introduced the first speaker, the dramatic instructor, Mr. Frederick Karr, who, being still under gentle influence of Hymen, ran to verse. The toastmaster then devoted about seventeen complimentary remarks to introducing Mr. Lord, who in turn patted Mr. O'Connor and everyone else on the back, dwelling especially on the unflagging attendance at rehearsals of those mute martyrs—the mob. Then some one started a song—we believe it was John Sackley—all joined in, and, after heartily applauding themselves, sang an encore. The Vice-President, Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J., made a few happy, congratulatory remarks, and was followed by Mr. Thomas Friel. Mr. Wilson was now called upon, and paid the toastmaster a citric compliment in a speech that moved the risibilities of all. Other speakers of the evening were: Messrs. O'Brien, Morand, Roche and Royce. There was more singing, and at the conclusion the merry-makers stood to a man, made the welkin ring twice or thrice with their lusty rendition of the college cheer, and departed to inform unfortunate outsiders of their good time. The feast did more than merely satiate the appetites of those present.

The Play Banquet

for speeches and songs, it assisted materially in imbuing that college spirit which so endears the undergraduate to his alma-mater.

Owing much to the generosity of her patrons, St. Ignatius now desires to thank Dr. and Mrs. Sullivan. Their gift, a huge maroon and gold pennant, was both beautiful and timely. **The New College Pennant.** When its colors have become faded and hallowed with associations, the remembrance of the gift and the donors will still remain bright in the annals of the College.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

January the fifteenth found Rev. Father Moeller, S. J., the Provincial of the Missouri Province, once more with us. Since his last visit Father Moeller had been to Rome, where he was a member of the congregation that elected Father Werntz to the position of general of the order. Father Moeller's talk on his trip was exceedingly interesting to the students who heard from the lips of an eye-witness the many wonders and glories of the Eternal City. He dwelt at some length on the beauty and grandeur, yet withal, the marvelous simplicity of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Very Rev. Father Moeller expressed his regret at the apparent religious apathy of the Latin states, and dwelt upon the immense possibilities of the American Catholic for propagating his Faith. Owing to a special favor of the Pope, Very Rev. Father Provincial received permission to give the Papal Benediction to the Jesuit communities and students of the Missouri Province. At the close of the talk, therefore, Father Moeller gave the Papal Benediction to the assembled students.

The following statement was given out, showing the total receipts and expenditures of the Christmas play, "If I Were King":

Total receipts	\$883.86
Total expenditures	579.06

Net gain \$304.80

This sum was divided among the College societies as follows:

Students' Library	\$184.80
Athletic Association	75.00
Musical Societies	25.00
Collegian	20.00

One of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held within the College precincts was conducted by the students in the College Hall in regard to the religious situation in France. The Senior Class President, Mr. P. J. Cronin, acted as chairman, with Mr. C. M. Dargan as secretary. The speakers of the occasion, Messrs. H. Thometz and M. J. Ahern of the Senior Class and J. A. Stoesser of the Junior Class thoroughly covered the ground in considering the Catholic standpoint of the French question. Before the close of the meeting the following resolutions were adopted, amidst the tumultuous cheers of the students:

Whereas, The Government of France, against the protest of the majority of its people, has exiled the religious orders, confiscated their property, closed their schools and thereby deprived her Catholic citizens of the inherent rights of a civilized nation;

Whereas, Laws have been enacted which have closed the Catholic Churches and prevented her Catholic people from worshiping God according to the dictates of their own conscience;

Whereas, The object of these destructive laws is to encourage atheism, to uproot Catholicity and to annihilate the name of Jesus Christ and the teachings of His Church, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the students of St. Ignatius College, do most solemnly protest against the unjust action of the government of France in depriving the people of free religious worship. We protest against the expulsion of her religious orders and the confiscation of her private property, belonging to either the Church or the religious orders, and we affirm the incontestable right of parents to educate their children in religious schools.

Once more the students of St. Ignatius College have taken the initiative, and pointed out a way by which much good can be done. For some time past, the world of respectable readers has been annoyed and shocked by the degrading and disgusting matter which has been appearing in the newspapers. It was with a view to stopping, if possible, or at least curbing this abuse of the press, that the students of the higher classes gathered in the College Library to adopt the following:

PETITION TO THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

We, the students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, desire to call your attention to the very objectionable character of much of the reading matter which is published in the public press of Illi-

nois. In reporting crimes and criminal trials, the newspapers of our state often go into details that are shocking and disgusting to any but the most hardened. Is it right that under the name of news, newspapers should be allowed to spread throughout the land what cannot but work great havoc among the young and innocent? Complaints are frequently heard that the young are being led away into the paths of vice, and cannot much of this be attributed to the attractive coloring thrown about the description of crime by an unscrupulous press? Cannot it be truthfully said that many innocent young persons have received their first lesson in crime from the newspapers?

If all this be true, have not we, since most of us are minors, a right to appeal confidently to the fatherly protection of the highest legislative power in the state? With solicitude worthy of all praise, your honorable body devises laws to protect our lives and property, and surely our moral welfare is of still greater concern to you, for unless the youth of the land grow up in virtue, the state will soon fall a prey to evils worse than death.

No doubt your wisdom will find a way to purge the newspapers of their filth without curtailing the freedom of the press, that freedom which we have been taught to prize so highly. It is not freedom of which we complain, but license. Other countries have devised efficient laws to restrain a licentious press, and so can the great Commonwealth of Illinois.

Confidently expecting that you will apply a remedy to this great evil of the day, and entrusting the cause of youth into your hands we remain,

Very respectfully yours,

The Students of St. Ignatius College.

Scarcely had this action been taken when the movement spread widely. The petition was reprinted not only in the Chicago papers but also in many of the papers throughout the country. The Catholic Order of Foresters, Feehan's Court, drafted resolutions similar in nature to those of the students, and the New World, Chicago's Catholic Journal, made the action of the students the subject of an editorial. We hope that the work of the petition, so auspiciously begun, will continue, until the purpose of the document will have been accomplished.

The annual debate between the Chicago Law School and St. Ignatius College took place Tuesday, March 12th at Association Hall with Dean Horatio L. Wait as chairman. The Law School represented by O. G. Christgau, Michael H. Powell and Harry H. Levy upheld the affirmative side of the question that "The railways of the United States should be owned and operated by the Government"; while John P. Stoesser, Arthur W. Kettles and John M. Guest defended the negative for St. Ignatius. Hon. Edward O. Brown of the Appellate Court, Thos. B. Lantry of the Municipal Court, Messrs. Louis F. Post, Andrew M. Lawrence and Wm. Dillon acted as judges and by a vote of four to one awarded the decision to the affirmative side.

The competitive examinations for scholarships are announced for Saturday, June 20th, 1907. Ten scholarships will be awarded; no school, however, may receive more than one. The contest is open to all the students of the eighth grade in the parochial schools of the archdiocese. The pupil who makes the highest average will be entitled to a free education for the whole course, the winners of the other nine scholarships will receive a free education in the High School course.





The music season of the past three months has been an exceptionally successful one, and concerts, recitals and informal receptions have taxed the capabilities of the harmony societies to the utmost. These organizations have appeared at all the functions of the College, and have assisted in many outside programmes and won unusual commendation.

THE PIANO RECITAL.

Professor Hutter presented his pupils in a complimentary recital on the evening of January 17, and the occasion was one of artistic merit. Much praise is due to this instructor for the success and smoothness of every number. Every soloist delivered his selection with apparent confidence and with the precision and touch so pleasing to the ear.

The programme was opened with Flowtow's beautiful overture from *Martha*. It is a heavy work but is relieved of the high tension which dominates throughout by a clever interpolation of the "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Lord and Mr. Stevens played it brilliantly and were warmly applauded. They were followed by a number of the less advanced pupils with simpler classics. Mr. William A. Anderson gave a very creditable interpretation of Chopin. His first number was a solemn prelude which contains a theme carried alone by chords, and was rendered especially beautiful by the exceptional tonal brilliancy which the pianist gave it. As a contrast to the prelude a military polonaise was next given. Mr. Lord and Mr. Quinn closed the recital with the Kowalski *Salut 'A Pesth*.

THE ANNUAL CONCERT.

An array of smiling youths, done up *en grande tenue*, a troupe of some fifty musicians, a nervous, yet happy horde of "little ones"

—such was the annual concert of the musical societies. Smiles and greetings were in profusion, and an indefinable air of something out of the ordinary “course of human events” lent itself to the occasion.

The Glee Club, although lacking in stellar soloists, has advanced greatly in shading and delicate vocal expression, and, as a body, sang better than ever before. The orchestra and choir in greatly increased numbers, did excellent work under the direction of Professors Hutter and Pribyl.

The evening’s programme opened with a lilting march called the “Peerless King.” It was well played by the orchestra with a dashing enthusiasm. The “Palm Limited” was presented as an encore. It might perhaps have been more appropriate to the occasion had the orchestra selected something more classic for its first number.

The College Glee Club next took the stage and sang *Schultz’s* “Night Song”—that dreamy chorus that so fittingly opened the College play, “Floating ‘Mid the Lillies” and “Uncle Ned” were the encores, Mr. Cronin singing the solo part in the last piece with a clear bass voice and a clever negro dialect.

Mr. Clemens A. Hutter then played the sixth Rhapsodie of *Liszt* with excellent expression. He responded to great applause with a *Liszt* arrangement of *Verdi’s* “Rigoletto.”

The select choir sang the *Veazie* “Ave Maria,” after which Professor Pribyl played the “Halka Madruka” of *Sevik* with brilliant spirit and excellent technique.

The Grand Chorus and another Glee Club number were followed by “Sir Nigel” played by the orchestra as a fitting finishing touch to an excellently rendered and thoroughly enjoyable programme.

THE MERRY MUMMERS.

The “Merry Mummers Male Quartet” of the College, with the assistance of some good singers and instrumentalists, have prepared a thirty-minute minstrel show, to be given in conjunction with the gymnasium exhibition on Wednesday evening, April 10. There are seven musical numbers, written by Messrs. Lord, Royce and Quinn; so if you wish to relax from the quietude of Lent, come and hear “Maroon and Gold,” “Limerick Town” and “In Old Japan.”

JOHN F. QUINN, '09.



PASSIM

It is an irksome task and word;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

—Thackeray.

It is the time of lilies and laughter. Laughter is a funny thing. It has seven ages. First, we have the humor of the pun-y babe, who, in answer to his distracted mother's query, during the course of his choking, as to what he has in his mouth, cooingly replies—"Teeth, Mama, Teeth." Then we find the schoolboy, whose wit works itself out in inventing ludicrous nicknames for his schoolmates and scribbling them surreptitiously in his text books. Undergraduate wit is the next stage. It consists in tossing off subtle, delicate, little things spontaneously at a dance or tea, which, although they appear to you immensely clever, if examined away from the brilliant illumination of the ballroom would assuredly prove atrocious puns, but when there is a wheezy orchestra doling out a Strauss waltz—poor Strauss—they pass muster very well, albeit that your fair partner may whisper to a confidante that "John Blank is an awful bore." Under this heading we would place the inevitable "he and she" witticism, a sample of which is appended:

She—"It's really awfully simple when you know how!"
He—"And it's really simply awful when you don't."

But why go further. The point is this: it is the comedian with the well-worn slap-stick that commands the salary. You deny it? The artist of a certain multi-colored Sunday supplement, wherein the fun lies in the fact that every seven days a certain mule propels a stoutish gentleman with the gentle force

of a catapult, receives a greater compensation than the editor of "Life," a representative exponent of our national humor. But why all this? It is an apology for what follows. All that is told does not cause titters, and probably the subsequent matter of this department will strike anguish and woe into the hearts of our readers. It is not our intent to throw our perusers into paroxysms of laughter. A quiet smile is both more dignified and easier on the neighbors.

THE MAGIC HOOKAH.*

That the Cadiz of Ismlah was bored was plain, evident, and manifest. He sat on his wonderful rug, and looked discontentedly about him. The more he looked the more bored he became. He clapped his hands together smartly. A serf entered the room in true Persian fashion, which resembles the speed of a cab horse on a sand track.

"Gemlah," the Cadiz said, "bring me the 'Daily Persian' quick!"

In a few moments, about ten to be exact, Gemlah returned with the news-print, but all it contained was a dry account of a camel race for the Sahara Cup, so the Cadiz waxed gloomier than the Ides of March. He glanced at the hookah—ah, he would smoke! But the Hookah had other plans and disclosed them. When it first began to speak the Cadiz was astounded, dumbfounded, and awe-stricken, but then it was so charmingly original for a hookah to converse that the Cadiz held his peace.

After three or five vain and almost disastrous attempts to salaam, the Hookah piped—

"Oh Cadiz hark, while I relate some idle things from a shallow pate. True, my tales are somewhat dusty, but at that all humor's musty. By a clear Havana filler, my jests antedate Joe Miller."

The Cadiz was almost suffocated with pleasure. His face was festooned with smiles as he clapped his hands. Again Gemlah entered.

"Gemlah," he said, "bring me some arrack, and ask the gentleman what he will have." But the Hookah shook his head, and said:

"All soft drinks I would decline. Verse to me is rarer wine!" and after strumming about four chords on his lyre, he began:

*The chief beauty of this tale lies in the local color.—Editor.

THE SONG OF THE HOOKAH.

A ruler sat smoking his hookah one day
Sing Kismet, sing Allah the great
 While his treasurer fled o'er the desert away
 With a shout and a cheer,
 And a brandishing spear,
 And his purse filled with funds of the state.

And they rushed to the ruler with troubles galore ;
Sing palm trees, and sweet pickled dates
 For they called his brave treasurer treasure no more,
 And the ruler was sore,
 By his father's beard swore,
 But he found that pursuit was too late.

So he picked up his pipe stem, and stemmed his wild wrath
 And piped in a high piping key ;
 And he laughed with his vizier *Dok Ali Path*
 And said he : "He was rash
 When he skipped with our cash ;
 For we owe him three months' salary."

So, good Cadiz take heed of the ruler so gay,
 When troubles your pleasures disperse ;
 And calmly keep smoking your hookah, and say
 " Oh great Allah take care !
 There's no cause for despair ;
 For the *Koran* itself might be verse."
 The Cadiz sank back into his luxuriant nest of pillows.
 "Bismillah, likewise bully!" he exclaimed, "by my beard, you
 shall be the poet-laureate. Already have you Austin Dobson look-
 ing like three plugged centimes."
 The Hookah essayed again to salaam, but finished lame.
 "I have a little tale," he said, "prosy, old and trite, but at
 'tennyrate 'twill help to speed the night" and thereupon he narrated

THE TALE OF ALI ABBA AND THE PERFUME-SELLER.

"Once upon a time there was in the bazaar a certain merchant,
 by name Ali Abba. He had one child, a daughter, Noiram Efeek.
 Noiram was so fair that all others seemed as rainy days. Now it

so happens that one day as Abba sat by his stall, counting shekels, there came a man who sold him much attar of roses, which on examination proved to be much of everything, but more of glue than anything, and behold, Abba tore his beard and dented his starched shirt in his lamentations. Noiram beheld his grief, and inquired the cause thereof, whereat Abba related his woes with a little polite exaggeration. The next day there came to Ali Abba's stall another man, and he was young and good to look upon, and to Abba said he: "I will buy your attar, fake though it be, if you say the word and give Noiram to me," and Abba, being business to the core, assented. And lo, on the morrow every camel, stall and waterseller bore a sign:

Does your beard feel weird?

Use Yelkas' Oil for that trim appearance.

Fifty piasters at all druggists!

and all that walked, read, and then ran to purchase Yelkas' Oil. Among the foremost was Abba, whose beard was in a sad state from his recent ravings, and verily the oil gave that trim appearance for it possessed all the component parts of glue. And Abba roared, Saadullah how he roared, and rushed pell-mell through the bazaar to his home, wherein he found not Noiram and his swiftest camel, but this script:

"Hamib, do not others stick, lest you yourself get stuck!"

Your loving son-in-law,
Hamid."

The Cadiz sighed.

"I like your verse better; have you more?"

"More?" quoth the Hookah, "I have a store," whereat he sang
of—

ALI BABA AND THE SPORTY THIEVES.

Ali Baba was a farmer, worked he on a little farm
'Till his roll became a charmer, working Ali Baba harm,
For he longed to see the city, foolish, likewise silly man,
And he hummed a joyful ditty, as his future there he'd plan
So one morn in Sunday raiment, with his shekels in a roll,
Ali took his final payment, and set out from home to stroll.

Ali Baba was as simple as a child's arithmetic;
But his coming caused a ripple in the breast of *Watah Mick.*

Mick was on the watch for strangers and he always took them in,
Sold them patent feed-arrangers, showed them where the *Mosque*
fell in

When he saw A. Baba, farmer, *Mick* soft smiled and softly said:
"Haste thee hither, gentle charmer, while I earn my daily bred."

Ali came, the guileless yokel, looking like a "Take One" sign;
He was slower than a "Local" on an Elevated Line.

Mick was quick to seize and greet him, as a half-forgotten friend;
So much pleased was he to meet him, "had he some few hours to
spend?"

Ali had; so quickly hied they to a place to quench their love
As they sat there, quickly spied they *Watah*'s friend, *Somah Cadove*.

Somah bore a magic suit case, and together they explained
To our simple Ali Baba all the wonders it contained.
Told him how, by simply crying "Open, open Sesame,"
In the case before him lying, jewels and priceless gems he'd see.
Ali quickly sought to buy it, taking all they said as true,
Never thought to ask to try it; paid his hard-earned money, too.

Haste they thence with Ali's money; cried he, "Open Sesame."
What occurred was really funny, but the point he couldn't see;
For the suit case fell asunder, showing bricks and chunks of coal,
Ali realized his blunder, saw too late his vanished roll.
Since then, at the council table, when a lad for freedom grieves,
Sheiks relate this dismal fable, *Baba and the Sporty Thieves*.

At the conclusion the Cadiz whistled through his teeth, which
is the genteel Persian way of showing appreciation. You could see
the satisfaction standing out on his face. The Hookah glanced at
him.

"Another tale, sir? Of tales I have plenty, the numbers start
at one and two, and run up unto twenty!" The Cadiz bobbed be-
nignly, and thereupon the Hookah told

THE TALE OF THE ONE EYED STRANGER AND THE SUN.

"Once upon a time there was in the bazaar a man named
Drawoh. Drawoh was an inveterate gambler. He would wager

that a black dog was yellow and vice-versa. It chances that one day a stranger comes to Drawoh's stall, and says to him—

“Drawoh, wilt toss shekels with me? Please wilt!”

And Drawoh wilted. They played all that day and night, and just as the morning sun was rising in back of the Mosque, gilding the minarets with its red-gold alchemy, the Stranger said to Drawoh:

“I have won all your shekels but a few. What say you that we go outside the stall, close one eye and gaze at the sun, and the man who gazes longest gets all.” Drawoh assented, and they left the stall. Drawoh gazed for a moment or two, but soon gave out, lo the Stranger gazed steadily with unblinking eye. Then there comes a thought to Drawoh, and he pokes his finger into the stranger's orb, but it wields not, for it was glass. And Drawoh yells “Thief” and hauls him before a Cadiz. And the Cadiz said—”

The Cadiz woke from his doze with a start.

“Another song” cried he “your tales are over long!” Whereupon the Hookah begins the following:

As around the world I've wandered
I have often stopped and pondered
On the many men of every different race;
And the more I see of people,
Be they 'neath the sky or steeple
The more I'm thankful for my humble place.
You may talk of nations' history,
Of the age's mighty mystery,
But it doesn't make me envious a bit;
For the bustle and commotion
And the stir of each new notion
Passes by me where I calmly, coolly sit.

Never has a poor relation,
Of a very lowly station,
Called upon me as I entertained at tea,
I have ne'er been to receptions,
Never practiced base deceptions
When I said: “I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. B.”
I have never been the joker

When they take one's cash at poker,
And I couldn't play at bridge whist if I tried;
I was never asked to dinner,
When the menu's thin and thinner,
And they say—"How truly great" and know they've lied.

I have never been a voter,
Never traveled in a motor;
Traction questions give no care; I never ride.
All the troubles of the nations,
Such as trusts and army rations,
Fall elections and the like, before me glide.
I possess a strong assurance
That no promoter of insurance,
E'er will Hyde my funds or take my New York Life.
I have never seen a ball game,
Never stalked the deer or tall game;
I've no millinery bills, I have no wife.

How would I look as a juror?
Don't you think I'd cause a furor
As a leader of polite society?
But I never have to worry
At Dame Grundy's buzz and scurry,
For I'm subject to no strict propriety.
So when I behold the troubles
And the broken money bubbles
That so fill the lives of foolish, busy men,
I can feel a thrill of pleasure
At my life of easy leisure,
And I'm glad that I'm a scion of Hookah's clan.
The Hookah ceased. There was a long pause. Under the
blandishments of his smoothly flowing song the Cadiz had fallen
into slumber. We will leave him there.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

DANIEL A. LORD.



Spring has come back again and with it outdoor baseball. The indoor season has passed away like its many predecessors; but its memories are fond ones, for they are recollections of one of the most successful seasons St. Ignatius has ever known. What then may we not expect of the team next year? For with the exception of Cronin, it will be back in its entirety, and when Autumn comes again, will go on the war path for old Maroon and Gold with a stock of valuable experience won in this year's hard fought struggle for glory.

The game with McKinley, at Hull House, was played by St. Ignatius without an error; McKinley, however, at the final count had four misplays checked up against them. The game was extraordinary for the fact that every one on the S. I. C. team got a hit, while Roberts held his opponents down to two safeties. The final score was seven to two in favor of the College. The teams lined up as follows:

S. I. C.—	McKinley—
Kevin, c.	Rissman, 1. s.
Wilson, 2b.	Wyman, p.
O'Connor, 3b.	Stafford, 1b.
Howard, 1. s.	Murr, c.
Lambeau, r. s.	Bate, 2b.
Hechinger, 1. f.	Seiffert, r. f.
Roberts, p.	Fox, 3b.
O'Malley, r. f.	Branzen, r. s.
Cronin, 1b.	Funk, 1. f.

The last game of the season was played with Lake View at the latter's grounds. The features of the game were the brilliant

batting of Howard, who bagged two home runs, and the pitching of Roberts, who surpassed himself, striking out twenty men.

The score was 17 to 1 in favor of St. Ignatius, and the batting order as follows:

St. Ignatius—

O'Connor, c.

Wilson, 2b.

Hechinger, 1. f.

Burns, r. f.

Roberts, p.

Lambeau, r. s.

Howard, 1. s.

O'Malley, 3b.

Cronin, 1b.

Lake View—

Gates, c.

Lehman, 1b.

Rascher, 1. s.

Dunne, 1. f.

Scanlon, 2b.

Guthrie, r. s.

Vehe, 3b.

Lunde, r. f.

Lischer, p.

The star of the season was, undoubtedly, Roberts; for to his great pitching does St. Ignatius owe most of her victories. But what is a pitcher without a team to back him up? So we congratulate the players one and all for their brilliant work.

BASEBALL.

As early as Friday the eighteenth of January, a meeting of the baseball candidates was held. About thirty were present and the prospects for the coming season were thoroughly discussed. O'Connor of Philosophy was elected manager and Clarence Dargan, of the same class, was chosen to assist him. Mr. Graber, as in former years, will coach the team; and as the majority of last year's aggregation is back again there will hardly be any excuses for a falling off in this work.

The candidates are numerous and every evening after school, practice is in full swing in the "gym." Hechinger will in all probability be behind the bat again this year, while Roberts, Doyle, O'Malley and Prindiville are striving valiantly for positions as box artists. Roberts was, last year, the most successful pitcher and Doyle in the few games which he pitched, proved himself of sturdy mettle. As Murray graduated last year, who will play first base is the subject of much speculation and can hardly be guessed at, until the weather permits outdoor practice.

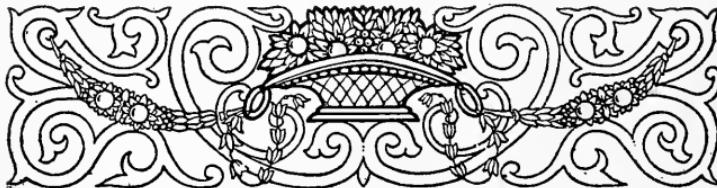
Howard will probably hold forth at second with Quigley at short and O'Connor at third. Of the fielders, Gorman is gone,

but Kevin and Martin still remain and unless the unexpected happens will again grace the garden out near the fence.

BASKET BALL.

Baskets have been installed in the gymnasium and the members of the Athletic Association are having their first experiences with the game. Although Father Rector's consent was obtained too late in the season to form a regular team to represent the College, a game for the smaller boys has been scheduled with Medill High.

Jos. D. McNULTY, '09.





Mr. John R. McCabe, '96, is the Republican candidate for city clerk. Mr. McCabe had a good record while at college, and he especially shone in oratory and dramatics, the oratorical medal and leading characters in the college plays having fallen to his share.

The protest of the Daniel O'Connell Council of the Knights of Columbus against the French persecution had a vigorous ring to it. Two of the three signers were old college students, Justin F. McCarthy, '05, and Charles E. Byrne, '06.

Revs. James Leddy and C. J. Quille are now in charge of the mission of our Lady of Mercy, a refuge for neglected boys. This is an apostolic work, and *THE COLLEGIAN* rejoices that it has fallen into such worthy hands. Another deserving work of mercy conducted in large part by college students past or present, is the teaching of catechism to the boys of the Italian Church on Forquer St., on Sunday mornings. Mr. John Garvy, a former student has charge of the Boys' Sodality. Following are the names of the present college boys who teach: Charles Doyle, Joseph Roubik, James Quinn, Edward Del Beccarro, Edmund Curda, Anthony Goyke, Thomas Cleary, Walter Keefe.

The following extract from the Alumni Notes of the *Fleur de Lis* is applicable to our department:

"We, the editor, are often forced to trust to chance in obtaining material sufficient to give the Alumni a fair representation. The object of the *Fleur de Lis*, and especially of this column, is to bring the Alumni closer together. At present, we overlook, and we know that we overlook, many points of interest to the Alumni. But we cannot be expected to know every particular Alumnus by name, and therefore when we see in the society pages of our daily press the account of a wedding, how are we to know whether the happy benedict is an 'old boy' of ours, or not? As a rule, we trust to

chance or our own scanty knowledge to ascertain whether or not the party in question is or is not an Alumnus. Of course, we are greatly indebted, and deeply grateful to many of our friends among the faculty for information as to who is an 'old boy,' and it is to this that we owe any success we may have in conducting this column, thus far."

The Alumni editor of THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN is always glad to get any sort of notices concerning old students. If you observe anything in the newspapers, send us a marked copy. Send us notices of marriages, funerals and business transfers, and we shall put them in print, so that they serve as records for the future.

The Alumni Association.

At the last business meeting of the St. Ignatius Alumni Association, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Bernard McDevitt; vice president, Jas. I. Naghten; honorary vice presidents, Anton Shager, '70's, Carter H. Harrison, '80's, George W. Lyon, Jr., '90's, Rev. Bernard E. Naughton, '00's; recording secretary, John T. Lillis; corresponding secretary, Robert I. Piggott; treasurer, M. Edward Gueroult; historian, Charles E. Byrne; executive committee, Michael V. Kannally, Michael J. Hogan, Leo J. Doyle, David F. Bremner, Jr., Frank J. O'Byrne, and Clarence E. Mercer.

Rev. Simon A. Ryan, S. J., gave a lucid and eloquent talk on "What the French government means by separation of church and state," after which the Alumni Association adopted the following protest:

PROTEST.

We, the members of St. Ignatius Alumni Association, in general meeting assembled, wishing to unite with all men who demand that religion and the rights of conscience must not be trampled on under the pretense of civil government, denounce the outrages upon the church at present being perpetrated by the French government.

We protest against:

1. Religious persecution to crush the church or make it a creature of the state.
2. The robbery of church property and desecration of religious persons, places and things.

3. Driving from home and country their own citizens for consecrating themselves to the service of God and of their fellow men.

4. Depriving the poor and afflicted of the blessings of charity, through hatred and greed masked as philanthropy.

5. Depriving their children of Christian education, and all, old and young of instruction, assistance and the consolations of religion.

6. Attacks on the rights of conscience, directed at present against Catholics, but in principle, effect and tendency against all religion.

7. Attempts to subsidize the press, to mislead public opinion as to the true nature of their attacks, masking them under the hackneyed shibboleths of clericalism, separation of church and state, obedience to the laws, even when those laws are predetermined in the lodge and directed against the higher laws of God and the natural rights of man.

If such outrages were attempted at present in the United States, every American citizen, whatever his religious affiliations, would recognize that, not one denomination, but all religion and natural rights were attacked, and would brand or bury their perpetrators as they did the Know Nothings and A. P. A.'s.

We further wish to express:

1. Our sincere sympathy with the Catholics of France who are "suffering persecution for justice sake," and with our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., whose paternal heart can not but experience deeply the afflictions of his children.

2. Our admiration for the noble stand he has taken, and of the temporal sacrifices he and the French Catholics are making for the rights of conscience and the independence of the church. In this stand we see a repetition of that of Gregory VII. against Henry IV. of Germany, of Clement VII. against the brute passions of Henry VIII. of England, of Pius VII. against the tyranny of Napoleon, of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. against the attempts of Bismarck to enslave the church to the state.

What stronger proof of the divinity of the church than the present verification of our Lord's prophecy: "The servant is not greater than his Master. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you."

Academy Notes.

Baseball next!

The 'pons asinorum' of geometry is simple in comparison to Caesar's bridge.

The "Kinks Puzzle Trust." Messrs. Goyke, Amberg and Kelly, proprietors.—Adv.

"Jug" parties are the fashion of late. Have you been invited to one?

A new society has sprung up in the college under the title of A. A. of K. L., or "The Amalgamated Association of the Knights of Leisure." Clarence Kavanaugh is Grand Knight.

We write it right,
We spell it rite,
We think we're wright,
We're wrong.

So LAZY.

Professor—"What is the perfect tense of 'laedo'?"

Student—"Laedi," sir."

Professor—"No, it's 'laesi.' If you were not lazy you would know that."

Mr. Marous has decided to put up a new awning this spring, as the college boys have quite worn out the old one.

REVISED SHAKESPEARE WITH NOTES.

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

(*Unlike that of many a joke*).

"Were man but constant he were perfect."

(*Same way with the weather*).

Punch a meal ticket and it won't hit back.

If you wait for something to happen, don't wait too long. (Tom Weldon).

I don't believe in sorrow. (Thomas Joy).

Spend time but don't sell your watch. (T. Burke).

HE WAS INFORMED—LATER.

The class was studying ancient history and among other noted characters in the course of the lesson, came across Esarhaddon. At this our "champeen" funny-man, F. Wenigman, ejaculated: "I wonder what Esarhaddon?" He was informed later—after school.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

Do locksmiths ever have lock-jaw?
Do wheelwrights go about very much?
Do ball players ever get caught?
Do carpenters make a living?
Are blacksmiths white?

ST. IGNATIUS SORROW CLUB QUARTET.

Harmony Mirth—Soprano Soloist.
Dubious Rythm—Alto Soloist.
Falsetta Cadence—Tenor Soloist.
Dulce Grandioso—Basso.

The boy who hasn't enough home-work to do, and the boy who has too much, and the boy who never does his exercises, and the boy who is always tardy, but—oh! what's the use?

Did you ever notice that most of our holidays fall on Thursday?

Philosopher—Philosophy is a science which enables you to be happy in the ninth inning with the home team five runs to the bad.

S'DEATH.

An exciting melodrama of the present. It is the representation of that famous book, "An Hour of History" or "Alone on the Mossy Deep."

Scene—A college (preferably S. I. C.)

Time—Now and then.

Characters—One student, one professor and twenty-six other students.

Audience stirs, orchestra plays softly, and curtain rises. A room is revealed with twenty or so boys, busily engaged in writing an examination. Pens are busily scratching across the papers and all are writing so industriously the silence is startling.

A boy in the rear of room is seen to whisper, evidently for information, and apparently satisfied, continues to write on. Teacher is suspicious and sternly eyes the culprit. Said culprit unaware of disaster, whispers again! (Hist! The plot begins to commence to thicken!)

"Ah! hah!" mutters the teacher between his teeth, "I ha-a-ave him now! But I will control myself!" (To the boy). "Sir! Didn't you just whisper?"

Boy perplexedly answers, "No, sir."

Teacher—"Don't lie to me, sir! I saw you!"

Boy (heatedly)—"No sir, I didn't!"

Teacher (resignedly)—"We-e-ll, I suppose if you say you didn't, you didn't! Be careful hereafter!" (Storm clouds blow away and calm is restored).

Boy (at recess to companion)—"Say Bill, what was he asking me, 'if I was doing,' last hour? I didn't understand him!"

(Quick Curtain).

"Our great little man, Mr. Warzinski, Jr."

"Strike out, and win. My method." W. J. Roberts.

FOUR MONTHS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

MARCH—Work begins to fall off.

APRIL—Work does fall off.

MAY—Baseball.

JUNE—Finals.

The "Thursday Greek Class" seems to be in disfavor! We wonder why?

'Twill soon be time to renew old grievances, buried since last fall. "Rally 'round the flag, ye 'Sox' and 'Cubs' supporters!"

Trains of thought are often side-tracked.

A joyous Easter-Time! Our parting wish!

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.



*"A smoke, a book,
A lamplit nook,
And all the world behind me."*

It is probable that there are as many ways to edit an Ex-column as there are Ex's and Ex-men, differing from the style of the *Spalding Purple and White*, which prints acknowledgments of all papers received with a monosyllabic non-committal remark about each, to that of the *Wabash*, whose editor uses his shears with much more fluency than his pen—in fact someone has remarked that he must employ nothing less than a mowing machine. Some of our contemporaries have been pleased to point *us* out as extremists, the *Fleur-de-Lis* has placed our policy in their "Hall of Curios" and the *Young Eagle* echoes the sentiment. Time alone will prove whether or not we have chosen wisely.

A point or two we might explain, perhaps: Naturally the exchanges reviewed in one quarter's issue will be barred from competition for "the Six" in the succeeding issues, so the repetition that the St. Louis man fears will be avoided.

Besides, we cannot of course judge the length of the *Fleur de-Lis'* Ex-list, but we feel confident that our own is fully capable of yielding twenty-four representative journals each year. Then, too, the "little fellows" will by no means be excluded from our column; there will always be space to review any of them worthy of it.

For the exchanges, therefore, that have reached us since our January number went to press, we consider as the "Six Best:" the *Hamilton Lit.*, January; the *"North Carolina U. Magazine,"* Jan-

uary; the "*Dartmouth Magazine*," March; the "*Randolph-Macon Monthly*," February; the "*Spring Hill Review*," January, and the "*Vanderbilt Observer*," March.

In the *Hamilton Lit.*, for January, the first thing that attracts one's attention is a story called "Lochinvar." And this same

"Lochinvar" is fitted to retain the interest it arouses.

HAMILTON It is a fresh, breezy sketch, one that you do not have LITERARY to wade through. There is no particular depth to it, MAGAZINE. but it is so charmingly written that one forgives that.

It is a "Prom." story, with conversational possibilities unlimited, brimming with the light, witty things that people *never do* say when they are in love, and with no evidence of "straining." One feels glad that he has read "Lochinvar." "The Desire to Know" is an essay, written rather fancifully, yet still evidencing that its author considered his theme carefully before penning it. All three verses in the *Lit.* are good—the "Ode to Kipling" being the best. The departments are well handled, although "Litdom" might well be enlarged.

There are two essays in the January number of the *No. Car. U. Magazine* that are the equal of any we have read this quarter.

One on "Colonel William L. Saunders" and the other NORTH on "Two Public Needs of North Carolina," are CAROLINA both distinctively representative of the state from MAGAZINE. which they come. The fiction is not so high in quality.

"A Triumph of Science" is the best; its author seized a happy inspiration and wrote his sketch well. "Saunders, Amateur Motor Expert" is strained, and the plot of "The Old Captain's Story" stands sadly in need of a pension. Carolina is weak on poets, but her Exchange column is a worthy example to many contemporaries.

The *Dartmouth Magazine* for March is replete with good short fiction. None of it very good, none at all literary, but most

of it fairly readable. There are four storilettes about DARTMOUTH on a par—"Catching the Mail" is probably the best MAGAZINE. There is much ordinary light verse, and one poem

"March," of deeper tone. But the really good features of the number are "The Celtic Renaissance" and "Wood-stream." The former is an essay, written well on a subject which

is as yet unhackneyed. It is sympathetic in treatment—perhaps the treatment of one whose soul is in his work; its only fault is too great a brevity for such a subject. "Woodstream, a phantasy," is the prettiest imaginative piece which has appeared for months, its imagery is beautiful with not a word misplaced; it is a prose poem one must read to appreciate. What a pity it was not put into meter.

"Thomas de Quincy," "Goethe and Schiller as Men," and "Marjorie Fleming" in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for February are three very creditable essays. The first is the best of them, giving an insight into the works of the "Opium Eater" which could never have been gained by a mere Encyclopedia research. The second one is a comparison of the lives and characters of Germany's two greatest writers which traces the men themselves into the works that flowed from their pens. The Monthly's February fiction is its disappointing part. We labored through the whole of "A Vow," thinking it was merely the introduction, and must have missed the story itself altogether. We can see no reason for its publication. There is good verse in the "As You Please" section and the R-M's departments are strong.

There is so much that is commendable in the *Spring Hill Review* for January that it is difficult to pick out particular articles for appreciation. Its best essays are "Catholic Education under the Jesuit Fathers," and "Shakespeare's Wolsey and the Wolsey of History." We have read much of the former subject before, but the latter is rather an enlightenment to us who have been wont to accept without question the poet's delineation of that character. The verse, "The Storm," is too long. The "Sleigh Song" is excellent in its metre which is especially suited to the subject. Both of the *Review's* longer stories show the same fault—inexperience. Both are interesting tales but the diction is a little too strained. The general tone of the magazine is one of high polish.

If "Auf Wiedersehen" ends as prettily as it has begun the *Vanderbilt Observer* will have published a most attractive story.

We object most strenuously to serial stories, especially in amateur periodicals because one is never sure of getting the balance of a tale. We want to finish "Auf Wiedersehen" and commend it as much for

the delightful manner in which it is written as for the story itself. "The Exemption Grade System" is very timely, very convincingly written, and, rhetorically, the best essay of the quarter. "The Redemption of Dick Ralston" is a very interesting story, but ought to be "boiled down" just a little.

We regret that the printing of fourteen pages of the uttermost "rot," under the distressing title of "Freda Amethysta, or the Trials of An Amateur Poetess," in the *College Spokesman*, places that otherwise excellent journal hopelessly out of the "Six Best" class.

We would like to see the *Manhattan Quarterly* become a student publication. In the current issue more than half of the matter printed is alumni and faculty work.

A review of the magazines of the quarter finds them unwontedly strong in good, sound, readable essays and in light swinging verse, but in creditable fiction and poems of the deeper sort they are woefully weak.

If we were to review our exchanges merely as the "*Journal*," or the "*Magazine*," or the "*Quarterly*" there would in all probability much confusion arise. We mention this that we may ask a small favor, and in which we are joined by the *St. Mary's Collegian*, *St. Joseph's Collegian*, *St. Thomas Collegian*, *Mt. Angels Collegian*, *Southern Collegian*, *Central Collegian*, *Kendall Collegian*, *Millsap Collegian*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Maryland Collegian*, et al., that hereafter we be addressed by our first name.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

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NUMBER 4.

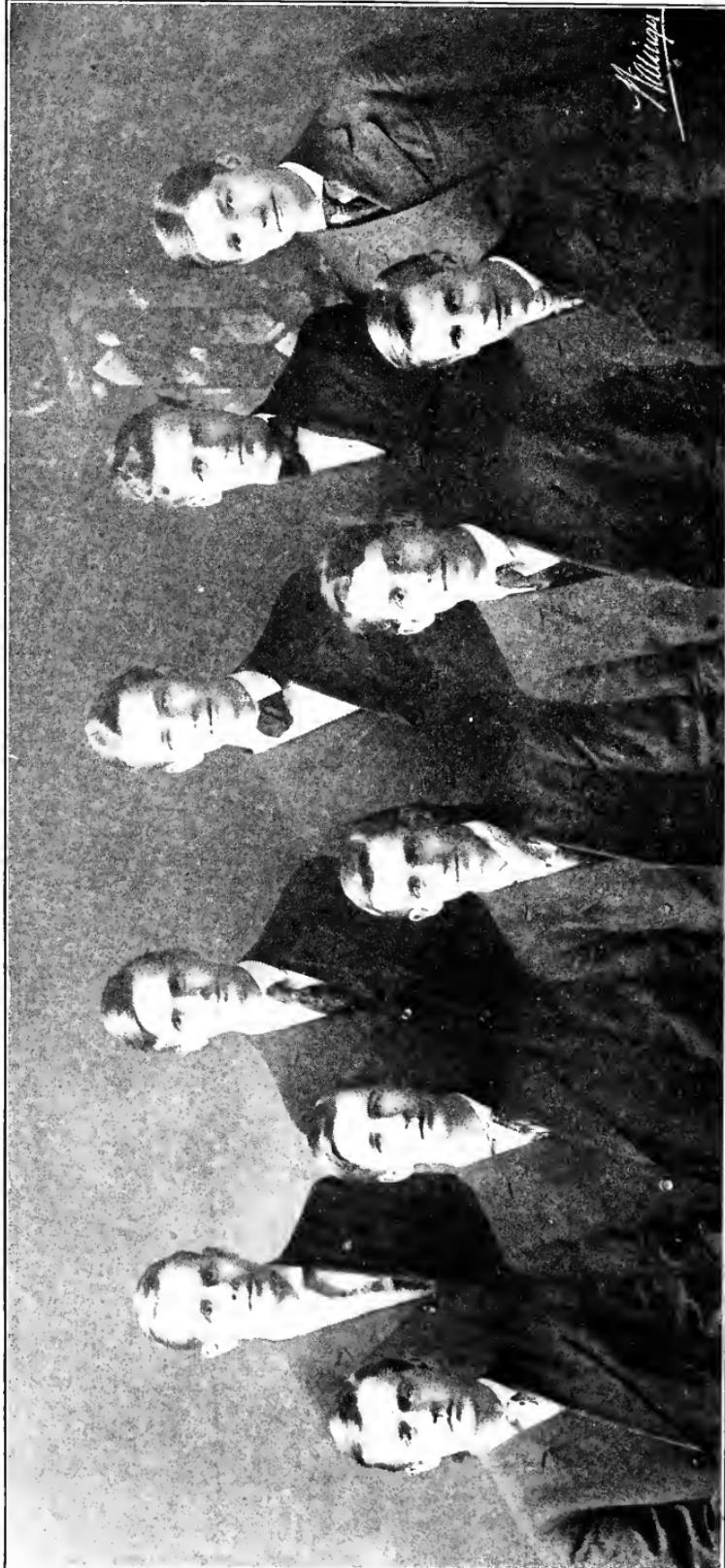
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The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. VI.

Chicago, Ill., July 1907.

No. 4.

The Ripening Hours.

Balmy the breeze; soft clouds of fleecy white
Drift in the blue; the sun's increasing gleam
Looses from mountain tops the foaming stream;
The pulseless earth thrills from her winter's night.
The air is filled with fragrance, song and light;
Grass underfoot; o'erhead fruit-blossoms teem;
Nature's awakening face reveals her dream
Of coming harvests, rich, unspoiled by blight.

Life hath its season, too, of sunny May—
Young hearts, with life's wine full to flowing o'er:
O soul, that breathest now thy blossoming spring,
Through varying moods, tempestuous, grave or gay,
Still let the ripening hours tell more and more
Of golden sheaves thy autumn years shall bring!

—JAMES L. FOLEY, '09.

The Jesuits in Chicago.

A History of Holy Family Church and St. Ignatius College.

VIII.

(1895-1907.)

The closing of the scholastic year of 1895-96 brought with it also the end of a quarter century in the existence of St. Ignatius College. In deference to the wishes of the alumni and students it was resolved to convert the exercises of Commencement week into a series of celebrations commemorative of this Silver Jubilee. His Holiness Leo XIII, informed of the event, graciously bestowed upon the faculty, the alumni and the students his Apostolic Benediction.

On Friday evening, June 21st, the exercises of the week were opened in the Central Music Hall by the annual oratorical contest and the award of medals and premiums to the students of the Academic course. On Sunday, the 23rd, a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated in the presence of the Right Reverend Edward Joseph Dunne, Bishop of Dallas. The officers of the Mass, nine in number, were all former students of St. Ignatius College who had been raised to the priesthood. The Right Reverend Bishop preached the jubilee sermon and in gratulatory words addressed himself to those whose labors and whose co-operation had accomplished so much for the cause of Catholic education.

On Monday evening, June 24th, the auditorium was thronged for the annual commencement exercises. His Grace, Archbishop Feehan, conferred the degrees on this occasion and delivered an address to the newly graduated students. By a coincidence gratifying to all concerned a student of St. Ignatius College, Ferdinand C. Mertins, signalized the year of jubilee by winning the inter-collegiate medal for Latin prose composition. This distinction, perhaps the most highly prized of all collegiate honors, is won in competition with the Jesuit Colleges of the Middle West.

On the following evening the exercises of the week were brought to a close with a banquet held by the alumni in the College Hall. It was the earnest wish of these gentlemen to leave an enduring memorial of the era so happily concluded and to effect this they proposed to erect a lapidary tablet in the college, commemorating their gratitude for the past and their hope for the future. The proposition found ready response and a few weeks later the tablet was erected in the vestibule of the college building, opposite the oil painting of Father Arnold Damen, the founder of the institution.

The enormous growth of Chicago and in particular the steady increase in the Catholic population was naturally reflected in the attendance at the college. During the jubilee year, the figures had all but reached the five hundred mark and students were uncomfortably crowded into small and poorly lighted class rooms. The imperative need of more commodious quarters was felt by all and in May, 1895, ground was broken on the campus northwest of the old building and work begun on a new class room structure. Under the energetic guidance of the College President, Reverend James F. X. Hoeffer, S. J., work progressed rapidly and in November the students had the satisfaction of moving into their new quarters. The new building, although severely plain in its exterior architecture is substantial and virtually fire-proof. It is 128 feet long and 66 feet wide with broad corridors and well lighted, commodious class rooms. For twelve years it has stood every test and it is hard to see in what particular it could have better adapted to the purposes for which it was designed.

To pass from affairs of the college to those of the church and the parish several incidents of the year 1894 illustrate the active and unremitting devotion of the parishioners. During the month of May the members of the Married Ladies' Sodality, anxious to testify during that month their devotion to the Mother of God, erected with becoming ceremonies a large statue of the Immaculate Conception in a niche over the main entrance of the Sodality Hall. As a fitting accompaniment to this act of devotion, the communions of reparation on the first Friday of every month rose to extraordinary figures. During each preceding Thursday the church was thronged with penitents, two and three thousand being no unusual figure, and this number rose on one occasion to the remarkable total of four thousand on a single Thursday. The succeeding year, 1896, was the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Anthony, the Wonder Worker of Padua. Through the earnest zeal of Fr. A.

K. Meyer, the devotion known as the "Nine Tuesdays" spread through the parish and a statue of the Saint, erected by the Sodalists, attests their earnest prayers for his intercession with God.

In the same year the remarkable discovery by Doctor W. C. Roentgen of the invisible radiation, known by his name, attracted the attention of scientists throughout the world. By a stroke of good fortune a supply of vacuum tubes essential for the production and display of these emanations had been secured by the scientific department a short time before, when the contents of the electrical display at the World's Fair were put on the market. Hence, the scientists of the college found themselves in a position to verify these discoveries some time before other students in Chicago could procure the necessary apparatus. Under the direction of Father H. Meiners, Professor of the Sciences, Fr. H. J. Dumbach, Professor of Chemistry and Director of the Camera Club, Dr. J. J. Thometz, a prominent physician and alumnus, Mr. Jacob Mehren, an alumnus of the College and assistant City Electrician, the first X-ray photographs obtained in Chicago were published in the daily papers and attracted favorable attention to the scientific department of St. Ignatius College.

A word about the association known as the "Camera Club" is naturally suggested by the foregoing. Founded by Father A. Heitkamp and continued by Fathers Dumbach and Meiners, the club provided a scientific recreation for a large number of enthusiastic students. The practical results of their labor are shown in the numerous artistic half-tones which embellish the annual catalogues of this era, and many an "old boy" recalls with pleasure the sense of satisfaction which came to him when he passed from the stage of merely "pressing the button" to the more advanced work of the dark room and the printing frame.

From the day of its foundation until 1898 the Holy Family Church had celebrated as its titular feast the Patronage of St. Joseph. In that year the Holy See instituted the feast of the Holy Family to be celebrated in the third Sunday after Epiphany. For this reason, on the 23d of January, 1898, the new feast of the church was inaugurated by a Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated by His Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago.

In the year 1900, it was again the good fortune of a student of St. Ignatius to win the high honor of first place in the Latin Intercollegiate contest, the winner on this occasion being Mr. Andrew W. Hellgeth, a student of Humanities Class.

On the 8th of April, 1901, the first number of the St. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN was modestly given to the world, the only issue of the year. In 1902 two numbers appeared, one at Christmas, the second at Easter. It was not until April of 1903 that Fr. John Lodenkamper felt justified in sending it forth as a regular quarterly publication, a form it has maintained until the present day.

The few events which follow are too recent to merit a place even in such a modest historical sketch as the present, but one event of far reaching importance to those interested in the work of the Jesuits in Chicago should certainly be recorded.

On the 9th of March, 1906, definite provision for the future was made by the purchase for \$161,255.00 of a large tract of land at the northern limits of the city near the juncture of Devon Avenue and Sheridan Drive. On this site of twenty-two acres in the choicest section of the city and fronting on Lake Michigan, it is proposed to erect when means permit, a church and college.

Many hope to see in their life time a great University, the Catholic educational center of the Middle West. But means for this work far beyond the command of the Society of Jesuits are requisite. In these days when wealthy men are leaving monuments behind them by endowing great universities, our Catholic population, with some notable exceptions, have not yet risen to a realization of their opportunities for lasting good.

In a city like Chicago with a Catholic population of a million, it would seem no hard task to begin the work. And yet discouraging experience has proved that our wealthy Catholics have not yet appreciated the situation.

With a growing sense of the importance of Catholic education and a spirit of generosity on the part of those whom God has blessed with material prosperity, what golden possibilities lie before us all in the second half century which has already dawned in the History of the Jesuits in Chicago!



The Ballade of Sea and Shore.

When the wild sea rolls and the waves whip white,
 And the hail beats a tattoo against my door,
 When the north wind howls with all his might,
 There is place and enough for a life on shore:
 But whenever the tempest has ceased its roar,
 And the spray is light and the breeze is free,
 The landlubber's life is a fearsome bore—
 Then hey! for a sail on the open sea.

When the fisherwives watch through the fearful night,
 The return of the toilers with net and with oar,
 When dim as a ghost burns the beacon light,
 There is place and enough for a life on shore:
 But when Sol's spear drives through the fogs white core
 When the clouds scud away and their shadows flee,
 Then ho! for a skim o'er old ocean's floor,
 Then hey! for a sail on the open sea.

When the troublesome "blue boys" grip us tight,
 Or the gray of monotony makes us sore,
 When we're "all at sea," and nothing goes right,
 There is place and enough for a life on shore:
 But when Fancy selects from her varied store
 Gay colors for us and joybells and glee,
 And we pore no more over dusty lore,
 Then hey! for a sail on the open sea.

Envoy.

In short, when the heavens roar and pour,
 There is place and enough for life on shore
 But whenever life seems one glad "pink tea,"
 Then hey! For a sail on the open sea.

—J. AMBROSE MURRAY, '09.

Atopia Co., Limited.

BECAUSE the proverbial wolf of Hunger was seated upon the family threshold and emitting prolonged lachrymose howls, the Two were begging that afternoon. The Two, let it be understood, were very poor. Their father was one of a thousand men employed in a sugar refinery, and the mother stitched upon garments for an odoriferous Jew, who lived in a dingy half-cell, and paid her some absurd sum a dozen for the finished product. But to descend from generalities to the specific. The Two consisted of a girl, spindle-legged and spider-armed, and her snub-nosed brother who had viewed, from his vantage point on a tenement fire escape, five stifling summers. To the casual observer it would appear that both had heavy real estate holdings, not on their hands alone, but on their wizened countenances as well. Their scanty raiment betrayed its descent through channels eleemosynary, from more prosperous and rotund specimens of childhood. An Oxford and a Blucher had combined to furnish footwear for the boy. As a crowning glory the girl wore the dilapidated remnants of a hat that had created a furore when displayed by its original possessor at the West Side Paperhangers' Assistants' Second Annual Ball and Masquerade. But all the foregoing is to no definite purpose. It is but an inadequate description of two little scare-crows on the corn-field of the metropolis.

A month previous the younger of the two had a birthday, and, incidentally, a party. Not a box at the opera, nor a luncheon at Plows', but a sumptuous spread of bread and over-ripe fruit. The only guests, a pair of dolls as ragged as the Two themselves, assisted grandly. The same day their father paused long enough in his floor sweeping to pocket a handful of glistening sugary cubes, entire value about three cents. Perhaps he paused too long, at any rate a private detective of the American Refining Co., Limited, put him under arrest. He was tried, and the Judge, under the enlightening influence of the company's counsel, committed him to the Bridewell for six months. The strangest part of it all is, that so far, this story is true.

Although the Two were reduced to beggary they had excellent taste, and betrayed it in picking out the rear entrance of the

Stokes mansion. They knocked, told their tale, and were welcomed—by the cook to be sure. They sat at a wonderful table, their feet resting upon a newspaper, awaiting with ravenous anticipation the repast the cook was preparing. Now for the sake of contrast the Little Fluffy Girl enters the kitchen and the tale. There is no need to describe her. She had the same wealth of golden hair, the same blue eyes, the same dimples, the same starched furbelows that children of the idle rich possess in all authentic stories. Where our heroine differs in a way, is in that she was tired of it all, tired of all the silly, little vain-glorious prigs she conversed with, wearied of her stupid governess, disgusted with her monotonous existence. It is in such manner and mood then that the Little Fluffy Girl breaks in upon the Two. The Two were new toys, she would play with them. Their dirtiness charmed her. Their slang was delightfully refreshing. They constituted a break in the monotony. She talked to them of her clothes, her books, her dolls, and the Two stared wide-eyed while she opened fairyland to them. She would take them up to the nursery, wouldn't she, Cook? And the cook said she would, bless her little heart, wondering the while at her new found humanness. So the Two forgot the refreshments that had been the all-important consideration hitherto; forgot the kindly cook; forgot everything, and in a delirium of anticipation set their faces toward Utopia.

With the Little Fluffy Girl as cicerone they climbed the broad stairway and passed along hallways where their feet sank deeper and deeper into the rich carpet until Jimmie, clutching his sister's skirt in one grimy hand, exclaimed in a still, small voice of terror—

“Caff-rin!”

But Katherine was too absorbed in a dream of delight to heed her kinman's acute peril. At last their diminutive hostess pushed back a door, and they entered the nursery. The Two caught their breath suddenly. It was wonderful, far more so than the windows of the Christmas shops. It was beau-u-tiful! Around the walls multi-colored Brownies pursued corpulent rabbits in a madcap chase, and the sun, penetrating the chintz curtains, betrayed a wealth of toys scattered far and wide, victims of their owner's caprice. Dolls, blond and brunette; dolls, Caucasian and Mongolian; dolls, lame and well; dolls that were

mute and dolls that, when pressed, emitted a dejected "Pa-pa!" or "Ma-ma!" lay, stood, and sat in myriad array to meet the saucer-eyed appreciation of the Two. The Little Fluffy Girl, who, apart from this story, rejoiced in the almost Christian name of Gladys, was the first to speak. Including the whole apartment in an airy wave of her chubby hand, she said with the calm complacency of a plutocrat displaying his stables to an acquaintance: "This is my room. It is all mine—that is, except for Nurse. Papa did come in one day by accident, but he was very nice about it. He apologized for the intrusion."

But her unchild-like converse was lost upon the two Mulligans. They were somnambulists in the land of promise. They followed their bestarched hostess with lightsome tread, as though expecting any moment to wake and find the room and its furnishings a phantom. They examined her tinkly "Regina," her doll house, and gala-hued books with the identical stealthiness employed when pilfering peanuts from Tony's stand under the shadow of the broad back of Casey, the corner "cop." But with familiarity the strangeness departed, and soon the diminutive members of mass and class were fraternizing intimately.

The Little Fluffy Girl, possessed of a remarkable vocabulary, related a fairy story. It was about a princess with marvelous flaxen hair, who, residing in a golden castle where it rained roses and the gentle-faced moon sent shivery beams across a crystal lake, married a gentleman that was an intimate friend, if not a relation, of Jack the Giant-killer, and lived happily ever after. Katherine, stirred by a feminine dread of being outdone, to the accompaniment of the aforesaid music box, then performed a dance that had more than once induced the phlegmatic organ-grinder who frequented "de 19th" to remark "that she was-a good-da de dancer." A wild desire to emulate, or, better still, surpass these triumphs of the unfair sex took possession of Jimmie, and surged through his breast with a destructive vehemence that threatened to deprive his waistcoat of the last surviving button. He desired to do something big. He wanted to be a hero! In his rashness he probably contemplated a series of cartwheels that would bring both the Little Fluffy Girl and her excessively ornate domain to his feet. Howsoever, Jimmie's hopes were never realized, for simultaneously inspiration was engendered in the little lady herself. Inspirations were of seldom occurrence in Gladys's life—her heavy thinking for the most part being punctiliously performed by her super-refined governess—con-

sequently the present one made all the deeper impression. She clappd her hands in high glee.

"O-oh, I know what we will do. Do you want to know?"

"Sure!"

"We will go down to the kitchen——" the little fluffy one paused dramatically, "and make Cook give us something good! Won't that be nice?" Would it be nice? The Two ignored the question; it was excusable only by reason of the deep ignorance it displayed concerning present conditions.

Would it be nice to have a repetition of the Christmas tree at the Italian Mission on Easter? Would it be pleasant to have the Knickerbocker Ice Co. call thrice daily during August. It was futile, and Jimmie, spokesman for the nonce, responded blinking:

"Go ahead!"

And so with a flank movement, the invading army retreated from Utopia, and fell back on the base of supplies.

The trio advanced upon the kitchen and the cook capitulated. Seated again at the wonderful table The Two, blissfully happy, made away with the cake and milk set before them with precautionary haste. Gladys, perched on a chair like a fairy at a pantomime, nibbled at a sandwich, babbling excitedly the while. Just then a cool, even English voice came down the stairway. Suddenly the Two became conscious of the dirt upon their hands, not knowing why they ceased eating. In the hiatus which followed the voice was heard calling again. It was more than cool, it was hard, even harsh with conventionalism. It was the Little Fluffy Girl's governess.

"Miss Gladys!"

The Little Fluffy Girl drew back involuntarily from the dirtier of the Two.

"Miss Gladys, you are aware that your mother does not desire you in the kitchen. Come up at once!"

Plutocracy's representative paused, struggled, wavered. Her new-found childhood was being numbed by the frigidity of that voice.

"But, Miss Moore——" she expostulated.

"At once, my dear! Mademoiselle has been waiting some minutes for you."

Conquered, the Little Fluffy Girl started for the stairway, utterly oblivious of the Two and the paradise her departure was closing. She reached the foot of the stairs, then stopped, and

pointing scornfully at them, said: "Oh, Bridget, please send them away. They are quite too dirty!"

And with a haughty flirt of her stiffly starched skirts, the Little Fluffy Girl went back to her slavish environment.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.

Mater Boni Consilii.

O, Mother pure, untouched by smallest stain
 Of loathesome sin, to thee I sinful pray
 With trembling heart. O light my perilous way
 Fair Morning Star, that I may heaven gain.
 This is the month, my Mother, thou dost reign
 Within the souls of all. Hard hearts have they
 Who yield them not to thy love's tender sway;
 Let not my prayer ascend to thee in vain.

Sweet Mother of Good Counsel, counsel me,
 As now unto thy patronage I fly,
 Despise me not in my necessity,
 But save my soul from danger, lest it die.
 Though oft unto thy lips I bring a sigh,
 O be thou still, be thou a friend to me.

WALTER S. KEEFE.



Educated Catholics and Loyalty to Sovereign Pontiff.

[*The following paper, written by Mr. John P. Stoesser, won first place in the contest between the Jesuit colleges of the Middle West. The conditions of the contest required the essay to be written wholly in the class-room, and within the time limit of six hours.*]

In these troublous times, when the dark clouds of infidelity and error threaten completely to hide the bright light of Christianity, when the fierce waves of hatred and malice, lashed by the intellectual audacity of a proud and arrogant generation, are beating with greater violence than ever against the impregnable Rock of Peter, which in the eyes of the world seems on the verge of crumbling into the waters; now, more than ever before, ought the educated Catholic to show his loyalty to the common Father of Christendom, the supreme earthly ruler of the Church of Christ. Like many other inspiring words, the word loyalty is often strained and contorted to justify the whims, the caprice, and often the malice of men. Loyalty does not mean fanaticism, for the latter is the hideous child of blind passion or gross ignorance, whilst the former is the beautiful offspring of a sound intellect and a noble and generous heart. True loyalty may be defined as habitual and unswerving fidelity to the object of one's devotion. The higher and nobler the object of our devotion, the higher and nobler is our loyalty. Loyalty is something noble and therefore it is more than mere submission. Mere submission may be a matter of policy, of fear; it may be obtained by force and compulsion. Loyalty, however, cannot be bought; nor can a man be made loyal by coercion; loyalty is entirely dependent upon the free will of man. This fidelity is chiefly shown to civil and ecclesiastical authorities, as representing the material and spiritual welfare of mankind. But as the spiritual welfare of man is of far greater importance than his mere material well-being; and as whatever pertains to his spiritual nature is higher and nobler than that which affects his corporal being; so, too, is that institution, whose object is the final salvation of mankind, grander and nobler than any institution, whose care embraces merely the political and economical welfare of human society. Accordingly, loyalty to the church, the guardian of our spiritual good, is grander, nobler and of



JOHN P. STOESSER, '08
Winner of Inter-Collegiate English Contest.

higher importance than loyalty to the state, the protector and guardian of our material good.

From this, however, it does not follow that Loyalty to Church excludes Loyalty to the State. On the contrary, the man who is truly loyal to the Sovereign Pontiff, the supreme head of an institution, the very essence of which is the spiritual happiness of men, is in an especial manner fitted to show grander and nobler fidelity to the state and its laws, and to be a better and more patriotic citizen in every respect than one who narrows and hems in his fidelity by mere material and political considerations. The man who loves not his God will not love his country; and the man who will not be faithful to him who teaches the eternal truth of God, will not be faithful to those that represent civil authority.

Educated Catholics have many reasons to be loyal to our Holy Father, the Bishop of Rome. The primary motive for loyalty to the Roman Pontiff is that such is the expressed command of our Blessed Savior. That our Lord conferred special distinctions upon St. Peter no one will deny, not even a Protestant or an unbeliever. But the Catholic Church teaches even more. It is a matter of faith that Peter was made the head of the Church, and that the Roman Pontiffs are his true successors in dignity and jurisdiction; because Peter's primacy is to last to the end of time. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "Behold, I am with you all days, even till the consummation of time." The early Fathers of the Church, St. Cyprian, St. Irenaeus, St. Clement, St. Ignatius, St. Augustine and others, looked to Rome as the seat of all the church's jurisdiction and power. There is no need of proving to a true Catholic the primacy of the Popes of Rome. History and reason, and above all, Holy Scripture, bear invincible testimony to this fact. We only consider all this as a motive, and a strong motive, to show loyalty to the venerable Pontiff at all times, and most especially when he is assailed by the malicious and underhanded attacks of his numerous enemies.

But the educated Catholic has besides these supernatural, also many natural motives for showing an undying and generous fidelity to the Holy Father. He is one of a long line of spiritual rulers, that form the grandest and most illustrious dynasty in the history of this world. The annals of dynasties of merely temporal rulers are replete with crime and corruption. The different lines of earthly sovereigns begin perhaps with a noble and illustrious founder, and perish in the person of a degenerate successor. Their histories are

often but blood-stained records of tyranny, injustice, cruelty, war, conquest and final debauchery.

But how different with the Papacy! The bitter foes of the Catholic Church can only prove that four or five of the long line of more than two hundred Popes were not what they should have been. But even in the case of one or other bad Pope, not one error in matters of faith or morals has ever been found to have been taught by these Popes, not even by the famous "Borgia." And this is all the more wonderful, when we consider that their every word and action were rigidly scrutinized by gifted men, by men endowed with satanical shrewdness and intellect, who were only too eager to discover doctrines that contradicted the teachings of other Popes.

The Popes have always protected the weak, and secured justice for oppressed humanity. It was a fearless Leo the Great that stayed the devastating fire and the reeking sword of Attila and Genseric. The Popes saved Europe from the yoke of Mohammedan barbarism, when the temporal rulers of Christian Europe trembled for their crowns. The Popes promoted peace and harmony among the Catholic princes of Europe, and protected the people from being oppressed by arbitrary feudal lords. Gregory the Great began the great task of reforming the corrupt clergy in the eleventh century. This same Gregory had the courage to resist the unjust encroachments of a licentious Emperor Henry. And when this imperial tyrant trampled upon the rights of the Church and of his people, Gregory released the latter from their oath of allegiance. The emperor repaid in penitential garb to Canossa.

The Popes not only converted Europe, but also were the founders of European civilization. They sent an Augustine to convert England, a Patrick to sanctify Ireland and a Boniface to win the sturdy Germans to the faith. They sent monks to found monasteries in the lands of these newly converted people, to build colleges, to instruct the young in all the arts, in agriculture and the handicrafts. They found great universities, that have survived to this very day and have ever been renowned as seats of learning. The universities of Prague, of Paris, of Bologna, of Oxford and others, are monuments that loudly proclaim the benefits the Popes have conferred upon institutions of learning. But the Popes did not limit their paternal care to Europe alone. Whilst temporal rulers were killing or exploiting the natives of the newly discovered Americas, the East Indies and Africa, the Popes sent missionaries to convert the people and learned priests to instruct them.

To India they sent such illustrious men of learning as the Jesuit, St. Francis Xavier. To China they sent the learned Jesuits, Ricci and Schall. Everywhere in Catholic America, where Papal influence had any weight, there were built schools, colleges and universities. The Popes have ever sympathized with our great American Republic, the United States. Our late Pontiff, Leo XIII, of glorious memory, surpassed all previous Popes in his love of our country, but even he, perhaps, is surpassed in this love for American Catholics by our present Holy Father. If American Protestants or such as profess no creed at all, ever believed that loyalty to the Pope of Rome and loyalty to our free constitution were contradictory terms, the words and actions of Pius IX, Leo XIII and Pius X have dispelled all their fears. The great Leo XIII told them that the church can thrive better in a free republic than in a tyrannical monarchy.

The same glorious Pope refuted the accusation of the enemies of the church, who declare that Catholicism is hostile to science and learning. He understood that the truth could not suffer from the light of true science. He opened the Vatican libraries to the world, both to friend and foe of the church. He urged Catholic men of learning to examine the mysteries of nature and unravel the secrets of geology and archaeology. He himself studied the great and perplexing social questions of the time. His encyclicals on labor and capital give ample proof of his all-embracing affection for men. He encouraged talented young Catholics from all over the world to attend the fountain-heads of learning, the colleges of Rome. Our present Holy Father has already won the hearts of all Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic as well. We hear men of all creeds praise his grand and noble, his whole-souled and unselfish character. Only men steeped in vice and corruption of heart and mind dare to vilify and calumniate him. His attitude towards the Masonic pirates and socialistic banditti of unhappy France, has won the sympathy and admiration of every noble-minded American. He has said that if the church were as free in France as it is in the United States he would rest satisfied. Truly such a grand and venerable Father deserves the undying loyalty and affection of every Catholic American and especially of every educated Catholic American.

Our loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff may be shown in many ways. No Catholic will question the wisdom and the duty of obeying the Pope in all matters concerning faith and morals. To refuse loyalty in these matters would be to deny the faith. Our loyalty to the Holy Father should be shown in word and action. We should

co-operate with his efforts to promote the true happiness of mankind by helping him spread sound principles of conduct and discipline. A pernicious system of ethical principles, or rather unethical principles, permeates all phases of our present social life. Dishonesty in business and in politics is considered commendable if the party concerned can evade the arm of justice. The grossest kind of materialism has captured the hearts of rich and poor, hence the great conflict between labor and capital. The Pope raises his voice, we must give him moral support. The Pope expects it, and it is the binding duty of every good, educated, Catholic American to give him moral support. We must help to shape and form public opinion in his favor. We must with relentless energy combat the venal press, that seeks to blind the public to true facts by outrageous misrepresentations of the Pope's attitude towards the enemies of the Church of France, Spain and other countries. We must organize societies and raise our voices in one grand, united protest against the injustice and the insults heaped upon the venerable head of our common Father. Catholic writers must use their pen, and Catholic orators all the power of their mind and heart, to denounce the encroachments of a tyrannical state upon the inalienable rights of the Church of Christ and the prerogatives of her supreme head. If we sit idly by and allow a body of Masonic and fanatic law-makers to usurp the rights of the church and trample upon all the prerogatives of her head, such men will be encouraged by our lethargy to continue their diabolical persecution.

But true and unswerving loyalty to our Holy Father will not fail to have a most salutary effect upon the enemies of the church. This effect will be all the more lasting and impressive, if educated Catholic Americans stand as one man in loyalty to the Pope. There is strength in union; but there is all the more strength in a union that embodies the highest and best that a land can produce in greatness of intellect and nobility of character. The tendency of the times is to over-cultivate the intellectual and physical parts of man. Catholic education has not neglected these parts, but above all the church lays great stress upon the moral training of her sons. She holds that to give a man an intellectual training only, at the expense of morality, is to fit him for eternal perdition. The Catholic, the educated Catholic, has received the best possible intellectual and moral training. What influence must not the united action of such Catholic Americans exert upon our non-Catholic citizens!

Our fidelity, our united fidelity to Rome can and will excite their admiration and respect. For all fair-minded Americans re-

spect and admire men of principle. Even our enemies will respect and secretly admire our loyalty to our Sovereign Pontiff for loyalty to a good cause, nobility of character, and whole-souled generosity excite the admiration and respect of the most depraved and wicked men; whilst nothing is so contemptible in the eyes of the good and the bad alike, as want of loyalty. The apostate Catholic has ever died despised by the enemies of the church, and the weak-kneed educated Catholic has ever been an object of contempt and scorn.

The loyalty of our educated Catholics will have a most beneficial influence upon our less fortunate brethren, who have not enjoyed the advantages of a higher education. They have a right to look up to their educated brethren for an example of loyalty to the Holy Father; and we have the duty to give them such an example. If we do this we will be loved by our Holy Father, honored and esteemed by our less fortunate Catholic brethren, and admired and respected by all mankind.

A Night in May.

It was a night in flower-creating May
That I with my companion slowly rowed
Across a placid lake. Oh, Nature showed
More grand that night than words of mine can say.
How the large stars shone, so far away!
How by our boat the murmuring waters flowed!
And how magnificent the moon, that glowed,
A golden shield, turning night into day!

Thick woods—tall, shadow-casting, stately trees—
On every side of this calm lake did lie.
And where their kingly crests betrayed the breeze,
Deep waters told the movement to deep sky.
And this was Spring! To every man's heart dear;
Yes, Spring, the sweetest season of the year!

—WILLIAM H. BROWN, '09.

The Boy That Tends The Bats.

The youngsters in the bleachers look
And envy him his place;
For baseball is his spelling book,
His guide the pitcher's face.
He calls the players Jiggs or Bill,
And when he holds their hats
Ah, how that favor proudly thrills
The boy that tends the bats!

He knows the bat each player likes
Before that hero asks.
And when a batter's out on strikes
He takes the "Ump" to task.
Just hear him bellow in surprise:
"They call you umpire? that's
A joke on you; forget it!" cries
The boy that tends the bats!

He may be small and ugly, and
Of sadly worldly eye;
His hat may lack a ribbon band,
He may not wear a tie;
But the richest boy will envy him
His share of players' chats.
The proudest boy of Boyville is
The boy that tends the bats!

—DANIEL A. LORD.

The Elocution Contest.

On the evening of May 8th in Association Hall, the *locale* of many recent College entertainments, St. Ignatius held its annual Elocution Contest for upper classmen. The initial number, a piano duet by Henry and Frederick Schmitt, was capably executed with an underlying motif of protestations on the part of belated auditors desiring entrance to the already crowded auditorium. In the Third Class which, paradoxically, was first on the program, the opening selection was that somewhat reminiscent race piece "How the LaRue Stakes Were Lost," well interpreted by James A. Duffin. Joseph H. McLary followed with a thrilling rendition of the glories of "Shamus O'Brien," and in turn was succeeded by Albert J. O'Grady in a clever colored dialect jocosity "Two Runaways." A subsequent decision of the judges awarded the medal in this division to Mr. McLary. Then the Glee Club, Mr. Clemens A. Hutter directing, sang Nevin's melodic "Far at Sea," and, being encored, responded with a humoristique. Pursuing recent innovation the selections of the speakers of the First Class, which followed, were drawn solely from the dramas of Shakespeare, a restriction which not only elevates the tone of the contest, but gives the evening a highly literary tone. The First Class was introduced by Mr. James E. O'Brien, '08, an elocutionist of tried ability, who gave an evidently carefully considered interpretation, notable for the aptness of expression facially, and the deftly calculated vehemance and repression of the two participants. The Street Scene that occurs in the third act of "The Merchant of Venice" served the next speaker, Mr. Thomas A. Guinane, '08. While, perhaps, failing to denote as potently as possible the animosity and senility of Shylock, in the more emotional moments Mr. Guinane was wholly adequate, and showed a notable lack of stiff stage presence. The Dagger Scene from the second act of "Macbeth" was employed as a medium of expression by Mr. Del Beccaro, '09, and he displayed in his rendition of this extremely difficult scene the true knowledge of the dramatic value of a pause, and a noticeable polish and surety. The scene between Romeo and Friar Laurence transpiring in the third act, scene second of the Capulet-Montague drama was rendered by Mr. Daniel A. Lord, '09, with the same gratifying ease of manner, pleasantness of vocal power, and grace of gesture which characterized his appearance in "If I Were King" and, of more

recent date, in the Oratorical Contest. At the conclusion Mr. Lord was compelled, in the parlance of Thespiea, to "take a call" and smilingly acknowledge his appreciation of the applause. Edmund F. Curda, '09, succeeded him in that passage of the "Merchant of Venice" which concerns the loan of the historic 3,000 ducats. While failing to denote strongly the disparity in age between the Jew and Antonio, still he gave an otherwise correct delineation and scored most of the dramatic points to be had from the scene. That familiar quotation from "As You Like It," the Seven Ages, received treatment at the hands of Mr. Thomas F. Fitzgerald, '08, that closely approached perfection, and proved particularly pleasing to the audience owing to their thorough understanding of the subject matter. The Select Choir, under the direction of Mr. Hutter, sang "The Frog and the Nightingale" with the finish and pleasure attendant on all the performances of this stellar, "little glee club." After the encore, Francis W. McGovern, the first speaker of the Second Class, recited "The Spanish Mother," a rather epicedian selection, but well done. The wonderful run "of that boy, Eliakim" was then recounted by Mr. Raymond P. Morand, and James J. Gaughan supplemented it with an exciting account of a boat race, entitled "The Honor of the Woods." In the intermission which followed the Glee Club sang one of Reilly's verses of childhood, and then the decision of the judges was announced. In the Second Class the recipient of the gold medal was Raymond P. Morand, and in the First Class it was awarded to Daniel A. Lord, '09.

In its entirety the Contest proved singularly enjoyable, and bespeaks well, both the ability of the participants, and the success of College dramatics during the coming year.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



A Jubilee Ode.

Solo.

Sing we all the feast, Ignatius,
 Of thy golden Jubilee,
 Sing thy honors and thy praises,
 Every heart beats true to thee.

Chorus.

Loud our tongues exultant shouting
 Prove thy joys to us are dear;
 Never thy great glories doubting,
 With fresh praises come we here.

Duet.

Though the fleeting years may banish
 Fainter dreams of memory,
 Naught can ever cause to vanish
 All our loving thoughts of thee.

Chorus.

Fifty years are stretched behind thee
 Like the beads on chaplet bright,
 Looking back we ever find thee
 Always shrined in golden light.

Quartet.

Still the future lies before thee,
 Strewn with roses by thy way!
 May the days to be restore thee
 All the joys of yesterday!

Chorus.

May each dawn, effulgent, breaking,
 Bring new honors to thy name!
 May each passing hour be making
 Still more glorious thy fame.

And thy sons shall sing thy praises
 Until Death has dropped its veil,
 Ever faithful through Life's mazes;
 Fair Ignatius to thee Hail!

Hail! Hail!

—JAMES EMMET ROYCE.

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ATHLETICS PASSIM EXCHANGES

EDWARD PATRICK MCHUGH JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, '08 JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08

BUSINESS MANAGER THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY, '10

GEORGE JOSEPH ANDERSON, '08

ACADEMY

by the orchestra, will be sung by the combined academic choir and glee club, consisting of ninety voices. This commencement will long be remembered by all who attend and especially by the graduating class of '07.

P. J. M., '07.

A Farewell.

WITH this number of the COLLEGIAN some of the editors sing their swan song and drop from the ranks of college journalism into the quiet retirement of common life. Whether their itch for fame as writers has been satisfied or only lies dormant and will break forth with stronger force time alone can tell.

The mark aimed at in writing, as in other arts, is seldom hit by amateurs, and while the paper may not have come up to the high standard we intended, judging from the approbation received from other journals and from interested friends, we may safely say that the ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN has not declined and has been on a par with the issues of preceding years.

To our successors we leave our best wishes for a prosperous and successful year and hope that when June, 1908, rolls arounds the COLLEGIAN will be far advanced on the road of literature. We wish our exchanges success and a bright future, and overlooking all faults and failing and with only love for all mankind we present this issue and say, Vale.

P. J. M., '07.

Law and Order.

Instituted since the beginning of time, law and order have prevailed throughout the earth. There is no nation, no community that can exist without them. This universe is a most striking example of God's divine law—everything is in order.

To rebel against authority is man's primal instinct. Rebellion does little good and he who opposes the law, is always worsted. It is utter nonsense to say that all men are equal. Someone must govern, someone must be governed. That is why our prisons are filled, why we need police courts, and why men lose their freedom.

And now, come into our own sphere. Rules and regulations are essential in every college. Without them, there would be chaos, no chance of acquiring knowledge. Still, those same college rules

are broken wilfully, repeatedly. If one puts oneself under another's authority he must submit to, not defy it. Rule-breaking leads on to more rule-breaking, and the habits formed at school have a powerful influence in shaping one's character. A boy boasts of his achievements in escaping discipline, and leaves school with little true knowledge gained therein. He absents himself from class—an hour lost, perhaps forever.

We are all prone to err, and boyish heedlessness accounts for half the seeming disobedience. However, it is always the few who give a class a bad reputation. Always those same few who are getting into trouble. Class spirit ought not put up with those law breakers to the injury of its good name, and class-spirit seldom does. Thus it is that "Jesuit discipline and order" has made a name for itself. A name that stands for strict, unquestioning obedience. Obedience that produces men of character, men of splendid reputation.

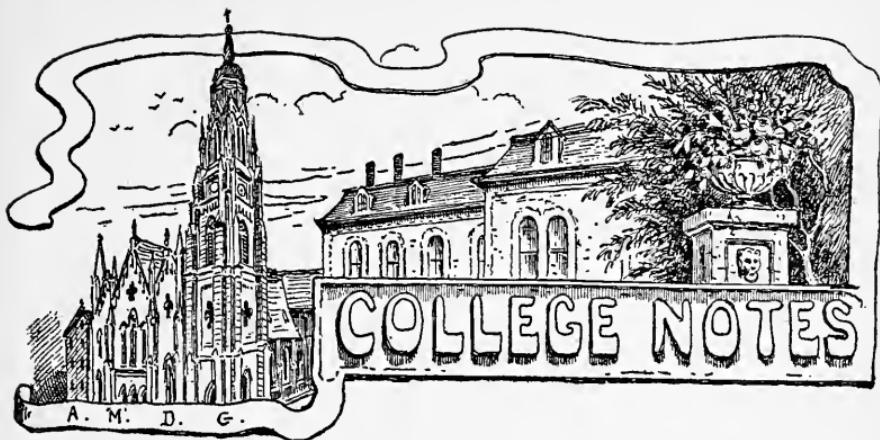
T. Q. B.

Ave Atque Vale.

"To night; ah, let us linger with tonight;—
When now, for the last time, we stand and look
Into the faces that we have known and loved;—
'Good-night!' we could not, would not,
cannot say 'Good-bye!'"

The present issue of the COLLEGIAN marks the completion of another year, and the departure of some of the members of the present editorial board. It means that the men who have worked hard for the magazine and the College are going out into a field of greater endeavor, carrying with them our earnest hopes and prayers for success. This departure is inevitable—the COLLEGIAN only hopes that it may find men as fit in a literary way and as pleasant in comradeship to succeed them. Our relations have been so cordial, that in the after glow of reflection they will assuredly constitute a delightful memory. But though these companions of pleasant hours depart, the COLLEGIAN remains. Remains to reflect college life, its ways and joys, and as we have said before, to keep us all from taking ourselves too seriously. The departing members of the staff go out with the heartfelt assurance that many are interested in them, would rejoice in their accomplishment of something great, and with the hearty hand clasp and God-speed of all their associates.

J. P. R.



Yes, our little world has its celebrities too, some of whom, no doubt, are known even those outside our college sphere, and others whose fame is confined to their own circle of classmates. But celebrities they are none the less, the leaders, the financiers, the literati, the orators or perhaps the fighters of their own kingdom. A young Demosthenes stands here, an imperious Caesar there; yonder a tall broad shouldered Chance towers among his coterie of friends. From out the east comes a Beau Brummel, chatting, perhaps, with a youthful Russell Sage. Yes, truly, are we a world within ourselves, and truly have we our own celebrities.

But come, stand with me where the eastern corner of the building shades a portion of the campus. Come and together we'll stand and scan with our attentive eye the gate through which one enters our world. I shall be the guide, you, my listener; and as they enter here, my comrades and my friends, I will introduce them to you one by one, and point out for you the niche which each one holds.

Ah, here comes our first; gaze well upon this man. Tall and broad, rendered even more noticeably large by the diminutive book-satchel which he bears in his hand, he comes striding with giant steps, as if his feet strove in vain to keep pace with the working of his brain. Mighty John Lincoln Stoesser is he. Scholar, debater, linguist might all be applied to him in turn, and still leave him undescribed. Look well at the volume resting under his arm; read the title, "Socialism, Its Cause and Cure," and learn of one of the many of Mr. Stoesser's weighty subjects of thought.

He has withdrawn and through the gate has come another, small, rather slender, but quick, alert, with an eager, rapid step which corresponds perfectly to the happy bright look on his countenance. Patrick Brisbane Mulhern they call him. Editor-in-chief of the Collegian, Prefect of the Sodality and Secretary of the Debating Society are but a few of the offices which go to show his popularity with professors and students. Wherever he goes, Pat is welcomed by his friends, and every college boy is his friend.

He passes, and around the corner blithly swinging a Collegian advertising sign, and whistling in shrillest tone, "There's a Hole in Old Glory Tonight," sails Pierre O'Henry Roche. Before us stands, or rather moves, the clever fiction producer, the brightest light in the field of College journalism, a humorist who is the only person failing to laugh at his witticisms, a devotee of art for art's and his own sake, a theater-goer, critical but just, and an all round good fellow.

What noise is that that strikes upon our ears? Ah, there it comes in the form of two brilliant tan oxfords, gleaming in the sun and bearing into view John Ward McAllister Sackley. A smile is parting John's lips; perhaps another contract awaits his consideration, (for John lives in another and busier world as well) or perhaps he has just run across a friend in his auto. Not that a smile is an unusual thing with John, for genial, jovial John without his smile would be like—but need I finish that tried and trite quotation?

Hark to the sudden melody floating on the air, "I Can't Tell Why I love You, But I Do," are the words that reach my ear, borne aloft in the dulcet tones of a duet, as Messrs. Emmet Poe Royce and John Verdi Quinn swing into view. This famous duo, one a man of literature, the other of music, have but lately joined talents, and the result has been that the master of the pen has fitted to the music of the master of the piano thoughts which needed but the touch of melody to render almost inspiring.

But even before they pass from our sight, another takes their place. Short but stocky, and conspicuous for his deep chest and broad shoulders is "Chick" Steinfelt O'Connor. Popular in the class room and popular on the diamond, yet ever modest, ever retiring, ever cheerful, and in the words of a certain youth

to whom I commented on "Chick's" third selection as president of his class, "never stuck up."

And so they come and go, our celebrities of this college world. An orator with an overhanging awning of hair follows close upon a financier with his cold, calculating eye for business, and behind them strides a student deep in thoughts of higher things. Will the boy, as the saying goes, be father to the man? Will the tendencies we see so marked in them now continue in the future, in the world of reality? Who knows?

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On April tenth, Mr. Young, a member of Miss Annie Russell's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" company and an old student of an eastern Jesuit College, delivered a lecture on "The Merchant of Venice." Taking for his theme the sentiment "the old man is wronged," Mr. Young endeavored to prove that the Jew was in a very great sense an injured man, that, as he put it, Shylock was not as bad as he was painted nor Antonio as good. The lecture, which the speaker acted rather than delivered, was enlivened by character sketches and by passages from the drama, as well as by several amusing personal experiences of the lecturer. The beauty of Mr. Young's voice and the grace of his movement held his audience enthralled and in response to the enthusiastic applause which followed the conclusion, he delivered a very appreciative little curtain speech.

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The students of the upper classes assembled on the afternoons of April thirtieth and May third in the college hall to listen to a lecture on "Macbeth" delivered by the Rev. Simon Blackmore.

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It is with considerable pride that we present in full the showing made by the students of St. Ignatius College in the Inter-collegiate contests of the past three years. These contests, as most of our readers no doubt already know, are conducted, under the auspices of a special board between the students of the seven colleges of the Missouri Province. Two contests are held every scholastic year; one a Latin and the other an English Essay. To the writer of the best paper in each contest is awarded a gold medal and a prize of fifty dollars. During the past three years, out of sixty places, St. Ignatius' students have

been successful in capturing seventeen places, including one first. The most successful competitor has been Mr. John Stoesser, who has captured a first and a sixth place in the English contests, and a sixth and a ninth place in the Latin. The following are the results in full:

English Contest, 1905—James Rice, sixth.

Latin Contest, 1905—John Guest, third; Patrick Cronin, eighth; William Rooney, tenth.

English Contest, 1906—John Stoesser, sixth; James E. Royce, eighth.

Latin Contest, 1906—Daniel A. Lord, sixth; Patrick Cronin, seventh; John Stoesser, ninth; Joseph Lynch, tenth.

English Contest, 1907—John Stoesser, first; Harry Thometz, sixth; Michael Ahern, tenth.

Latin Contest, 1907—Daniel Murphy, fifth; John Stoesser, sixth; Joseph Lynch, seventh; James Foley, ninth.

* * *

During the past Ember Week, St. Ignatius College was the scene of the conferring of the minor orders of the Subdiaconate and Deaconship on fifteen young men who had but lately completed their studies for the holy priesthood. On Wednesday, May the twenty-second, the young men received the tonsure and the Minor Orders in the college chapel; on the two following days they received the succeeding orders of Deacon and Sub-deacon and on Saturday the twenty-fifth were ordained at the Cathedral of the Holy Name.

The young men ordained are as follows:

Peter Cechozski	James Sullivan
Albert Deder	Dominic Sopinski
John E. Foley	Felix Feldheim
Edw. P. Gahagan	Edward Cryne
Wm. Griffin	Wm. Irish (Peoria)
James Kearns	Jos. Munday (Peoria)
Conrad Knui	Richard O'Laughlin (Peoria)
Armond Martin	Martin V. Breen, C. S. V.
Thomas Bona	

* * *

News has just reached us that William P. O'Neill, of Poetry B, has received an appointment for West Point, through his Con-

gressman and has successfully passed the physical examination. Owing to the fact that he has completed the high school course at the college Mr. O'Neill was not required to take the scholarship examinations. He will enter "among the plebs" June 15th, and one of the persons to greet his arrival will be Franz Doniat, who has been there since he left St. Ignatius some two or three years ago.

The second annual banquet of the "St. Ignatius Collegian" Staff will be held in Parlor O of the Palmer House on the evening of June 19th.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





The Glee Club, Orchestra and Choir are preparing, with their usual diligence, a delightful musical feast for Commencement Night, which promises to be beyond the average as regards selection of numbers, as well as their execution. This performance, marking their last appearance for the year 1906-07, the young men hope to make a finale of long remembrance in the College annals.

The Glee Club are preparing "Star of Hope," a delightful work, by Carrie Jacobs Bond, and a song well suited to the occasion called "Farewell."

"In Nature's Garden" and "The Parade of the Humming Birds" will be given by the orchestra, together with a heavy overture, "Dreams of Erin," a medley of Moore's Works. The choir will appear with the Glee Club and orchestra in two grand choruses, one of them, "Hail Ignatius," written by Mr. Royce of Rhetoric Class. The direction of the musical numbers is in the capable hands of Professors Hutter and Pribyl, who have gained an enviable reputation from the past four years' work at St. Ignatius.

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THE ORCHESTRA GIFT.

On Monday, June 3, the members of the college orchestra assembled in the Music Room for their usual rehearsal, but from the air of nervousness that prevailed above the dulcet strains of violas and cellos, one might easily detect that something unusual was slated for the day's programme, and so there was. About 1 o'clock Father Cassilly entered the studio and immediately all was hushed. Amid smiles and applause, Mr. Kettles arose, and, in the name of his fellow orchestra members, presented Father Cassilly with a superb work in pastel as a token of love and esteem which all the boys felt for the reverend Father. Mr. Kettles, as the oldest member of the organization, told how Father Cassilly, by his untiring zeal and

eagerness for their success, increased the orchestra from a membership of fourteen to forty, and had given for the use of the students eight new instruments.

Father Cassilly, overcoming his surprise, thanked the students most heartily for their kindness, and in return for the appreciation shown him, he invited the boys to an ice-cream feast, which invitation was received with the usual enthusiasm.

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The annual violin and piano contest for the year 1906-07 was held May 27 in the Music Studio. A large class of contestants, pursuing their studies under the careful guidance of Professors Hutter and Pribyl, played for the prize, and each one gave an excellent account of his year's study. The medal will be awarded to the student who has made the greatest progress during the year.

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Owing to those important repetitions that require so much attention toward the close of the year, the Glee Club has made but three appearances in the last two months. At the oratorical contest two numbers were heard from them, and at the junior elocution contest the boys gave two of the College's old-time favorites. Madonna Council, of the K. of C., invited the club to appear at the Association Hall, where three numbers were given.

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THE MERRY MUMMERS MUSICAL MELANGE.

Success is the fruit of originality. So think that mysterious organization known as the Merry Mummers, which sprang into prominence in the middle of the year. The members of this society are Messrs. Lord, Roche, Royce and Quinn.

It was one of those dismal days which you read about in the story-books that the Mummers lounged lazily over their magazines in that secluded retreat known as the Sanctum. A dull spell seemed to have seized them entirely, for their silence was almost solemn, when one of the company threw down his magazine, and with a yawn, exclaimed: "Let's write a comic opera."

The shock was almost electrical. Three magazines dropped simultaneously to the floor, and three pairs of eyes gazed in wonder and astonishment at the ambitious "Herbert." Not a word was spoken. At that same moment Father McKeough opened the door of the Sanctum and entered. In short, his message was this: "I wish you boys would provide a thirty-minute minstrel entertainment, to be given with the gymnasium exhibition."

I will not continue the further details; the result was the performance that was witnessed by the large and enthusiastic audience, filling the College Auditorium on the evening of April 10.

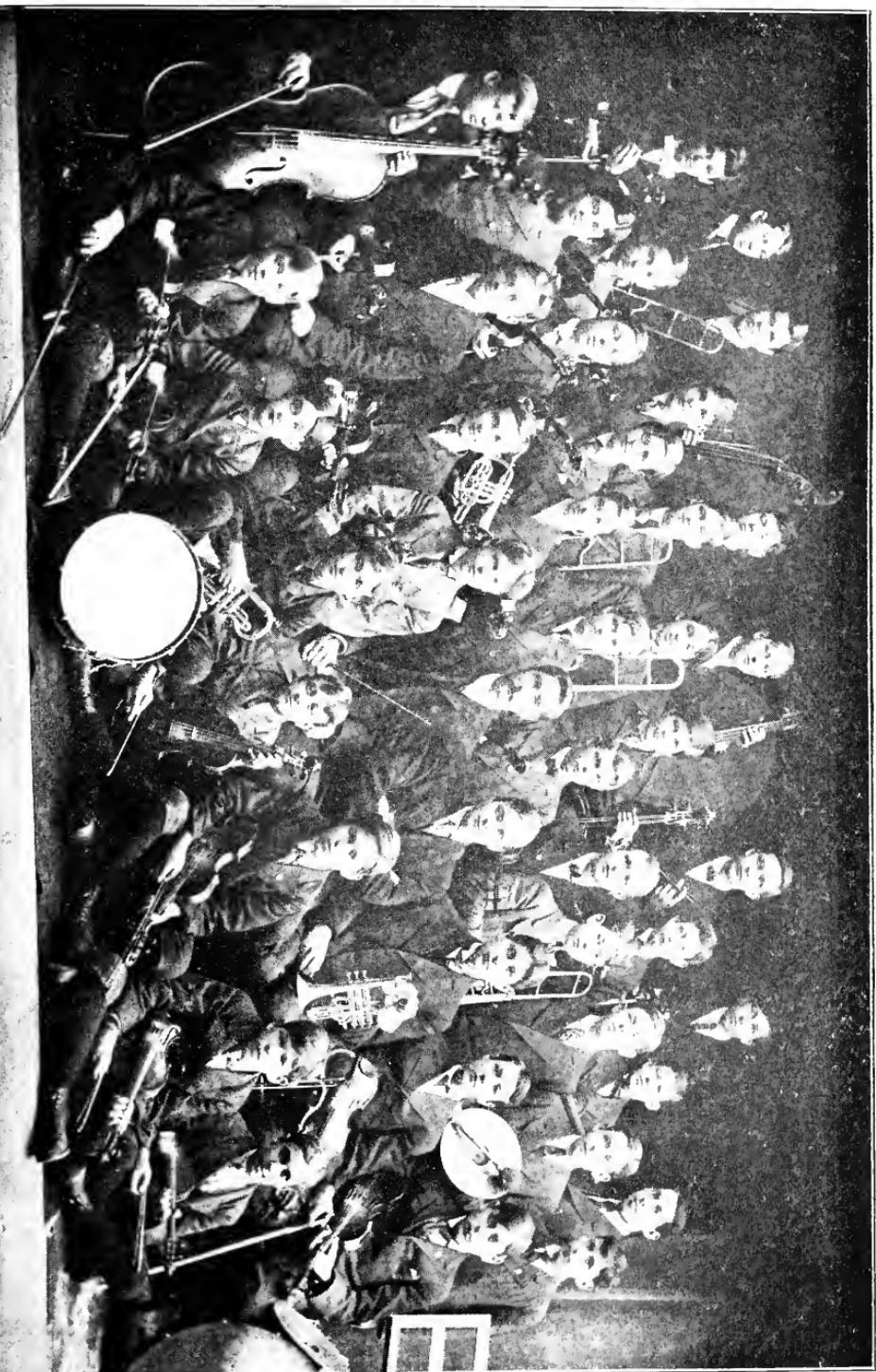
A dress rehearsal was given on the Saturday preceding the 10th, and the result was the usual "first night" failure. The jokes were slow; the songs dragged, and it seemed almost a relief when the performance had ended. But not to be daunted, the boys held two rehearsals daily until the evening of the 10th arrived.

The gymnasium entertainment was given with brisk action until 9 o'clock, and at that hour the minstrel show was announced. The first notes of the opening chorus struck up rhythmically by the orchestra, lent great encouragement to the boys as did "Dixie" in the Civil War days, when hope had almost fled. All timidity vanished, and the boys resolved to make the evening a highly successful one. As the six end-men entered, laughter and shouts arose from the delighted audience. The "make-ups" were so perfectly funny that even the pessimist was forced to smile at least a little. A few jokes opened the evening, and each was received with such spontaneous applause and laughter that when Mr. Roberts arose to sing his "Motor Song" all nervousness vanished and he felt perfectly at home with his listeners. Mr. Brosseau sang "Love Time" in a delightful manner, and was enthusiastically applauded for his work. "In Old Japan" was next given by Mr. Quinn, with the assistance of Japanese lanterns and parasols. The hall being darkened, the lighted lanterns formed a pleasing stage picture. A few more brisk jokes and Mr. Friel sang "Maroon and Gold." He fairly took the house when he waved the S. I. C. banner to the rhythm of his song. The closing chorus was struck up by the orchestra, and as the minstrel men marched off the stage, thunderous applause rang after them, demanding three acknowledgments.

An hour later four boys met in the banquet room and shook hands. The Merry Mummers Musical Melange had made a hit, for the people were whistling new songs as they streamed out of the college hall.



ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE ORCHESTRA - 1907.





PASSIM

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June—"

It is June. June, as Jerome K. Jerome has written, when the fairies dwell in the hearts of the roses and the moonbeams bend each night under the weight of elfin feet. Yes, we reiterate, it is June. Examinations, those bugabears that give us back to Policeman Day, will soon be past. Then some of us will go to limpid lakes where the moon smiles softly over the trees, and others—well, others will hurriedly deliver bundles at limp salaries. But enough of that. Come let's all be merry! Let us trip Life's measure to the tintinnabulations of gladsome strains, it is June—hurrah, hurray, and hurroo for that! By the way, it has been Passim's custom to humbly crave pardon, in the last issue of the year, of those he may have offended by his poor whilom jests during the course of it. Passim is no enemy of custom. She gives us all our holidays. So, as heretofore, we beseech all to forgive and forget what we perpetrated in the madness and gladness of youth.

THE GENTLEMEN THAT WENT TO INDIANA.

A PRETTY, RURAL THING.

We—Passim prose and Passim versifier—descend gracefully from the milk train, brush our clothes with dignity, and look about us. A small town, reposing in vernal sleepiness, meets our lethargic gaze. Over near the town pump stands the general store—The Emporium—in all its majesty. It yawns. That is to say, a small boy opens the front door and commences to raise a whirlwind of dust. He and I decide to go, see, and conquer said small boy. We approach, the versifier wearing his most

ingratiating smile—the same that keeps his picture on the piano in the drawing rooms of some of our best people—while I have the distant air of a man who has risen far too early. Chorus—

“Mornin’ Cy!”

The youth stops the whirlwind in its infancy, rests his chin on the broom, and speaks—

“If you are addressing me, my name is Reginald!”

Reginald in the country! First idol shattered. Passim versifier recovers, and remarks—

“Well, Reginald, would you mind pointing out the hotel to us?”

Reginald stops boozing the dust industry, jerks a thumb in the direction of the Emporium, and drawls—

“General store, hotel, and op-ry house. Ice cream and coal in season. Breakfast ready purty soon. Won’t you set down and wait?” he inquires laconically. We “set,” and I summon up sufficient courage to ask, “What time do you generally serve breakfast?”

“We don’t serve it—generally. See that feller jest goin’ by the Cash Racket?” he broke off excitedly, pointing at an immaculately garbed youth passing a shop across the way, “well, that fellar sure air the Beau Nash of this city. I wrote a poem about him, do you want to hear it?”

Shades of James Whitcomb Riley! Could we refuse to listen in Indiana? We nod assent briskly, and the Boy with the Broom recites the following:

“WHO’S WHO” IN OUR TOWN.

He walks with a haughty and dignified air,
Well brushed are his clothes and well combed is his hair
His bearing excites all the men to despair,

And they strive, but in vain, to be like him.

His place in society’s marked and defined;
His sphere is above all the common kind,
No fault with his dignity e’er could one find

Though he pleases each whim that may strike him.

As poor as a church-mouse, of humble birth, too,
He ne’er went to battle for red, white and blue.

Nor was he a hero, as far as one knew
Yet the villagers aped his last caper.

But he's gained a renown which the rest never had,
And his townsfolk are proud and with him are glad
For his name was inscribed on a medicine ad
And his picture's appeared in the paper!

We applauded politely, and then I glanced at the boy's bare feet. Why? I cannot say, unless, because it was imperative for what follows. Around his big toe was tied one of the most disreputably dirty rags it has ever been my pleasure to behold.

"What's the matter with the toe?" I queried with that air of gentle concern employed by the Upper Ten when slumming.

"Ain't nothin' the matter with it. 'The Indiana Society for the Perpetuation of Local Color' pays me to wear that rag. I'm supposed to have bruised it on my way to the ole swimmin' hole or some other dinged thing. See that dog?" He pointed at a sad-faced canine seated on the stoop, whose entire family had evidently been swept away in a late boiler explosion. "Well, he's maintained by 'The John T. McCutcheon Realism Society.' I tell you, mister, it's an awful strain livin' in Indiana. I 'spect the 'six-best-sellers' will be the death of us all yit." He sighed wistfully, and threw a potato which had outlived its general usefulness at the doleful pup. The dog's look of reproach will haunt me ever. Thus, having alleviated his sorrow, he resumed the thread of his discourse, as Laura Jean Libby so beautifully and frequently remarks in her stories in the "Fireside Companion." "Yes, sir, those pilgrims would come to our front gate, and they'd say to Pop—'Is this where George Blot Onthescutcheon wrote 'That Perfectly Sweet Thing'? And Pop would say, 'It air that, and for fifty cents more you kin come in and eat off the identical table on which he penned the soul-thrillin' lines on.' Pop's awfully commercial for Indiana. So's ma. I writ a poem about that, too. Want to hear it?"

Shades of Wilbur Dick Nesbit, could we resist? So we composed ourselves to hear the composition, which was as follows:

SINCE MA'S A-TAKIN SUMMER BOARDERS.

Ah, once we had a peaceful home,
 A bond that none could sever;
 No stranger o'er our fields could roam,
 And drive off peace forever;
 No vandal's hand profaned our hearth
 Or simple life unending;
 But, now, alas! all things are changed,
 And sorrows swift are blending.

REFRAIN

For Ma's a-takin' summer boarders now,
 And peace becomes a most unearthly row;
 For where there once was quiet
 There is now a constant riot;
 Our Ma's a-takin summer boarders now.

Ah, once I had a pleasant room,
 Where I could rest when weary;
 A city clerk has rented it,
 I seek the wood-shed dreary.
 The boarders dine in state within,
 I grace the kitchen table;
 While Pop—poor Pop is growin' thin
 Residin' in the stable.

REFRAIN

They've ruined all our apple trees
 On them their hammocks swing,
 They rob the honey from the bees
 And make us cure the sting.
 They try to ride unbroken colts
 And strive to jump our fences;
 Play golf on newly planted fields,
 And kick at all expenses.

REFRAIN

Oh, gosh! this life begins to grate;
 I think from home I'll wander;
 For city folks is sure my fate;

Of simple life I'm fonder.
I know where I can travel then
 In search of peace and quiet!
To town I'll go, while city folk
 Fill all the farms with riot!

"But all our folks ain't commercial, not by a jugful," he continued, after we had passed many encomiums on his latest metrical achievement. "You've seen them notices, ain't you, mister, in 'The Ladies Home Disturber' where it sez that 'Richard Harding Saveus, whose new prose poem, 'The Pride of Park Row' is all the rage at Vassar, writes all his MSS. on pink paper with lavender ink.'—well, Pop's neph'y writes them. He writ a hysterical novel once to fit some lovely pictures by Hardly Gibson Christy, and when he reached the limit of \$1.18 fame he came back here on a visit. Gosh, he had as big a crowd as the County Fair or John Robinson's circus. The Ladies' Aid Society made a W-E-L-C-O-M-E banner to hang over the Emporium, the selectmen and the Literaryville Silver Cornet Band met him at the de-po, and the fire team gave an exhibition drill. One of the High School pupils read an essay on 'Evaporated Apple Peelings; Their Dynamic Force for Good or Evil in Cosmic Life,' and we had \$2.37 wuth of fireworks. Everything went off jim dandy 'cept the pin-wheels. But that was before the authors of hysterical novels got so dinged frequent. It got so finally that the W-E-L-C-O-M-E banner was up all the time, and now when a 'prominent Indiana author' comes home he sneaks in the back way, and if crops are good they let him stay. I suppose people livin' in Iron City, Iowa, and Four Oaks, Michigan, think that every time Whitcomb Reilly or Meredith Nicholson come home there's a reg'lar 4th of July celebration, but there ain't no such thing. When every one down to the switchman has either writ a novel or a critical essay, Reilly & Co., don't attract as much attention as the man sellin' electric belts on the corner. It's in towns where the best people are just learnin' to spell their names that the hall is filled to hear 'How I Wrote My Novel.' Things is different from what city folks think anyway, but we know what they expect, so we charge them a good stiff price and come up to expectations. I writ a poem about that too. I called it—

THE FARMER'S VINDICATION.

Say honest, but you city folks
Jest think you know it all;
You've got us picked for Reubens
'Cause we live where grass grows tall.
But let me tell you, strangers,
There's a lot you folks don't know.

Especially 'bout the country,
When you think we 'uns air slow.
Oh, I know you think we're rustics
And you think we know no harm;
But the slowest thing I know of
Is a town man on the farm.

They come here from out the city
Loaded down with clothes and traps;
Jest to make us Rubes look silly;
"Jest to show things to the Yaps."
And we all go off to snicker
When those folks come in sight;
But we know what is expected
And we play our parts jest right.

Now, they've got ideas of farmin'
From the Comic Supplement,
So they all expect to see us
On the simple life intent.
And they've figured how a Reuben
To grow spinach should not fail;
And they know all thorough farmers
Hold suspenders with a nail.

So we dare not disappoint them;
If our local color'd fail
They would never come returnin',
And a loss that would entail.
So we buy the latest joke book
And we let our beards grow long;
We cultivate "by gosh!" and "shucks!"
And lay the "pards" on strong.

We ask them if they honest
 Have shops seven stories tall;
 And we cal'late Nick Altrock
 Pitches with a Fancy Ball.
 We sing for them the latest song
 "Bedelia" is its name.
 When they say it's a dead one
 Then we murmur, "what a shame!"

But when they look for peaches
 On a water-melon vine,
 And calls the sheep "the sweetest things"
 And rave about the swine,
 We get off in the corner
 And we laugh at that poor jay
 Who thinks the only live ones come
 From State St. or Broadway.

For honest, strangers, on the dead,
 If 'twarn't fer city men
 What self-respectin' farmer would
 Use phrases like "By hen!"
 The reason country folks seem slow
 And rustic in their ways
 Is jest becuz they have to please
 The simple city jays!

"How d'ye like it?" he interrogated with simple pride.

"Great!" we energized, "but it reminds us of that breakfast, it's so long coming." Just then from out the open door of the Emporium stole delicious, tantalizing whiffs of the Java berry in process of cooking.

"It's an inspiration, isn't it?" I asked. "I tell you when you want downright good coffee, the 'kind that mother used to make,' you're simply obliged to come to the country for it!"

The Boy with the Broom looked at me. "That stuff you're smellin'," he drawled "is Roastem-Cereal, from Battle Creek. Come on in to breakfust." And we—Passim prose and Passim versifier—went.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE,
 DANIEL A. LORD.



A.M.D.G.

Although greatly handicapped by the loss of several star players of last year's famous baseball aggregation, the team of '08 has just closed a very successful season, and demonstrated it's ability in handling the sphere. Fifteen games were scheduled with all the leading educational institutions of Chicago and suburbs, and out of this number, the college won ten and tied one. Roberts, the idol of all the college rooters, was the star twirler of this year's team, pitching twelve out of the fifteen scheduled games. Prindiville was the other twirler, winning two games and tieing one.

At the beginning of the season Mr. T. O'Connor of Philosophy was elected manager of the team, and Mr. Ed. O'Connor of Rhetoric, captain, but since both left the college about the middle of May, Mr. Dargan, of Philosophy, and Mr. Howard, of Rhetoric, stepped into their places.

Out of the numerous candidates who were tried out, Mr. Graber, the coach, selected the following:

Pitchers—Roberts, Prindiville, O'Malley	
Catcher—Hechinger	Short stop—Wilson
1st base—Flanigan	Left field—Quigley
2nd base—Howard	Center field—Kevin
3d base—O'Connor	Right field—Casey

When Capt. O'Connor left, Howard was put on third, Kevin was brought in from the field to hold down second, Casey was shifted over to center, and O'Malley sent out to right field.

The season was opened on April 2d, when the Continental National Bank team presented itself at the college campus for a "drubbing." Dalton was the slab artist for the bankers, and



HECKINGER,	WILSON,	J. DARGAN,	O'MALLEY,	QUIGLEY,
PRINDIVILLE,	FLANAGAN,	KEVIN,	CASEY,	HOWARD,

O'Malley was sent in the box to twirl for the college, but after the fifth inning was relieved by Roberts. In the second and third innings, O'Malley was pounded for four runs, which raised the spirits of the visitors, but when Roberts was sent in the box by Coach Graber in the fifth inning, their hopes were immediately blasted. The final score was seven to four in favor of S. I. C.

The first of the school teams then showed up in the shape of McKinley High. The game was an exciting one throughout the nine innings, two pitchers being used by each side. The work of the twirlers was easily the feature of the game, the high school obtaining only three hits. The college scored two runs, and their opponents were unable to push a single man over the pan.

Saturday, April 20, found the First National Bank, the champions of the Bankers' League, on the college campus, and also found those "stars" from St. Ignatius there to meet them. It really was too bad to humble the champs and gather in fourteen runs from two of their star twirlers but—well baseball is baseball. Quigley was in sprinting form during this game, and pilfered four bases. The bankers scored eight runs.

Of course every person must have a "Jonah" day, and April 27th seems to have been allotted to Messrs. Robert and Quigley. In the game with St. Cyrils, on that day, these two players sustained injuries, but with that invincible Trojan spirit, which is a characteristic mark of all supporters of Maroon and Gold, notwithstanding the pain they must have suffered, both of them returned and helped the college win a victory. In the second inning while Roberts was batting, one of Mr. Monahan's speedy inshoots caught him on the wrist. At first it was feared that the accident had deprived the college of its best twirler, but Roberts pitched out the rest of the game. The finals were, St. Ignatius 5; St. Cyrils, 4.

In a hard played game, the college next beat Morgan Park Academy on the latter's grounds to the tune of seven to five. The fellows made the game safe in the third inning, pulling in four runs at that time, more because of errors made by the Academy boys than by good hitting. The Parkers were greatly superior to the college in handling the stick, showing ten hits to the college's six, but the fast work of Wilson and Howard in the field at critical points kept the Academicans from scoring several times.

At Marshall Field on the afternoon of April 11, the college kept the crack University of Chicago team guessing for twelve long innings but finally lost out in the twelfth by a score of 3 to 2. Sullivan, who delivered the curves for the University, is by far the best pitcher the Maroons possess, and the University coach was in doubt whether or not to send him in the box, wishing to save him for the game with Michigan which occurred the next Saturday. Roberts proved himself a worthy opponent of the mighty Sullivan and struck out eleven of the men who faced him. In the twelfth inning after one out had been made, Sullivan drew a base on balls, and went to second on Bliss' bunt. Von Patten was next on the batting list and rapped out a single, scoring Sullivan and winning the game.

For some years back St. Ignatius ball teams have never been able to defeat St. Viateur's baseball teams, and the same result was chalked up against the college this year. In the two games played with the Kankakee collegians, the team came out second best, being defeated the first time by a score of seven to four and the second time by eight to one. The first game was played in Kankakee on St. Viateur's grounds and Stack did the twirling for the Purpleites. When St. Viateur's came to Chicago for a return game, the entire band of college rooters journeyed out to Artesian Park, and shouted for a victory until they were hoarse, but to no avail. "Con" Mahoney, a Chicago boy, had his opponents swinging wildly at his curves throughout the game, and at no time did the college have a chance of winning.

On May 17, Wendell Phillips High School came to the campus and was defeated 6 to 3. This was Mr. Prindiville's "at home" day, and he allowed the visitors but one hit in five innings.

Mid pools of water, and under a drizzling rain, the college went down in defeat before the University of Chicago Freshmen, at Marshall Field on Thursday, May 23. Owing to the depressing condition of the atmosphere, the game was rather slow, and none of those sensational plays for which the college is famous, were pulled off. Roberts, the old reliable was in the box and pitched with his usual steadiness. Page, the Freshmen twirler was an artist in some sort of a "dopy" ball, which kept our team guessing all during the game. Sixteen strike outs went to his credit. In the first inning it seemed to be a walk away,

the college scoring two runs, on singles by Howard and Casey, and a two-bagger by Quigley. After this Page settled down and at no time during the rest of the game did any of our players score.

The return game of the Freshmen was played on the college campus, Friday, June 1st, and proved to be one of the most spectacular games of the year. Prindiville was in the box for the college and showed fine form, pulling the game safely out of the fire several times when all hope seemed lost. Although a few errors were made by the infield, the field work was fast and several sensational putouts were made. Things went along very smoothly until the ninth inning, when the score stood nine to eight in favor of the freshmen. In the ninth the first two men up fell victims to Page's "doppy" ball and wildly fanned the air. Hechinger was the next man up and hit a single between the second baseman and short stop. Casey was then presented with a walk and Howard came to bat. Three times Johnny struck at the ball and missed it, but on the third strike, seeing the ball go through the catcher madly tore for first. The ball was thrown wide to first, and Heckinger tied the score by bringing in a run. After the next out the game was called on account of darkness.

The return game with St. Cyrils played at Hand's Park was won by a score of 5 to 0, Roberts easily shutting out the South Side men.

The last game played with the high schools was on June 5, when Austin High came to the college campus. The final score stood, St. Ignatius 14, Austin High 5.

THE SECOND TEAM.

Since there were numerous teams in the city which the college were unable to play owing to their schedule being filled up, a second team was organized from amongst the unsuccessful candidates. Mr. Jas. O'Brien, of Rhetoric, was appointed to manage it, and Mr. Ed. Martin of the same class was selected captain. Several games were played with the second teams of various high schools and St. Ignatius came out victorious in all except in one game with the Sacred Heart College, when they were defeated by a 6 to 3 score. They retaliated, however, by winning the return game with that college, the finals being 19 to 6.

The team is made up as follows:

Pitchers—	Lynch, Doyle, McCarthy		
Catchers—	Mooney, Ryan	Short stop—	Furlong
1st base—	Martin	Left field—	Shea, McGeever
Second base—	Carroll	Right field—	Doyle
3d base—	Weldon, Wiora	Center field—	Fitzgerald

THE MINIM'S LEAGUE.

Much to the delight of the smaller boys, a baseball league was formed from among the members of the lower classes, with a set schedule to play out every noon hour on the college campus. Five teams entered the league and as the appended record shows, the Athletics, representing 3 Academic B, won the championship and ten pounds of candy.

Teams	Won	Lost	Per cent
Athletics	12	3	800
Highlanders	8	6	571
Giants	7	8	466
Sox	3	12	200

BASKET BALL.

There are a great number of people who admire every branch of athletic sports with but one exception, and that is basket ball. They declare that it is too tame for the fiery spirits of young Americans; to use the common expression, too "sissified." Let these scoffers visit the "gym" some day when the coveted basket is being sought by two rival teams, and there see the bright snappy plays and excellent team work of the players, and we are sure they will change their opinions. Two teams coached by Mr. Slie have been formed and S. I. C. bids fair to forge to the front in this line of sports. Although no games have been arranged with outside schools next year we hope to turn out a team that will win new laurels for Maroon and Gold.

EDWARD P. McHUGH, '09.



Raymond Jerome Binder, of the Third Commercial Class of 1900, who won the medal in the Fourth Elocution Class of that year, has cast his lot with the theatrical profession. This past season he spent with Lew Wallace's "Fair God" Company.

Rt. Rev. Richard Dunne, brother of Bishop Dunne of Dallas, Texas, and a student of St. Ignatius in 1872-73, died April 25th. He was pastor of St. Luke's Church, Chicago, and was much esteemed by all who knew him.

Rudolph Zidek, who was a member of the First Special A Class in 1904-05, died of consumption on June 7th. Rudolph was a good boy and was liked by all. May he rest in peace.

Dr. Edward F. Garraghan announces that he is now located in Suite 1010, 103 State St., Columbus Memorial Building, where he is making a specialty of diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat.

Rev. Charles E. Bradley, C. S. P., celebrated his first Mass in St. Mary's Church, Chicago, on June 2nd. We have also lately heard of the ordination of William R. Griffin and John E. Foley, both students of the nineties.

Robert A. Hoyne, Second Commercial, '02, who is now with the Columbian Publishing Company, 514 Tribune Building, writes that he married a Miss Quinn on April 10th. Mr. Hoyne lately fell heir to a fortune left him by his grandfather.

Mr. Alexander J. McCarthy writes us that after graduating from St. Ignatius in 1897, he attended Yale College for two years, at the end of which he received another diploma. In 1902 he graduated from the Lake Forest University Law School. He practiced law in Chicago for one year, but for the past two years he has been connected with the Interstate Foundry Co., at Cleveland, which is engaged in the manufacture of gray iron castings. His present address is 2076 E. 55th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

In the College Catalogue of this year will be found a list of all the graduates of St. Ignatius from the beginning of the College. An interesting point of information is that the sixty graduates of the last three years comprise more than one-fourth of the whole number graduated in the last thirty-seven years—237. A glance will show how distinguished is this roster of graduates, and any one who is fortunate enough to find his name on it, must realize that he finds himself associated with men whose eminent services have made them prominent in Church and State. And if the comparatively smaller number of early graduates has thus attained distinction, what may we not hope for from the younger but more numerous alumni of later years? Those who wish to obtain this register of alumni can obtain it by sending five cents postage to the Rev. Vice-President of the College.

Dr. John J. Thometz, one of the earliest graduates of St. Ignatius, has had two sons, Frank and Harry, go through College. He is to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws at the coming Commencement, when his youngest son, Harry, is to receive the Bachelor's Degree.

The degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*, is to be conferred on four at the Commencement; and the degree of Master of Arts will be bestowed upon eleven former graduates of St. Ignatius.

Rev. James Hayes, '95, rector of the Cathedral in Dallas, Tex., writes to say that he will endeavor to be at the Commencement to receive his degree of Master of Arts. He goes on to say: "May the next fifty years of the Jesuits in Chicago be as fruitful in good works as the fifty years that have gone. During the coming fifty years may God's blessing rest upon the foundation of a Catholic University that shall be the center of Catholic intellectual life for the West."

Rev. Stanislaus Warzynski, 1900, informs us that he is now living at Belmont, Wis., and that in addition to his home church, he is taking care of two small missions. In one of these missions he is finishing a church, and in the other he is about to begin one. This is strenuous work for the first year of ordination.

Dr. Edward Niles, '03, has entered the Alexian Brothers' Hospital as an interne. Dr. James C. Belsan, '01, has finished his term as interne in the Hotel Dieu. He is devoting himself especially to surgery, and has succeeded so well that he has hopes of an early appointment to the staff of the Hotel Dieu. Dr. William

O'Neil, '92, has served a term at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and expects to study children's diseases in some institution in the East, to which he has received an appointment. John O'Neil, the brother of William, is also a physician, and his many friends will be glad to learn that he is now in St. Joseph's Hospital under Dr. Senn.

The Rev. George Blatter, author of "Chicago to Manila" and "Manila to Jaffa," books of travel, announces that he will devote the proceeds of these books to the publication of a translation of the "Ciudad de Dios."

The Rev. George T. McCarthy is doing splendid work at St. Mary's Training School in Feehanville.

We are indebted to the Rev. Francis Breen, S. J., the esteemed Prefect of Discipline at St. Ignatius, for the following information concerning classes which were in attendance in the year '85-'86. Of any possible errors or omissions in the list, we should be thankful to be notified. Perhaps other kind-hearted friends will give us similar information concerning other classes.

CLASS OF PHILOSOPHY, '85-'86.

William N. Brown, Manager Ecclesiastical Dept., Spaulding & Co.

Joseph A. Connell, Attorney C. B. & Q. R. R.
Rev. John J. Dennison, Pastor St. Mary's of the Lake.
Bernard McDevitt, Foreman Bureau of Engineering, Chicago.
Edward J. Murphy, Consulting Engineer, New York.
Rev. Joseph P. O'Reilly, Pastor Our Lady Help of Christians.
John A. Schoen, dead.
Rev. Thomas J. Whalen, dead.

CLASS OF RHETORIC, '85-'86.

John D. Baggot, dead.
Rev. Thomas M. Burke, Pastor St. Veronica's.
William P. Conway, dead.
Patrick J. Grogan.
Bernard Hofterheide.
Rev. Thomas F. Wallace, S. J., Professor in St. Louis University.

CLASS OF POETRY, '85-'86.

William C. Barron, collector.
Albert C. Charbonneau, in Detroit.
Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J., Professor St. Ignatius.
Luke Hally, dead.
Rev. Frank Higgins, Dominican.
Rev. George J. Leahy, Jesuit.
Thomas E. Mahon, Clerk in Post Office.
Mark J. Mitchell.
Thomas Prindiville.
James P. Quirk, Physician.
John A. Rodgers, Board of Trade.
Rev. William P. Whelan, Jesuit.

CLASS OF HUMANITIES, '85-'86.

James F. Bowen, dead.
Rev. John M. Bowen, Pastor, Coal City.
Rev. John J. Code, Cathedral.
Walter G. Cornell, S. J., Marquette University.
Rev. Gilbert J. Garraghan, S. J., Creighton University.
Rev. Thomas J. McDevitt, St. Columbkille's.
Thomas R. Melody, dead.
Thomas F. Mitchell, Broker.
Edward N. Murray.
John J. O'Hara, Lawyer.
John Hofterheide.
Francis A. Hurley, Superintendent, 223 City Hall.
Patrick J. Leahy.
High S. Lee, Yardmaster.
Vincent P. Pescinsky, Clerk.
Joseph P. Rend, Manager with W. P. Rend & Co.
James J. Riordan, City Hall.
Henry P. Roche.

Society Notes.

THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Chrysostomian Debating Society closed its hall for the remainder of the year '07 on June 5th. This year has been marked with great success in the society. The three men, who represented the college in the annual debate against the Chicago Law School, were members of this debating society and although they were beaten, they were not disgraced. Many and varied are the questions, that were decided this year. The members simply waded through "Athletics" and emerging from these they entered the domain of Colleges. They dabbled in "Politics" and tried to deprive the Negro of his right to vote. Failing in this, they attempted to remedy the defects in the policy of the President. Next, religion came under their view and they successfully proved, that the Reformation was not responsible for the good that followed it. Another feature of the society was a very enjoyable lecture on "Jamaica" by Father Barnum, S. J. Fr. Barnum was in Jamaica at the time of the earthquake and thus he was able to describe the scene as it occurred. At the final meeting, diplomas were conferred on the members of Philosophy Class. Many members of this society distinguished themselves during the year. The most successful speakers were Messrs. Kettles, Stoesser and Guest. We wish to congratulate the Chrysostomian for a successful year and to wish it the same spirit for 1908.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Loyola Literary Society of this year gives promise of a great Chrysostomian Society for 1908. This society argued against "Party Spirit" in politics. It advocated the annexation of Canada, attempted to improve the jury system and to do away with the Monroe Doctrine. Of course, the members of this society have not had the experience that the members of the Chrysostomian have had, but with the foundation laid in this society, they will be first class debaters next year. Among those who distinguished themselves as debaters during the past year were, Messrs. Hollowed, Furlong, Murphy, Gangham and Kelly. Many excellent essays were read and the declamations were always interesting.

JAMES E. O'BRIEN, '08.

Academy Notes.

Coming events cast their shadows before, e. g., Vacation!

Sickness—synonym for a day off.

“Lost in a Sea of Mud—or, a Tale of West 12th Street!”

Speaking of batting averages, how is this, .0003?

Laying up money for a “rainy day” is a very commendable practice, but how about an umbrella?

“Pentakosiomedimnoi” is not a fruit peddler. They were the richest class in Greece long ago. It was hardly worth while to be rich if you had to bear a name like that.

“Over the fence was out” during the “Cubs-Giants” series here! (College fence of course).

Hit—and the team hits with you,
Fan—and you fan alone.

Mercy, but the yard is getting small! A boy wanted to leave it in order to go out and get some fresh air!

“S. I. C. ’em, St. Ignatius, S. I. C. ’em!”

A rush, a roar,
An awful noise.
Who?

The noon-hour boys!

Ever try Christian Science on your home work?

Don’t grieve if you did not win the medal this year. Maybe others were disappointed just as badly!

We are all familiar with the fable about the jug that went to the well so often it was finally broken; but did you ever hear of the boy who went to the College “Jug” until he experienced the same result?

A pensive attitude is the way you feel when you get a penance.

Terror of evil doers—“See me tonight!”

Putty is about the only thing that ever “stays put”

An echo of the "finals"—Flunketuri Salutamus.

Bought a picture-postal of the College yet?

"Daniel in the Lion's Den!" Lord in the Sanctum.

ICE CREAM (Four Ways of Seeing It.)

Little Reginald (Age 4)—Gimme some more!

Clarence (just home from college)—It is perfectly delicious.

Mamma—Reginald you must not ask for two dishes.

Papa—Such expense!!

There is a disease of mysterious origin called Base Ball-it! The malady is rather peculiar and affects boys in large cities, especially in colleges. Its symptoms are restlessness, abstraction and absence. It affects the victim about 2:45 in the afternoon.

What became of the Owl, the Echo, the Cheese and those other papers that flourished last year. Where are they? "Echo" answers "where?"

When little James went from Chicago to visit his aunt in Boston, the good lady was horrified at Jimmy's "dialect." She worked hard trying to correct it and finally thought she had accomplished something. One day Jimmy fell and broke his watch. Running in to his aunt he sobbed: "Oh-a-Auntie, it's, it's all bust!"

Gaffney—Oh, Mooney come quick! There's a murder being committed!

Mooney—Where? Who is—?

Gaffney—McLary's up in the jug killing time!

Scott—Did Herman make much of a hit on the team?

Zamiara—I should say; he made a "two-bagger."

The Academy is well represented on the first team, with Hechinger, Roberts, Prindiville, Flanagan and Quigley on the list.

It is the foxy babe that resembles its richest relative.

T. Burke (translating Xenophon)—"The king advanced backwards his army advancing on the run."

The Junior Elocution Contest took place Saturday afternoon, May 11th, in the college hall. The orchestra opened the program with two selections that received hearty applause

In the fifth class, all the pieces were old favorites, William Bowe leading off with "Bernardo del Carpio." Victor Goyke followed with "Skimpsey," and after "Skimpsey" won the race, Louis Nobert appeared, to champion the cause of "Poor Little Joe." Charlie O'Grady, Bert's nephew followed with what proved to be the medal winner—"The Stowaway."

After a slight intermission, the fourth class appeared "to try confusions." It introduced many new speakers and the competition was closer than that of the fifth class. Alphonse Zamiara came first with "Count Candespina's Standard." After the first six had spoken there was an intermission, during which the select choir rendered the "Ave Maria." After the intermission Byron McNamara came forth as "The Boy Orator of Zapata City." Frank Herbert, who was to have spoken "The Execution of Montrose," followed with "Tom" instead. Fred Reeves revived another old one in the shape of the "Vagabonds," otherwise known as "Roger and I." William O'Brien was the last speaker of the afternoon, giving "Mona's Waters."

When the judges returned their decision, Charles O'Grady in the fifth, and Fred Reeves, in the fourth class, were declared to be the winners.

And now, my friends of the Academy—vale! The year is drawing to a close, and with it my term as Academy editor. It is hard work to be "funny" in print and the words of Mr. Lord, our predecessor, best express our feeling: "Many no doubt have read this humble department with the firm expectation of being bored to death; and if I have not done all in my power to make that expectation a realization, I feel that I have failed."

To you, my unknown successor, I wish the best of luck!

But let me give you a word of advice. Don't wait for something to happen. You'll never have anything in your column if you do. If you are hard put to it, write "answers to correspondents," and lastly, don't fall sick when it's time to hand in your "copy."

THOS. Q. BEESLEY, '10.



*“Tis with our judgment as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.”*

It is Commencement Time. Visions of snowy ruffles and all those fluffy things that we poor males never can learn to diagnose float before us, the comic papers bulge with jokes on the graduation essays that in themselves seem sufficient to reform any more susceptible universe, while salutations mingle with valedictories and smiles rush into tears. Somehow it seems only right that we should consider “the ladies” at this time. Caps and gowns seem always less gloomy and forbidding when we think of them as framing yellow curls and girlish forms. It is Ladies’ Day. And so with all our heart we are dedicating our corner now to “The Sweet Girl Graduate—God bless her!”

That is why, after consultation with the Staff—we have decided to choose the “Six Best Exchanges” of the Spring quarter from the dainty periodicals of the ladies. With few exceptions we find their virtues and their faults common. A wealth of polished verse—faultless in meter and touch, but often lacking in originality of subject and phrasing, an abundance of solid, sensible essays—sometimes too heavy for successful handling; and a woeful absence of bright, sparkling *new* fiction.

Humbly, therefore, we submit as the “Six Best” of our exchanges from the girls’ schools received since last we went to press: *The Trinity College Record*, April; *Mount Holyoke*, May; *The Bes-sie Tift Journal*, April; *The Villa Shield*, May; *The Young Eagle*, May, and *the Niagara Rainbow*, April.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *Trinity College Record* is synonymous with *Balance*—that goal toward which every college journal should

**Trinity
College
Record**

strive. Two good stories, much swinging verse, and a galaxy of readable essays are its contribution to the exchange world. One is almost discouraged at the weighty titles of the essays when he views the contents page, but "Self-realization in the College Woman", "The Discipline of the Secret", "Subjectivity in the English Ode", *et al.*, are not nearly such awful monsters when viewed at closer range. The first is a sensible answer to the many queries anent the purpose of a woman's education, and the others proved much more interesting than we had expected. There is a girl's-college story, "In Latin, Conditioned", which exemplifies how much less depends on the tale itself than on "the telling on't." We have read stories drawn from the same "*loci communes*" before and have enjoyed few of them more. "The Gray Man" is admirable in its descriptions, but is lacking in narration. A clever sketch is "The College Girl's Room", and creditable sketches of another kind are those which ornament the department headings. *The Record's* departments are in good hands and it is easily the best girls' magazine received by us this quarter.

The *Mount Holyoke* is apparently the only one of all our young ladies' exchanges that is given to fiction. The three in the May issue **Mount** equal any girls' work we have ever read. All are fresh **Holyoke** and well told. It is hard to pick between them but "The Greatest of These" pleased us best. It is a tale which reverses the usual order of things, being a case in which the girl reforms the man to let another wed him. "The Coffin-Builders" is an Oriental tale whose theme is rather novel. "The Plan for the Dramatic Club" impressed us as being the best *essay* in the number, although it is more properly editorial. The writer seems to possess a clear conception of what she has started out to say and likewise the ability to express it lucidly. "The Spectator's" account of her adventures with the language of College-Girl-Land is clever. The Mount Holyoke's editorial column is one that really breathes the college atmosphere.

It is hard for us to realize that "Should Georgia have a Limited Franchise" and "Japan and California" in the *Bessie Tift Journal* **Bessie** for April are the work of "mere girls." The one is **Tift** the leading essay of the issue and the other rather inappropriately relegated to the editorial department, but **Journal** both show such clear grasp of critical political questions as to be worthy of special mention. The author of the former advocates an educational standard for voting and points out how

such a requirement would do away with the difficulties of the negro and "white trash" votes. The editress shifts the key-stone of the California trouble from an educational to a labor basis and emphasizes the danger of a constitutional or international struggle arising from the existing condition.

"Dreamland" is verse with that beauty of diction and simpleness of thought which is true poetry. The "Silver Girdle" is a fairy story of the good old-fashioned kind, but "Pictures in the Fire" is a trifle crude in style for a sketch whose chief charm should lie in smoothness of wording. The Mistress of Exchanges deserves congratulation on the excellence of her column. We would like to criticize that *Joke Column* but—"De mortuis nihil nisi bonum."

Villa Shield The *Villa Shield* has at length published another story. They are unusually timorous about attempting fiction at *de Chantal*. "The Atheist at St. Mary's" is hardly extraordinary in theme, but it is well-told and proves well worth reading. "Mendellsohn" was disappointing. It is what is commonly termed an "encyclopedia essay" and is hardly noteworthy either in treatment or in substance. But the May verse is good. "In the Month of Mary" is a happy tribute to Our Lady of May, and "Sonnet" and "Hail Mary" are both creditable.

One criticism we must make of the *Shield* is that no line is drawn between the literary and editorial departments. There are verses, stories and essays hidden away in the after part of the journal which we would have missed had we not been looking for the capably-handled, though brief, Exchange column.

Young Eagle The chief charm of the *Young Eagle* lies in its air of sincerity and its daintiness; its wealth, in short, almost epigrammatic, essays; and its poverty, in fiction and verse. Time was when the Eaglets' verses were exemplary, but both April and May issues are wanting in this respect, since translations cannot be given the praise due to original work. There is a good appreciation of "The Popularity of the Story," but the only tribute to that popularity is "Her First Wedding," a story of child life, which is hidden away back near the editorials.

"Comus" and "Father Ryan" are polished, but syncopated essays; and the Irving-esque "Visit to an Irish Convent" is more sketch than story. The Rosary Magazine and Archbishop Harty have furnished the editorials and we regret that the Mistress of Exchanges has suspended her efforts.

Niagara Rainbow It is difficult to measure the *Niagara Rainbow* by our ordinary standards. Its air of dignity and polish, its abundance of handsome cuts, and extravagance of matter place it far in advance of our other young ladies' papers; but then it is the work of no single school, and its visits are only quarterly. It, also, draws no line betwixt its editorials and its contributions. We can mention only a few of its meritorious articles: "Hamilton," illustrated by half-tones that would tempt any of us to jealousy; "Coventry Patmore," and "Island Reveries" being among them. The *Rainbow* is another paper which supports an Ex. list but no Ex. column.

About this time all the editors "around the circuit" are putting aside shears and pen and making speeches of farewell. Our "Passimist" would probably quote:

"Lay down de shovel and the hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow."

Valedictories are in the air and Commencements are in order. Our own departure from Exchange-Land could not be better timed. Our constant effort has been to better the rather meager exchange list bequeathed to us. We believe we have done so. Besides the "old familiars," these are the new journals which we leave as a heritage to our successor. May they find as great welcome and favor with him as they have with us!

Harvard, Mo.; Virginia U. Magazine; Williams Lit.; Wake Forest Student; North Carolina Magazine; Dartmouth Magazine; Vanderbilt Observer; Tennessee U. Magazine; Randolph-Macon Monthly; Mercerian; Hamilton Lit.; Carolinian; Trinity College Record; Mt. Holyoke; Bessie Tift Journal; Morning Star; Manhattan Quarterly; Ill. Alumni Quarterly; Wabash; Red and Black; Columbia; Lampoon; Yale Record; Lawrentian; Cornellian; Round Table; Clarion; Purdue Exponent; Ill. Wesleyan Argus; Lehigh Brown and White; Reno Record, and the Delphic.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

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CIRCULATING

